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SCIENTIFIC,
DESCRIPTIVE,
NARRATIVE,
POPULAR,

BIOGRAPHICAL,
EPISTOLARY,
AND
MISCELLANEOUS

PIECES.

IN PROSE AND VERSE.

SELECTED

FROM THE BEST AMERICAN WRITERS,

AND DESIGNED

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS.

BY A CITIZEN OF PITTSBURGH.

E. R. Cramer

PITTSBURGH:

PRINTED BY CRAMER & SPEAR,

FRANKLIN HEAD, WOOD STREET.

1818.

Western District of Pennsylvania, to wit:

L. S

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the fifth day of November, in the forty-third year of the independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1818, B. R. EVANS, of the said District, has deposited in this office, the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as Author, in the words following, to wit:

“The Republican Compiler, comprising a series of Scientific, Descriptive, Narrative, Popular, Biographical, Epistolary, and Miscellaneous Pieces. In prose and verse. Selected from the best American Writers, and designed for the use of Schools. By a Citizen of Pittsburgh.”

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, intituled, “An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies, during the times therein mentioned.” And also, to the Act, entitled, “An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled, ‘An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies, during the times therein mentioned,’ and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints.”

D. S. WALKER,
Clerk of the Western District of Pennsylvania.

PREFACE.

IN offering the following sheets to the public, the Compiler, aware of the little merit which is awarded to those, who employ the labours of others, to acquire for themselves the name and reputation of authors, is content to rely for the success of his attempt, rather upon the nature of his intentions, than upon any pretensions which he can urge to learning or talents.

Numerous publications have appeared in our country, purporting to be *American*, while the greater part, if not the whole, of their contents, have been gleaned from foreign fields. This circumstance may be, and doubtless is, a matter of little import, in the estimation of those, who consider the cultivation of the youthful mind, as an object, the attainment of which, depends more upon the quality of the soil, than the indigenous nature of the plants which it is destined to receive. But, although exotic productions may flourish, where even those of native growth would languish for want of culture, yet, (to continue the figure,) it should be considered as incumbent on the botanical profession, to acquire a competent acquaintance with the productions of their own country, before they have recourse to those of foreign climes.

From the preceding observations, it may be inferred, that a principal design of this compilation is to bring into more general notice, those productions of native genius, which are, by general consent, admitted to be possessed of merit. This intention will not be deemed Quixotic, when

It is considered, that it is the bounden duty of every citizen, to afford his aid, however small it may be, not only to the political government under which we may live, but to the several departments of learning, which form the constituent parts of national greatness.

Republican America possesses ample resources within its territory, to furnish its citizens with subjects, calculated as well for mental, as for physical contemplation and improvement. It is a libel upon the genius and talents of the American people, to assert, as it has become fashionable beyond the Atlantic to do, that human intellect moves in a retrograde direction among them.

If it be considered as an object commensurate with the duty of the patriot, to afford encouragement and support to the physical powers of his country, whereby its internal resources may be brought into action, and conduce to the national welfare, it will surely not be controverted, that the same attention bestowed upon the intellectual energies of his native or adopted land, is deserving of equal commendation.

Impressed with a belief, that a work of a nature altogether similar to the present one, has hitherto been a *desideratum* in the U. States, the Compiler may at least claim the merit of originality in its *design*, if not in the matter employed in its *execution*. By a concentration of portions of those writings, which have been produced in the new world, he would indulge the hope of having, in some measure, promoted the cause of literature, which has too frequently been considered as receiving its chief, or only support, from the inhabitants of the other hemisphere. In the execution of this design, he has been careful to select only from such writers as have acquired a name among the literati of their country; to the extension of whose well-earned fame, he is anxious to contribute his mite. This expression of his sentiments may perhaps be thought by some to proceed from presumption and arrogance: "for how," it may be asked, "will the fame of an author, be rendered more brilliant, or acquire more perpetuity, through the medium of a common school book?" To this anticipated question, it will be sufficient to reply, that, however humble may be the design of this compilation, the materials employed in its execution being deriv-

ed from the resources which have been afforded by eminent native talents, it will probably acquire from this circumstance, some degree of merit, and pretension to a favorable reception from those who are possessed of *real* patriotism.

It is too frequently the case, in every country, that the mental labours of men are held in esteem but a short time after they have been presented to the public eye; and that, however great may be their merit, they soon become the neglected inmates of the *escritoir*, to make way for more recent, though less valuable productions. This inattention to, and neglect of merit, it behoves every friend of learning to discountenance; and, by throwing his individual exertions into the general stock, contribute to the formation, if not of an original, at least of a borrowed fund, whence youthful adventurers in literary enterprize, may expect to derive some assistance in the prosecution of their laudable attempts. The plan which is now submitted to public opinion, it is hoped by its designer, will tend as much to the attainment of this object, as any other of so humble a character could be supposed to contribute. The rising generation, having placed before them, in the course of their elementary studies, the writings of those, to whom their fathers willingly awarded the meed of applause, will be induced to ingraft the respect and veneration due to virtue and talents, on the knowledge which they will be gradually acquiring in the several branches of learning. Added to this consideration, it may be presumed, that, as the youthful mind is naturally disposed to admire every thing which bears the stamp of devotion to liberty and honour, the compend that this work affords, of incidents connected with the early political, as well as literary history of their country, will contribute to keep alive a spirit of virtuous indignation against tyrannical oppression, and to excite feelings of pity and admiration, for distressed virtue and successful patriotism.

Thus, a work which was originally intended for the ordinary use of the young student, in the incipient stages of his education, may tend to excite in him an emulation to equal the merits of the sages, patriots. and heroes, to whom his country is so much indebted; and while he peruses the pages, which contain the memorials of their exer-

tions in the cause of political and mental independence, the remembrance of their worth and services will be stamped indelibly on his mind.

After this brief exposition of the motives to which the ensuing pages owe their origin, it might, perhaps, be consistent with prudence, to leave them to the judgement of the public, without any further prefatory observations. It may, however, be considered a matter of formality, if not of necessity, to state cursorily the outlines of the plan which has been pursued, with regard to the selection and arrangement of the different subjects included in the work. In the *choice* of the subjects, a departure from the system generally adopted by compilers, has been ventured upon; and it rests with popular opinion, (to which tribunal the reapers, as well as gleaners, of the literary harvest must consider themselves amenable) to decide whether the innovation is justified by its probable beneficial effects.

Biographical notices of men, eminent for their learning, virtue, or patriotism, it is to be presumed will add somewhat to the merits of a book, which is solely intended for the use of young students. The introduction of this species of writing, may not only tend to perpetuate the names of those, to whom America ascribes her existence in the list of independent and enlightened nations, but it may incite the inquisitive and ingenuous youth, to imitate, as well as to admire, their actions. The same results may be anticipated from the introduction of epistolary matter; and circumstances, in themselves important, and deriving additional interest from the periods in which they transpired, may be preserved from the oblivion to which they would be exposed, were they to rely for transmission to posterity, on the transitory nature of epistolary communication.

In the *arrangement*, as well as *selection*, of the several subjects, due regard has been paid, both to the convenience and improvement of the reader. The order in which the various topics appear, will, it is expected, lead to beneficial effects, by strengthening the tender mind of the scholar, and gradually rendering it capable of undergoing the fatigue incident to the more advanced essays of mental power. While this consequence is resulting from

an application to the useful and necessary subjects, which are presented to his attention, in the introductory part of this volume, the relaxation which is sought from dull and monotonous occupations, will be afforded, by the lighter and more attractive objects, which the design of a miscellany left room to introduce.

In the poetical department, the materials to which recourse has been had, are necessarily limited. The American muse has not yet furnished the admirers of the more sublime flights of imagination, with many opportunities of indulging their tastes. From the few whom she has led to the elevated and flowery regions of Parnassus, a selection has been made, embracing as large a range as the paucity of materials would admit; and no little pains have been taken, to render the introduction of the bard's labours, as consistent with the nature of the present work, both with regard to useful instruction, and pleasing recreation, as the art of poesy will permit.

Little further, of an introductory nature, would appear to be necessary. It may, therefore, suffice to observe, that, if the Compiler cannot *command* the approbation of those to whom his book is submitted, he has at least assiduously endeavored to *deserve* it. To the candid and liberal part of the community, this will be sufficient—to those of a different character, no appeal is made.



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OBJECTIONS AGAINST ELOQUENCE

CONSIDERED.

THESE objections are three. First, that rhetoric is a pedantic science, overcharged with scholastic subtleties, and innumerable divisions and subdivisions, burdensome to the memory, oppressive to genius, and never applicable to any valuable purpose in the business of the world. Second, that it is a frivolous science, substituting childish declamation instead of manly sense, and adapted rather to the pageantry of a public festival, than to the sober concerns of real life. And third, that it is a pernicious science; the purpose of which is to mislead the judgment by fascinating the imagination. That its tendencies are to subject the reason of men to the control of their passions; to pervert private justice, and to destroy public liberty. These are formidable objections, and unless a sound and satisfactory answer can be given to them all, both your time and mine, my friends, is at this moment very ill employed, and the call I am obliged to make upon your attention, is a trespass upon something more than your patience.

Let me first remark, that the last of these difficulties is not barely at variance with, but in direct hostility to the other two. If rhetoric be a pedantic science, consisting of nothing but a tedious and affected enumeration of the figures of speech, or if it be a frivolous science, teaching only the process of beating up a frothy declamation into seeming consistency, at least it cannot

be that deadly weapon, the possession of which is so pernicious, that the affection of a parent, studious of the learning and virtue of his son, dares not entrust it to his hand. If rhetoric be no more than the Babylonish dialect of the schools, if oratory be no more than the sounding emptiness of the scholar, they are at least not those dangerous and destructive engines, which pollute the fountains of justice, and batter down the liberties of nations. These objections are still more at strife with each other, than with the science, against which they are pointed. Were they urged by one and the same disputant, we might be content to array them against each other. We might oppose the argument of insignificance against the argument of danger; and enjoy the triumph of beholding our adversary refute himself. But inasmuch as they spring from different sources, they are entitled to a distinct consideration. From their mutual opposition, the only conclusive inference we can draw against them is, that they cannot all be well founded. Let us endeavour to prove the same against each of them separately, beginning with those, which affect only the usefulness, and not the moral character of our profession.

The first assault then, which we are called upon to repel, comes from the shaft of wit; always a formidable, but not always a fair antagonist. A poet of real genius and original humor, in a couplet, which goes farther to discredit all systems of rhetoric, than volumes of sober argument can effect in promoting them, has told the world that

All a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.

But happily the doctrine, that ridicule is the test of truth, has never obtained the assent of the rational part of mankind. Wit, like the ancient Parthian, flies while it fights; or like the modern Indian, shoots from behind trees and hedges. The arrow comes winged from an invisible hand. It rankles in your side, and you look in vain for the archer. Wit is the unjust judge, who often decides wrong; and even when right, often from a wrong motive. From his decisions however, after paying the forfeit, there is always an appeal to the more even balance of common sense. On this review we shall find the

poet's position not exactly conformable to truth; and even so far as true, by no means decisive against the study of the science. For what can be more necessary to the artist, than to know the names, as well as the uses of his tools? Rhetoric alone can never constitute an orator. No human art can be acquired by the mere knowledge of the principles, upon which it is founded. But the artist, who understands its principles, will exercise his art in the highest perfection. The profoundest study of the writers upon architecture, the most laborious contemplation of its magnificent monuments will never make a mason. But the mason, thoroughly acquainted with the writers, and familiar with the construction of those monuments, will surely be an abler artist, than the mere mechanic, ignorant of the mysteries of his trade, and even of the names of his tools. A celebrated French comic writer, Moliere, has represented one of his characters, learning with great astonishment and self-admiration, at the age of forty, that he had been all his life time speaking prose without knowing it. And this bright discovery comes from the information he then first receives from his teacher of grammar, that whatsoever is not prose is verse, and whatsoever is not verse is prose.

But the names of the rhetorician's rules are not the only objects of his precepts. They are not even essential to the science. Figurative and ornamented language indeed is one of the important properties of oratory, and when the art came to be reduced into a system among the ancient Greeks, some of the subordinate writers, unable to produce any thing of their own upon the general subject, exercised their subtlety to discriminate, and their ingenuity to name the innumerable variety of forms, in which language may be diverted from the direct into the figurative channel. Pursuing this object with more penetration than discernment, they ransacked all their celebrated authors for figures of speech, to give them names; and often finding in their search some incorrect expression, which the inattention of the writer had overlooked, they concluded it was a figure of speech, because it was not conformable to grammatical construction; and very gravely turning a blunder into a trope, invested it with the dignity of a learned name. A succession of these rhetorical nomenclators were continually improving upon one another, until the catalogue of figures grew

to a lexicon, and the natural shape of rhetoric was distended to a dropsy.

This excessive importance, given to one of the branches of the science, led to the absurd notion, that all rhetoric was comprised in the denomination of figurative expressions, and finally provoked the lash of Butler's ridicule. But he must have a partial and contracted idea indeed of rhetoric, who can believe, that by the art of persuasion is meant no more than the art of distinguishing between a metonymy and a metaphor, or of settling the boundary between synecdoche and antonomasia. So far is this from being true, that Aristotle, the great father of the science, though he treats in general terms of metaphorical language, bestows very little consideration upon it, and cautions the orator, perhaps too rigorously, against its use. Cicero, though from the natural turn of his genius more liberal of these seductive graces, allows them only a very moderate station in his estimate of the art; and Quintilian appropriates to them only part of two, out of his twelve books of institutes.

The idea, that the purpose of rhetoric is only to teach the art of making and delivering a holiday declamation, proceeds from a view of the subject equally erroneous and superficial. Were this its only or even its principal object, its acquisition might rationally occupy a few moments of your leisure, but could not claim that assiduous study and persevering application, without which no man will ever be an orator. It would stand in the rank of elegant accomplishments, but could not aspire to that of useful talents. Perhaps one of the causes of this mistaken estimate of the art is the usual process, by which it is learnt. The exercises of the student are necessarily confined to this lowest department of the science. Your weekly declamations, your occasional themes, and forensic disputes, and the dialogues, conferences and orations of the public exhibitions, from the nature of things, must relate merely to speculative subjects. Here is no issue for trial, in which the life or fortune of an individual may be involved. Here is no vote to be taken, upon which the destinies of a nation may be suspended. Here is no immortal soul, whose future blessedness or misery may hinge upon your powers of eloquence to carry conviction to the heart. But here it is, that you must prepare yourselves to act your part in those great realities of

life. To consider the lessons or the practices, by which the art of oratory can be learnt, as the substance of the art itself, is to mistake the means for the end. It is to measure the military merits of a general by the gold threads of his epaulette, or to appreciate the valor of the soldier by the burning of powder upon a parade. The eloquence of the college is like the discipline of a review. The art of war, we are all sensible, does not consist in the manoeuvres of a training day; nor the steadiness of the soldier at the hour of battle, in the drilling of his orderly sergeant. Yet the superior excellence of the veteran army is exemplified in nothing more forcibly, than in the perfection of its discipline. It is in the heat of the action, upon the field of blood, that the fortune of the day may be decided by the exactness of the manual exercise; and the art of displaying a column, or directing a charge, may turn the balance of victory and change the history of the world. The application of these observations is as direct to the art of oratory, as to that of war. The exercises, to which you are here accustomed, are not intended merely for the display of the talents you have acquired. They are instruments, put into your hands for future use. Their object is not barely to prepare you for the composition and delivery of an oration to amuse an idle hour on some public anniversary. It is to give you a clue for the labyrinth of legislation in the public councils; a spear for the conflict of judicial war in the public tribunals; a sword for the field of religious and moral victory in the pulpit.

In the endeavour to refute these pretty cavils against rhetoric, which have no higher foundation, than a superficial misconception of its real character and object, I have perhaps consumed too much of your time. A more serious obstacle remains to be removed. An obstacle, arising, not from a mistaken estimate of its value, but from too keen a sense of its abuses. An objection, which admits, nay, exaggerates, the immensity of its powers, but harps upon their perversion to evil ends; which beholds in oratory, not the sovereign, but the usurper of the soul; which, far from exposing the science to the sneer of contempt, aims at inflaming against it the rancour of jealousy.

Eloquence, we are told by these eloquent detractors, is the purveyor of fraud, and the pander of delusion.

Her tongue drops manna, but to make the worse appear the better reason; to perplex and dash maturest counsels. She fills the trump of glory with the venal blast of adulation, and binds the wreath of honor around the brows of infamy. Her voice is ever ready to rescue the culprit from punishment, and to turn the bolt of public vengeance upon innocence. Upon every breeze her breath wings the pestilence of sedition, or kindles the flames of unextinguishable war. Her most splendid victories are but triumphs over reason, and the basis of her temple is erected upon the ruins of truth.

To this tempest of inculcation what reply can we oppose? If we dispute the correctness of the assertions, our adversaries appeal with confidence to the testimony of historical fact. If we assure them upon the word of Cicero and Quintilian, that none but a good man can possibly be an orator, they disconcert us by calling for our examples of orators, who have been good men.

Let us then tell them, that their objection in this instance, is rather against the constitution of human nature, the dispensations of Providence, and the moral government of the universe, than against rhetoric and oratory. It applies with equal force against every faculty, which exalts the human character, virtue alone excepted. Strength of body, vigor of mind, beauty, valor, genius, whatever we admire and love in the character of man; how often are they perverted to his shame and corruption! It applies with equal force against the laws of physical nature. Observe the phenomena of the universe, in which we dwell. The very beams of that glorious sun, the source of genial heat, of heavenly light, of vegetable growth, and of animal life, how often does their radiance blind the eyes, and their fervor parch the plains! How often do they shed pernicious plagues, and kindle consuming fires! The very atmosphere we breathe, unless perpetually purified by the accession of oxygen, is it not the most deadly poison? Virtue, my young friends, is the oxygen, the vital air of the moral world. Immutable and incorruptible itself, like that being, of whom it is the purest emanation, in proportion as it intermingles with and pervades every other particle of intellectual nature, it inspires the salutiferous gale, the principle of life, and health, and happiness. But this is the peculiar privilege of virtue. Like all the other

gifts of Providence, eloquence is, according to the manner, in which it is applied, a blessing or a curse; the pest of nations, or the benefactress of human kind.

Here then we might rest our defence. We might rely on the trite and undisputed maxim, that arguments, drawn from the abuse of any thing, are not admissible against its use. But we must proceed one step further, and say, that in this case the argument from the abuse is conclusive in favor of the use. Since eloquence is in itself so powerful a weapon, and since by the depravity of mankind this weapon must, and often will be brandished for guilty purposes, its exercise, with equal or superior skill, becomes but the more indispensable to the cause of virtue. To forbid the sincere christian, the honest advocate, the genuine patriot, the practice of oratorical arts, would be like a modern nation, which should deny to itself the use of gunpowder, and march, with nothing but bows and arrows, to meet the thunder of an invader's artillery. If the venal orators of Athens would have sold their country to the crafty tyrant of Macedon, what could baffle their detested bargains, but the incorruptible eloquence of Demosthenes? If the incestuous Clodious and the incendiary Cataline had eloquence enough for the destruction of imperial Rome, what but the immortal voice of Cicero could have operated her salvation? Or to bring the issue closer home to your own hearts, when would you so anxiously desire and so eagerly hail this irresistible power of words, as at the very moment after hearing it perverted by cruelty, hypocrisy, or infidelity, for the purposes of violence or of fraud?

In these objections then, the most plausible of those, which ever have been advanced against rhetoric, and oratory, there is nothing which ought to deter an honest and generous mind from their assiduous cultivation. Of the arguments I have urged to convince you, that the study is at once useful and honorable, your own minds will judge. You will perhaps think, that I have dwelt with more earnestness, than the occasion required, upon topics, concerning which your hearts were already with me. That I have been over anxious in demonstrating what was to you before sufficiently proved. That under the blaze of a meridian sun, I have been sweating with the toil of making daylight visible to your eyes. And is it truly so? Are you convinced beyond a doubt, that the

powers of eloquence are a wise, an honorable, a virtuous pursuit? A pursuit, to which justice, patriotism and piety, with equal energy stimulate your souls? Then go with me but one step further; draw with me the only valuable inference, which can result from this long dissertation; the practical inference, which alone can make it of any use to you. Invert the advice of Timotheus to Alexander, and say to yourselves,

If the world be worth enjoying,
Think! Oh! think it worth thy winning.

I will conclude with urging upon your reflections the last great consideration, which I mentioned, as giving its keenest edge to the argument for devoting every faculty of the mind to the acquisition of eloquence; a consideration, arising from the peculiar situation and circumstances of our own country, and naturally connecting my present subject, the vindication of the science, with that, which will next claim your attention; I mean its origin and history.

Should a philosophical theorist, reasoning *à priori*, undertake to point out the state of things, and of human society, which must naturally produce the highest exertions of the power of speech, he would recur to those important particulars, which actually existed in the Grecian commonwealths. The most strenuous energies of the human mind, would he say, are always employed, where they are instigated by the stimulus of the highest rewards. The art of speaking must be most eagerly sought, where it is found to be most useful. It must be most useful, where it is capable of producing the greatest effects; and that can be in no other state of things, than where the power of persuasion operates upon the will, and prompts the actions of other men. The only birth place of eloquence therefore must be a free state. Under arbitrary governments, where the lot is cast upon one man to command, and upon all the rest to obey; where the despot, like the Roman centurion, has only to say to one man, go, and he goeth, and to another, come, and he cometh; persuasion is of no avail. Between authority and obedience there can be no deliberation; and wheresoever submission is the principle of government in a nation, eloquence can never arise. Eloquence is

the child of liberty, and can descend from no other stock. And where will she find her most instructive school? Will it not be in a country, where the same spirit of liberty, which marks the relations between the individuals of the same community, is diffused over those more complicated and important relations between different communities? where the independence of man is corroborated and invigorated by the independence of the state? Where the same power of persuasion, which influences the will of the citizens at home, has the means of operating upon the will and the conduct of sovereign societies? Should it happen then, that a number of independent communities, founded upon the principles of civil and political liberty, were so reciprocally situated, as to have a great and continual intercourse with each other, and many momentous common interests, occasional as well as permanent, there, above all others, will be the spot, where eloquence will spring to light; will flourish; will rise to the highest perfection, of which human art or science is susceptible.

The experience of mankind has proved exactly conformable to this theory. The Grecian commonwealths furnish the earliest examples in history of confederated states with free governments; and there also the art of oratory was first practised, the science of rhetoric first invented; and both were raised to a pitch of unrivalled excellence and glory.

From this powerful concurrence of philosophical speculation with historical proof, there are several important inferences, which ought to be pressed with peculiar energy upon the consideration of all youthful Americans; and more especially of those, who are distinguished by the liberal discipline of a classical education, and enjoy the advantages of intellectual cultivation. They cannot fail to remark, that their own nation is at this time precisely under the same circumstances, which were so propitious to the advancement of rhetoric and oratory among the Greeks. Like them, we are divided into a number of separate commonwealths, all founded upon the principles of the most enlarged social and civil liberty. Like them, we are united in certain great national interests, and connected by a confederation, differing indeed in many essential particulars from theirs, but perhaps in a still higher degree favorable to the influence and exertion

of eloquence. Our institutions, from the smallest municipal associations to the great national bond, which links this continent in union, are republican. Their vital principle is liberty. Persuasion, or the influence of reason and of feeling, is the great, if not the only instrument, whose operation can affect the acts of all our corporate bodies; of towns, cities, counties, states, and of the whole confederated empire. Here then eloquence is recommended by the most elevated usefulness, and encouraged by the promise of the most precious rewards.

Finally, let us observe how much it tends to exalt and ennoble our ideas of this art, to find it both in speculation and experience, thus grappled, as with hooks of steel, to the soul of liberty. So dear, and so justly dear to us are the blessings of freedom, that if no other advantage could be ascribed to the powers of speech, than that they are her inseparable companions, that alone would be an unanswerable argument for us to cherish them with more than a mother's affection. Let then the frosty rigor of the logician tell you, that eloquence is an insidious appeal to the passions of men. Let the ghastly form of despotism groan from his hollow lungs and bloodless heart, that eloquence is the instrument of turbulence and the weapon of faction. Nay, let the severe and honest moralist himself pronounce in the dream of abstraction, that truth and virtue need not the aid of foreign ornament. Answer; silence them all. Answer; silence them forever, by recurring to this great and overpowering truth. Say, that by the eternal constitution of things it was ordained, that liberty should be the parent of eloquence; that eloquence should be the last stay and support of liberty; that with her she is ever destined to live, to flourish, and to die. Call up the shades of Demosthenes and Cicero to vouch your words; point to their immortal works, and say, these are not only the sublimest strains of oratory, that ever issued from the uninspired lips of mortal men; they are at the same time the expiring accents of liberty, in the nations, which have shed the brightest lustre on the name of man.

Adams' Lectures.

OBSERVATIONS ON AMERICAN ELOQUENCE.

THERE are in our country but two classes of men who are popular speakers by profession. Lawyers who commence practice early in life, with a superficial general education, and an equally shallow knowledge of legal science ; who, from an ignorance both of local law, and of any of the great principles of universal ethicks, to which to refer the principles of their case, are constrained to resort to common place topics of justification, founded on the weakness of human nature ; subjects of defence equally applicable to every possible case, and of course equally idle in all. To this tendency to a false pathos, which is in some degrees the effect of ignorance, the popularity of the speeches of Mr. Curran has a good deal contributed. Mr. Curran is certainly eminently gifted with very high powers of eloquence, but is perhaps a dangerous model for imitation ; and if to be imitated at all, it can never be after the manner pursued in America. Our young men endeavor to rival him, with no other advantages than a few inaccurate notions of metaphor and trope drawn from Blair's Lectures, while at the university, and a confused knowledge of the elementary principles of English law, gathered in a hasty perusal of Blackstone's Commentary. They do not consider Mr. Curran's discipline in the several branches of severer science ; his comprehensive knowledge of history, politics and ethicks : his taste refined by perpetual intercourse with living orators and poets, and an intimate acquaintance with the writings of their immortal predecessors. Then he possesses an original brilliancy of expression, which is the result of these combined causes operating on a naturally fruitful exertion and poetic temperament. They should imitate him in these previous studies, and in reading the Latin and Greek poets, before they attempt his passionate and truly dramatic eloquence. Thus far they have succeeded, only in copying his defects, and borrowing from him those useless appendages to his declamation which he gains by losing.

Some of them have, however, succeeded as Rausseau says of the French musical academy, who were advocates for loud and harsh music, "in making a great noise in the world," but we are consoled by knowing that it will be but of short continuance.

It is a discouraging circumstance to see models of eloquence, as of every thing else, sought exclusively in English literature. The English themselves recur to antiquity, as the father of all that is sublime or beautiful in poetry or prose, and the tendency of American taste to a very different style of speaking from that of the best and the worst orators of England, plainly indicates a difference in the national standard of excellence. Nature herself has ordered it, and it is vain for art to resist. Instead of being chilled by the cold damps of a latitude north of 50 degrees, in a sea girt island, we have a warm and genial climate, a bright sun and a blue sky. Our continent is vast, its aspect frequently picturesque and romantic, is often sublime and beautiful. The rills, and basins, and cascades of England seem but the mimicry of nature, when compared with those inland seas which are fed by that huge river, the din of whose thundering cataract peals on every hill for forty miles: or with that father of western waters, who, drawing his torrent from fountains of polar snow, warms his mighty stream in a tropical sun before he reaches the ocean. This magnificent scale of nature, this ethereal sky, will impart their influence to the imagination and feelings. Our poets must feed their lamps from the fires of the father of song, whose eyes yet undazzled "with excess of light" had stored his mind with that sublime scenery, that poetic drapery, with which nature has clothed the countries which dispute the honor of his birth. Lighter bards must drink from the goblet of Anacreon—Orators must pore over the burning page of Demosthenes, or the more luxuriant decoration of Tully. Let them not do this either, to the exclusion of the great masters of their own language; for no one can have a competent knowledge of the copiousness and power of the English tongue, who has not read Spencer, and Shakespear, and Hooker, and Taylor, and the intellectual giants of that wonderful age. It is no objection to what I have here said, that the works of some of these writers abound with figures and passages of the sublimest eloquence, for they saw the

scenery of Greece and Italy irradiated by the genius of Homer and Virgil, and even then, their imaginations retain deep tints of the northern gloom. Hooker and Taylor, whose sacred ministry led them to the study of oriental learning, have often curiously blended the different shades of eastern and western poetry. Some of the effusions of their "finest phrenzies" call to our minds the idea of Ossian or some northern bard, striking the harp of Isaiah, with instruments tuned to a prophet's ear, and swept by a poet's hand, the music must needs be divine, occasionally it is so, but the periods of celestial harmony, are like vidits from the winged hours of bliss, "few and far between."

The second class of men who are speakers by profession, are those, who, from ambition or incompetence to succeed at the bar, devote their lives to politics. Generally educated for the law, they are as ill prepared for the discharge of their duty as the others. They are, however, eager to speak on particular occasions, and do speak with all the fatiguing superficiality which results from want of information, and act with confusion for want of concert; and finally leave public life with disgust and disappointment, for want of preliminary preparation. Hence we are so often condemned, to hear from a sanguine youth on the floor of congress, a piece of florid declamation of half an hour's continuance; but the bloom perishes without the fruit ensuing. And hence that crowd of self deluded boys, who think to become orators in a day by celebrating the anniversary of our independence in a few bombastic sentences. I would recommend to their consideration a fine thought beautifully expressed by Lord Bolingbroke: "Eloquence has charms to lend mankind, and gives a nobler superiority than power that any fool may use, or fraud that every knave may employ. But eloquence must flow like a stream that is fed by an abundant spring, and not spout forth a little frothy matter on some gaudy day, and remain dry the rest of the year."

Sketches of A. Orators.

THE
REPUBLICAN COMPILER.

SCIENTIFIC.

Of Oratory.

WE come now to speak of oratory, as it is divided into the several parts which constitute the art. These have been generally the following, invention, disposition, style or composition, pronounciation, including gesture.

First. INVENTION. This is nothing else but finding out the sentiments by which a speaker or writer would explain what he has to propose, and the arguments by which he would enforce it. This subject is treated of very largely in most of the books of oratory, in which I think they judge very wrong. In by far the greatest number of cases, there is no necessity for teaching it, and where it is necessary, I believe it exceeds the power of man to teach it with effect. The very first time, indeed, that a young person begins to compose, the thing is so new to him, that it is apt to appear dark and difficult, and in a manner impossible. But as soon as he becomes a little accustomed to it, he finds much more difficulty in selecting what is proper than in inventing something that seems to be tolerable. There are some persons, I confess, whom their own stupidity, or that of their relations, forces to attempt public speaking who are entirely barren, and not able to bring out any thing, either

good or bad; but this is exceedingly rare, and when it does happen, it will be so burdensome to the man himself, that he must speedily give over the attempt. There are infinitely more who have plenty of matter, such as it is, but neither very valuable in itself nor clothed in proper language. I think it happens very generally, that those who are least concise and accurate are most lengthy and voluminous.

I will therefore not spend much time upon invention, leaving it to the spontaneous production of capacity and experience; only observe that it is called a common place, from whence you draw your argument. That principle of law, nature, taste, experience, from which you fetch your topic, and apply it to your particular case, is a common place; as, for example, if I want to prove that a strict discipline in society is best, I say that discipline which will, in the most effectual manner, restrain offences is certainly the best; this is the topic or common place.

It would be needless to point out the sources of invention, or shew from whence arguments may be drawn, for they may be drawn from all the characters or qualities of an action or person, and from all the circumstances that accompany it. If I mean to aggravate a crime or injury, I say it was done deliberately, obstinately, repeatedly, without temptation, against many warnings, and much kindness; that its effects are very bad to a man's self, to others, to the character, the person, the estate, &c. If I want to speak in praise of a free government, I mention its happy effects, in giving security and happiness, promoting industry, encouraging genius, producing value; and then I apply to experience and shew the happiness of free states, and the misery of those that have been kept in slavery: but I repeat the remark that invention need not be taught, unless it be to one that never yet composed a sentence. There have been books of common place, published, containing arguments and topics for illustration, and even similitudes—sayings of the ancients, &c. but they are of very little use, unless to a person that has no fund of his own, and then one that makes use of them is like a man walking on stilts; they make him look very big, but he walks very feebly.

Second. The next division of the oratorical art is disposition or distribution. This is a matter of the utmost

moment, and upon which instruction is both necessary and useful. By disposition, as a part of the oratorical art, I mean order in general in the whole of a discourse or any kind of composition, be it what it will. As to the parts of which a single speech or oration consists, they will be afterwards considered. Before I proceed to explain or point out the way to attain good order, I would just mention a few of its excellencies.

1st. Good order in a discourse gives light, and makes it easily understood. If things are thrown together without method, each of them will be less understood, and then joint influence in leading to a conclusion will not be perceived. It is a noble expression of Horace, who calls it *lucidos ordo*, clear order. It is common to say, when we hear a confused discourse. "It had neither head nor tail, I could not understand what he would be at."

(2) Order is necessary to force as well as light; this indeed is a necessary consequence of the other, for we shall never be persuaded by what we do not understand. Very often the force of reasoning depends upon the united influence of several distinct propositions. If they are ranged in a just order, they will all have their effect and support one another; if otherwise, it will be like a number of men attempting to raise a weight, and one pulling at one time and another at another, which will do just nothing; but if all exert their power at once, it will be easily overcome.

Third. Order is also necessary for assisting memory. Order is necessary even in a discourse that is to have a transient effect; but if any thing is intended to produce a lasting conviction, and to have a daily influence, it is still more necessary when things are disposed in a proper order, the same concatenation that is in the discourse takes place in the memory, so that when one thing is remembered, it immediately brings to remembrance what has an easy and obvious connexion with it. The association of ideas linked together by any tie is very remarkable in our constitution, and is supposed to take place from some impression made upon the brain. If we have seen two persons but once, and seen them both at the same time only, or at the same place only, the remembrance of the one can hardly be separated from the other. I may also illustrate the subject by another plain instance. Suppose I desire a person going to the city to do two or three things

for me that are wholly unconnected, as to deliver a letter to one person—to visit a friend of mine, and to bring me notice how he is—to buy a certain book for me if he can find it—and to see whether any ship be to sail to Britain soon, it is very possible he may remember some of them, and forget the others; but if I desire him to buy me a dozen of silver spoons, to carry them to an engraver to put my name upon them, and get a case to put them in, if he remembers one article it is likely he will remember all of them. It is one of the best evidences that a discourse has been composed with distinctness and accuracy, if after you go away you can remember a good deal of it; but there are sometimes discourses which are pompous and declamatory, and which you hear with pleasure, and some sort of approbation, but if you attempt to recollect the truths advanced, or the arguments in support of them, there is not a trace of them to be found.

Fourth. Order conduces also very much to beauty. Order is never omitted, when men give the principles of beauty, and confusion is disgusting just on its own account, whatever the nature of the confused things may be; If you were to see a vast heap of fine furniture, of different kinds, lying in confusion, you could neither perceive half so distinctly what was there, nor could it at all have such an effect, as if every thing was disposed in a just order, and placed where it ought to stand; nay, a much smaller quantity, elegantly disposed, would exceed in grandeur of appearance chief of the most costly things in nature.

Fifth. Order is also necessary to brevity. A confused discourse is almost never short, and is always filled with repetitions. It is with thought, in this respect, as with things visible: for to return to the former similitude. A confused heap of goods or furniture fills much more room than when it is ranged and classed in its proper order, and every thing carried to its proper place.

Having shewn the excellence of precision and method, let us next try to explain what it is, and that I may have some regard to method while I am speaking of the very subject, I shall take it in three lights. (1st) There must be an attention to order in the disposition of the whole piece. Whatever the parts be in themselves, they have also a relation to one another, and to the whole body (if I may speak so) that they are to compose. Every work, be it what it will, history, epic poem, dramatic

poem, oratory, epistle, or essay, is to be considered as a whole, and a clearness of judgment in point of method will decide the place and proportion of the several parts of which they are composed. The loosest essay, or where form is least professed or studied, ought yet to have some shape as a whole, and we may say of it, that it begins abruptly or ends abruptly, or some of the parts are misplaced. There are often to be seen pieces in which good things are said, and well said and have only this fault, that they are unseasonable and out of place. Horace says, in his art of poetry, what is equally applicable to every sort of composition. "*Donique sit quod vis simplex duntaxat et unum*" and shortly after, "*In felix operis summa, quia porere totum nesciet.*"

This judgement in planning the whole will particularly enable a person to determine both as to the place and proportion of the different parts, whether they be not only good in themselves, but fit to be introduced in such a work, and it will also (if I may speak so) give a colour to the whole composition. The necessity of order in the whole structure of a piece shows, that the rule is good which is given by some, that an orator, before he begins his discourse, should concentrate the subject as it were; and reduce it to one single proposition, either expressed, or at least conceived in his mind. Every thing should grow out of this as its root, if it be in another principle to be explained; or refer to this as its end, if it be a point to be gained by persuasion. Having thus stated the point clearly to be handled, it will afford a sort of criterion whether any thing adduced is proper or improper. It will suggest the topics that are just and suitable, as well as enable us to reject whatever is in substance improper, or in size disproportionate to the design. Agreeably to this principle, I think that not only the subject of a single discourse should be reduceable to one proposition, but the general divisions or principal heads should not be many in number. A great number of general heads both burdens the memory, and breaks the unity of the subject, and carries the idea of several little discourses joined together or to follow after one another.

2d. Order is necessary in the subdivisions of a subject, or the way of stating and marshelling of the several portions of any general head. This is applicable to all kinds of composition, and all kinds of oratory, sermons,

law pleadings, speeches. There is always a division of the parts, as well as of the whole, either expressed formally and numerically, or supposed, though suppressed. And it is as much here as any where, that the confusion of inaccurate writers and speakers appears. It is always necessary to have some notion of the whole of a piece, and the large divisions, being more bulky, to speak, disposition in them is more easily perceived, but in the smaller, both their order and size are in danger of being less attended to. Observe, therefore, that to be accurate and just, the subdivisions of any composition, such I mean as are (for example) introduced in a numerical series, 1, 2, 3, &c. Should have the following properties. (1) They should be clear and plain. Every thing indeed should be clear, as far as he can make it, but precision and distinctness should especially appear in the subdivisions, just as the bounding lines of countries in a map. For this reason the first part of a subdivision should be like a short definition, and when it can be done, it is but expressed in a single term; for example, in giving the character of a man of learning, I may propose to speak of his genius, his erudition, his industry, or application.

(2) They should be truly distinct; that is, every body should perceive that they are really different from one another, not in phrase or word only, but in sentiment. If you praise a man first for his judgment, and then for his understanding; they are either altogether or so nearly the same, or so nearly allied, as not to require distinction. I have heard a minister on John xvii. 11. Holy Father, &c. in showing how God keeps his people, says, (1) He keeps their feet. He shall keep thy feet from falling. (2) He keeps their way. Thou shalt keep him in all his ways. Now, it is plain that these are not two different things, but two metaphors for the same thing. This indeed was faulty also in another respect; for a metaphor ought not to make a division at all.

(3) Subdivisions should be necessary; that is to say, taking the word in the loose and popular sense, the subject should seem to demand them, to multiply divisions, even where they may be made really distinct, is tedious, and disgusting, unless where they are of use and importance to our clearly comprehending the meaning, or feeling the force of what is said. If a person in the map of a country should give a different colour to every three

miles, though the equality of the proportion would make the division clear enough, yet it would appear disgustingly superfluous. In writing the history of an eminent person's life, to divide it into spaces of ten years, perhaps would make the view of the whole more exact; but to divide it into single years or months would be finical and disagreeable. The increase of divisions leads almost unavoidably into tediousness.

(4) Subdivisions should be co-ordinate; that is to say, those that go on in a series, 1, 2, 3, &c. should be as near as possible similar, or of the same kind, this rule is transgressed when either the things mentioned are wholly different in kind, or when they include one another. This will be well perceived, if we consider how a man would describe a sensible subject, a country, for example; New Jersey contains (1) Middlesex, (2) Somerset county, (3) the townships of Princeton, (4) Morris county. So if one, in describing the character of a real christian, should say, faith, holiness, charity, justice, temperance, patience, this would not do, because holiness includes justice, &c. When, therefore, it seems necessary to mention different particulars, that cannot be made co-ordinate, they should be made subordinate.

(5) Subdivisions should be complete, and exhaust the subject. This indeed is common to all divisions, but is of most importance here, where it is most neglected. It may be said, perhaps, how can we propose to exhaust any subject? By making the divisions suitable, particularly in point of comprehension, to the nature of the subject; as an example, and to make use of the image before introduced of giving an account of a country.—I may say, the province of New Jersey consists of two parts, East and West Jersey. If I say it consists of the counties of Somerset, &c. I must continue till I have enumerated all the counties, otherwise the division is not complete. In the same manner in public speaking, or any other composition, whatever division is made it is not legitimate, if it does not include or exhaust the whole subject, which may be done let it be ever so great. For example: true religion may be divided various ways, so as to include the whole. I may say, that it consists of our duty to God and man, and divide the last into two subordinate heads, our neighbour and ourselves—or I may say, that it consists of faith and practice—or that it consists of two

parts, a right frame and temper of mind, and a good life and conversation.

(6) Lastly. The subdivisions of any subject should be connected, or should be taken in a series or order, if they will possibly admit of it. In some moral and intellectual subjects, it may not be easy to find any series or natural order, as in an enumeration of virtues, justice, temperance and fortitude. Patience perhaps might as well be enumerated in any other order; yet there is often an order that will appear natural, and the inversion of it unnatural—as we may say, injuries are done many ways to a man's person, character and possessions. Love to others includes the relation of family, kindred, citizens, country-men, fellow-creatures.

(3) In the last place there is also an order to be observed in the sentiments which make the illustration or amplification of the divisions of a discourse. This order is never expressed by numerical divisions, yet it is of great importance, and its beauty and force will be particularly felt. It is, if I may speak so, of a finer and more delicate nature than any of the others, more various, and harder to explain. I once have said that all reasoning is of the nature of a syllogism, which lays down principles, makes comparisons, and draws the conclusion. But we must particularly guard against letting the uniformity and formality of a syllogism appear. In general, whatever establishes any connection, so that it makes the sentiments give rise to one another, is the occasion of order—sometimes necessity and utility point out the order as a good measure—as in telling a story grave or humorous, you must begin by describing the persons concerned, mentioning just as many circumstances of their character and situation as are necessary to make us understand the facts to be afterwards related. Sometimes the sensible ideas of time and place suggest an order, not only in historical relations, and in law pleadings which relate to facts but in drawing of characters, describing the progress and effects of virtue and vice, and even in other subjects, where the connexion between those ideas and the things spoken of is not very strong.

Sometimes, and indeed generally, there is an order which proceeds from things plain to things obscure. The beginning of a paragraph should be like the sharp point of a wedge, which gains admittance to the bulky part behind.

It first affirms what every body feels and must confess, and proceeds to what follows as a necessary consequence : In fine, there is an order in persuasion to a particular choice, which may be taken two ways with equal advantage, proceeding from the weak to the stronger or from the stronger to the weaker. As, in recommending a pious and virtuous life, we may first say it is amiable, honourable, pleasant, profitable even in the present life ; and to crown all, makes death itself a friend, and leads to a glorious immortality ; or, we may begin the other way, and say it is the one thing needful, that eternity is the great and decisive argument that should determine our choice, though every thing else were in favour of vice ; and then add, that even in present life, it is a great mistake to think that bad men are gainers, &c. This is called sometimes the ascending and descending climax. Each of them has its beauty and use. It must be left to the orator's judgement to determine which of the two is either fittest for the present purpose, or which he finds himself at that time able to execute to the greatest advantage.

Witherspoon's Lectures.

Of Simplicity in Writing.

It is exceedingly difficult to bring young persons especially, to a taste for the simple way of writing. They are apt to think it of little moment, not so much the object of ambition as an exercise of self-denial, to say a thing plainly, when they might have said it nobly. I would observe therefore, in the very beginning, that it is a mistake to consider simplicity and sublimity as universally opposite ; for on the contrary, there is not only a great excellence in some performances, which we may call wholly of the simple kind, such as a story told, or an epistle written, with all the beauty of simplicity, but in the most sublime and animated compositions, some of the greatest sentiments derive their beauty from being clothed in simple language. Simplicity is even as necessary to some parts of an oration, as it is to the whole of some kinds of composition. Let the subject be ever so great and interesting, it is prudent, decent and necessary to

begin the discourse in a cool and dispassionate manner. That man who should begin an oration with the same boldness of figure, and the same high pitch of voice, that would be proper towards the close of it, would commit one of the greatest faults against propriety, and I think, would wholly prevent its effect upon the hearers.

But how shall we explain the simple manner of writing? It is, say many authors, that which is likeliest to, and least removed from the language of common life. It must therefore be easy and obvious, few or no figures in the expression, nothing obscure in the sentiments or involved in the method. Long sentences are contrary to it; words either difficult or uncommon are inconsistent with it. Cicero and Horace have both said, and all critics have said after them, it is that which, when men hear, they think that they themselves could only have said the same, or that it is just a kind of expression of their own thoughts. They generally remark further, that it is what seems to be easy, but yet is not; as Horace says, *ut sibi quis, speret idem*, &c. We may further observe, that what is truly simple, always carries in it the idea of being easy in its production, as well as in imitation, and indeed the one of these seems necessary to support the other. Whatever seems to be the effect of study and much invention, cannot be simple. It is finely exemplified in the introduction of Anthony's speech in Shakespeare: I am no orator as Brutus is, &c. Rollin has given us an admirable example of a story told with a beautiful simplicity, from Cicero's offices. There is an example also in Livy's account of the battle of the Horatii and Curiatii, only with a little more force of expression, as the importance and solemnity of the subject seemed to require it. But it requires a very masterly knowledge of the Latin language, to perceive the beauties fully, that are pointed at by Rollin in the first instance, or might easily be mentioned in the last. There is no author in our language who excels more in simplicity than Addison—The Spectator, in general, indeed, but especially the papers written by him, excel in this quality. Ease and elegance are happily joined in them, and nature itself, as it were, seems to speak in them. If some of the later periodical writers have equalled, or even excelled them in force or elegance, not one has ever come up to them in simplicity.

The subjects or the species of writing in which simplicity chiefly shines, are narration, dialogue, epistolary writing, essay writing, and all the lighter species of poetry, as odes, songs, epigrams, elegies, and such like. The ancients were remarkable for a love and admiration of simplicity; and some of them remain to us as eminent examples of its excellence. Xenophon, in his institutions of Cyrus, is particularly remarkable for a sweet and dignified simplicity. He uses neither language nor ideas that are difficult and far-fetched. In the smaller compositions of the ancients, as odes, epigrams, &c. they were at prodigious pains to polish them, and make them quite easy and natural. They placed their great glory in bestowing much art, and at the same time, making it appear quite easy and artless, according to the saying now grown into a proverb, *artis est celare artem*. The beauty of simplicity may not appear at first sight, or be at all perceived by persons of a vitiated taste, but all persons of good judgment immediately, and the bulk of mankind in time, are charmed with what is quite easy, and yet truly accurate and elegant.

It ought to be carefully observed, that simplicity is quite a different thing from lowness and meanness, and the great art of a writer is, to preserve the one without degenerating into the other. It is the easiest thing in the world, to speak or write vulgarisms, but a person of true taste, will carefully avoid every thing of that kind. For example, one who would write simply, and as near the language of common people in ordinary discourse as possible, would yet avoid every absurdity or barbarism that obtains a place in common conversation; as to say, "This here table, and that there candle." It is also quite contrary to simplicity, to adopt the quaint expressions or cant phrases, that are the children of fashion and obtain for a little, or in some particular places and not in others. The Spectator attacked with great spirit and propriety, several of these that were introduced into conversation and writing in his time, such as, *mob*, *rep*, *pos*, *bite*, *bamboozle*, and several others. Most of them he fairly defeated, but one or two of them got the better of him, and are now freely introduced into the language, such as *mob*. Johnson also has put *bamboozle* in his dictionary, which he calls, indeed, a low word. Arbuthnot is his authority, but it was plainly used by him in the

way of ridicule, and therefore, it should either not have been in the dictionary, at all, or such an authority should not have been given for it.

It is exceedingly difficult, and requires an excellent judgment, to be able to descend to great simplicity, and yet, to keep out every low expression or idea. I do not think it is easy to be a thorough judge of pure diction in any language but our own, and not even in that, without a good deal of the knowledge of human life, and a thorough acquaintance with the best authors. Writers and speakers, of little judgment, are apt, at times, to go into extremes, to swell too much on the one hand, and to fall into what is vulgar and offensive on the other.

When speaking on simplicity, I observe that there is a simplicity in the taste and composition of a whole discourse, different from simplicity of sentiment and language in the particular parts. This will incline a man to avoid all unnecessary ornament, particularly the ornaments of fashion, and the peculiar dress or mode of the times.

We say, in architecture, that a building is in a simple style, when it has not a great multiplicity of ornaments, or is not loaded with beauties, so to speak. It is very remarkable that books written in the same age, will differ very much, one from another, in this respect; and those which have least of the ornaments then in vogue, continue in reputation, when the others are grown ridiculous. I will give you an instance of this: a small religious treatise, Scougal's *Life of God in the Soul of Man*, which is written with great simplicity, and yet dignity, and may now be read with pleasure and approbation, by persons of the best taste; while most of the other writers of his age and country, are ridiculous or hardly intelligible.

Perhaps it may help us to form right notions of simplicity, to consider, what are the opposites, or the greatest enemies. (1) One is abstraction of sentiment, or too great refinement of any kind: of this, the greatest example in an author of merit, is the writer of the *Rambler*; almost every page of his writings, furnish us with instances of departure from simplicity, partly in the sentiment, and partly in the diction.

(2) Another is allegory, and especially far-fetched allusions, as in the example which the *Spectator* gives of a

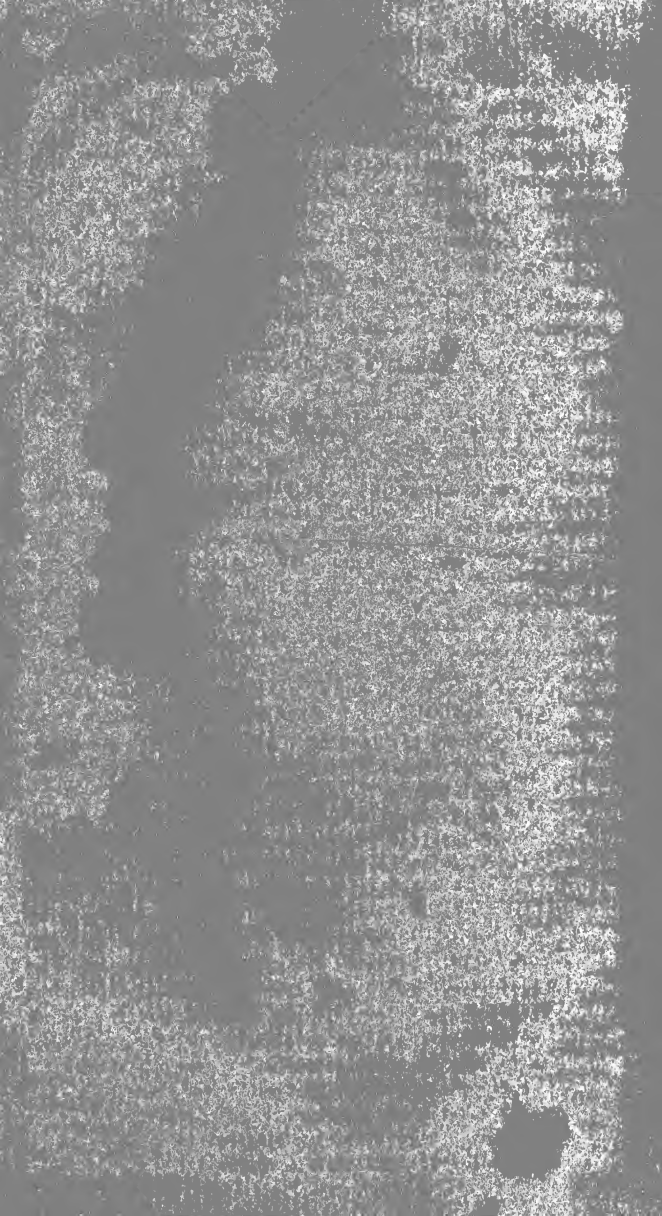
poet, who speaks of Bacchus' cast coat: this is little better than a riddle, and even those who discern it, will take a little time to reflect, that, according to the heathen mythology, Bacchus was the god of wine; wine is kept in casks, and therefore, an empty cask, or at least an useless one, may be called Bacchus' cast coat.

(3) A third enemy to simplicity, is an affectation of learning: This spoils simplicity many ways; it introduces terms of art, which cannot be understood, but by those who are adepts in a particular branch. Such persons have been long exposed to ridicule, under the name of pedants. Sometimes, indeed, the word pedantry has been in a manner confined to those addicted to classic literature, and who intermix every thing they say with scraps, taken from the learned languages; but this is quite improper; for lawyers, physicians, dunces, or schoolmasters, are equally ridiculous, when they fill their discourse with words drawn from their particular art.

(4) The only other enemy to simplicity I shall mention, is, an ambition to excel. This, perhaps, should not have been so much divided from the rest, as to be made the great principle from which the rest proceed. Nothing more certainly renders a man ridiculous, than an over-forwardness to display his excellence; he is not content with plain things, and particularly with such things as every body might say, because these would not distinguish him.

On the whole, as I observed on sublimity, that one of the best and surest ways to attain it, was to think nobly, so the best way to write simply, is to think simply, to avoid all affectation, to attempt to form your manner of thinking to a noble self-denial. A man little solicitous about what people think of him, or rather having his attention fixed on quite another purpose, viz. giving information, or producing conviction, will only attain to a simple manner of writing, and indeed he will write best in all respects.

Witherspoon's Lectures.



DESCRIPTIVE

Singular Natural Walls on the Banks of the Missouri.

WE came to a high wall of black rock, rising from the water's edge on the south, above the cliffs of the river: this continued for about a quarter of a mile, and was succeeded by a high open plain, till three miles further a second wall, two hundred feet high, rose on the same side. Three miles further, a wall of the same kind, about two hundred feet high and twelve in thickness, appeared to the north: these hills and river cliffs exhibit a most extraordinary and romantic appearance: they rise in most places nearly perpendicular from the water, to the height of between two and three hundred feet, and are formed of very white sand stone, so soft as to yield readily to the impression of water, in the upper part of which lie imbedded two or three thin horizontal stratas of white freestone insensible to the rain, and on the top is a dark rich loam, which forms a gradually ascending plain, from a mile to a mile and a half in extent, when the hills again rise abruptly to the height of about three hundred feet more. In trickling down the cliffs, the water has worn the soft sand stone into a thousand grotesque figures, among which with a little fancy may be discerned elegant ranges of freestone buildings, with columns variously sculptured, and supporting long and elegant galleries, while the parapets are adorned with statuary: on a nearer approach they represent every form of elegant ruins; columns, some with pedestals and capitols entire, others mutilated

and prostrate, and some rising pyramidically over each other till they terminate in a sharp point. These are varied by niches, alcoves and the customary appearances of desolated magnificence: the illusion is increased by the number of martins, who have built their globular nests in the niches and hover over these columns; as in our country they are accustomed to frequent large stone structures. As we advance, there seems no end to the visionary enchantment which surrounds us. In the midst of this fantastic scenery are vast ranges of walls, which seem the productions of art, so regular is the workmanship: they rise perpendicularly from the river, sometimes to the height of one hundred feet, varying in thickness from one to twelve feet, being equally broad at the top as below. The stones of which they are formed are black, thick, and durable, and composed of a vast portion of earth, intermixed and cemented with a small quantity of sand, and a considerable portion of talc or quartz. These stones are almost invariably regular parallelipeds of unequal sizes in the wall, but equally deep, and laid regularly in ranges over each other like bricks, each breaking and covering the interstice of the two on which it rests; but though the perpendicular interstice be destroyed, the horizontal one extends entirely through the whole work: the stones too are proportioned to the thickness of the wall in which they are employed, being largest in the thickest walls. The thinner walls are composed of a single depth of the parallelipeds, while the thicker ones consist of two or more depths: These walls pass the river at several places, rising from the water's edge much above the sandstone cliffs which they seem to penetrate; thence they cross in a straight line on either side of the river, the plains over which they tower to the height of from ten to seventy feet, until they lose themselves in the second range of hills: sometimes they run parallel in several ranges near to each other, sometimes intersect each other at right angles, and have the appearance of walls of ancient houses or gardens.

LEWIS AND CLARKE.

Cascade of the River Missouri.

THE river immediately at its cascade is three hundred yards wide, and is pressed in by a perpendicular cliff on the left, which rises to about one hundred feet and extends up the stream for a mile; on the right the bluff is also perpendicular for three hundred yards above the falls. For ninety or a hundred yards from the left cliff, the water falls in one smooth even sheet, over a precipice of at least eighty feet. The remaining part of the river precipitates itself with a more rapid current, but being received as it falls by the irregular and somewhat projecting rocks below, forms a splendid prospect of perfectly white foam two hundred yards in length, and eighty in perpendicular elevation. This spray is dissipated into a thousand shapes, sometimes flying up in columns of fifteen or twenty feet, which are then oppressed by large masses of the white foam, on all which the sun impresses the brightest colours of the rainbow. As it rises from the fall it beats with fury against a ledge of rocks which extend across the river at one hundred and fifty yards from the precipice. From the perpendicular cliff on the north, to the distance of one hundred and twenty yards, the rocks rise only a few feet above the water, and when the river is high the stream finds a channel across them forty yards wide, and near the higher parts of the ledge which then rise about twenty feet, and terminate abruptly within eighty or ninety yards of the southern side. Between them and the perpendicular cliff on the south, the whole body of water runs with great swiftness. A few small cedars grow near this ridge of rocks which serve as a barrier to defend a small plain of about three acres, shaded with cottonwood, at the lower extremity of which is a grove of the same tree, where are several Indian cabins of sticks; below the point of them the river is divided by a large rock, several feet above the surface of the water, and extending down the stream for twenty yards. At the distance of three hundred yards from the same ridge is a second abutment of solid perpendicular rock, about sixty feet high, projecting at right angles from the small plain on the north for one hundred and thirty four yards into the river. After leaving this, the Missouri again spreads itself to its usual distance of three hundred yards, though with more than its ordinary rapidity. *Ibid.*

Manners and Customs of the Shoshonee Indians.

As war is the chief occupation, bravery is the chief virtue among the Shoshonees. None can hope to be distinguished without having given proofs of it, nor can there be any preferment or influence among the nation without some warlike achievement. The important events which give reputation to a warrior, and which entitle him to a new name, are, killing a white bear, stealing individually the horses of the enemy, leading out a party who happen to be successful either in plundering horses or destroying the enemy, and lastly, scalping a warrior. These acts seem of nearly equal dignity, but the last, that of taking an enemy's scalp, is an honour quite independent of the act of vanquishing him. To kill your adversary is of no importance, unless the scalp is brought from the field of battle, and were a warrior to slay any number of his enemies in action, and others were to obtain the scalps or first touch the dead, they would have all the honours, since they have borne off the trophy.

The Shoshonee warrior always fights on horseback: he possesses a few bad guns, which are reserved exclusively for war, but his common arms are the bow and arrow, a shield, a lance and a weapon called by the Chippaways, by whom it was formerly used, the poggamoggon. The bow is made of cedar or pine, covered on the outside with sinews and glue. It is about two and a half feet long, and does not differ in shape from those used by the Sioux, Mandans and Minnetarees. Sometimes, however, the bow is made of a single piece of the horn of an elk, covered on the back like those of wood with sinews and glue, and occasionally ornamented by a strand wrought of porcupine quills and sinews, which is wrapped round the horn near its two ends. The bows made of the horns of the bighorn are still more prized, and are formed by cementing with glue flat pieces of the horn together, covering the back with sinews and glue, and loading the whole with an unusual quantity of ornaments. The arrows resemble those of the other Indians, except in being more slender than any we have seen. They are contained, with the implements for striking fire, in a narrow quiver, formed of different kinds of skin, though that of the otter seems to be preferred. It is just long enough to protect the arrows from the weather, and is worn on the back by

means of a strap passing over the right shoulder and under the left arm. The shield is a circular piece of buffalo hide, about two feet four or five inches in diameter, ornamented with feathers, and a fringe round it of dressed leather, and adorned or deformed with paintings of strange figures. The buffalo hide is perfectly proof against any arrow, but in the minds of the Shoshonees, its power to protect them is chiefly derived from the virtues which are communicated to it by the old men and jugglers. To make a shield is indeed one of the most important ceremonies: it begins by a feast to which all the warriors, old men and jugglers are invited. After the repast, a hole is dug in the ground about eighteen inches in depth and of the same diameter as the intended shield: into this hole red hot stones are thrown, and water thrown over them till they emit a very strong hot steam. The buffalo skin, which must be the entire hide of a male two years old, and never suffered to dry since it was taken from the animal, is now laid across the hole with the fleshy side to the ground, and stretched in every direction by as many as can take hold of it. As the skin becomes heated, the hair separates, and is taken off by the hand; till at last the skin is contracted into the compass designed for the shield. It is then taken off and placed on a hide prepared into parchment, and then pounded during the rest of the festival by the bare heels of those who are invited to it. This operation sometimes continues several days, after which it is delivered to the proprietor, and declared by the old men and jugglers to be a security against arrows; and provided the feast has been satisfactory, against even the bullets of their enemies. Such is the delusion, that many of the Indians implicitly believe that this ceremony has given to the shield supernatural power, and that they have no longer to fear any weapons of their enemies.

The poggamoggon is an instrument, consisting of a handle twenty-two inches long, made of wood, covered with dressed leather, about the size of a whip-handle: at one end is a thong of ten inches in length which is tied to a round stone weighing two pounds and held in a cover of leather: at the other end is a loop of the same material, which is passed round the wrist so as to secure the hold of the instrument, with which they strike a very severe blow.

Besides these, they have a kind of armour, something like a coat of mail, which is formed by a great many folds of dressed antelope skins, united by means of a mixture of glue and sand. With this they cover their own bodies and those of their horses, and find it impervious to the arrow.

The caparison of their horses is a halter and a saddle : the first is either a rope of six or seven strands of buffalo hair platted or twisted together, about the size of a man's finger and of great strength ; or merely a thong of raw hide made pliant by pounding or rubbing ; though the first kind is much preferred. The halter is very long, and is never taken from the neck of the horse when in constant use. One end of it is first tied round the neck in a knot and then brought down to the under jaw, round which it is formed into a simple noose, passing through the mouth : it is then drawn up on the right side and held by the rider in his left hand, while the rest trails after him to some distance.—At other times the knot is formed at a little distance from one of the ends, so as to let that end serve as a bridle while the other trails on the ground. With these cords dangling along side of them the horse is put to his full speed, without fear of falling, and when he is turned to graze, the noose is merely taken from his mouth. The saddle is formed like the packsaddles used by the French and Spaniards, of two flat thin boards which fit the sides of the horse, and are kept together by two cross pieces, one before and the other behind, which rise to a considerable height, ending sometimes in a flat point, extending outwards, and always making the saddle deep and narrow. Under this a piece of buffalo skin, with the hair on, is placed, so as to prevent the rubbing of the boards, and when they mount, they throw a piece of skin or robe over the saddle, which has no permanent cover. When stirrups are used, they consist of wood covered with leather ; but stirrups and saddles are conveniences reserved for old men and women. The young warriors rarely use any, except a small leather puff stuffed with hair, and secured by a girth made of a leather thong. In this way they ride with great expertness, and they have a particular dexterity in catching the horse when he is running at large. If he will not immediately submit when they wish to take him, they make a noose in the rope, and although the horse may be at a distance, or

even running, rarely fail to fix it on his neck; and such is the docility of the animal, that however unruly he may seem, he surrenders as soon as he feels the rope on him. This cord is so useful in this way, that it is never dispensed with, even when they use the Spanish bridle, which they prefer, and always procure when they have it in their power. The horse becomes almost an object of attachment: a favourite is frequently painted and his ears cut into various shapes: the mane and tail, which are never drawn nor trimmed, are decorated with feathers of birds, and sometimes a warrior suspends at the breast of his horse the finest ornaments he possesses.

Thus armed and mounted, the Shoshonee is a formidable enemy, even with the feeble weapons which he is still obliged to use. When they attack at full speed, they lean forward and cover their bodies with the shield, while with the right hand they shoot under the horse's neck.

Ibid.

Description and romantic appearance of the Missouri at the junction of the Medicine river.

THE Missouri is three hundred yards wide at the point where it receives the waters of the Medicine river, which is one hundred and thirty-seven yards in width. The united current continues three hundred and twenty-eight poles to a small rapid on the north side, from which it gradually widens to one thousand four hundred yards, and at the distance of five hundred and forty-eight poles reaches the head of the rapids narrowing as it approaches them. Here the hills on the north, which had withdrawn from the bank closely border the river, which, for the space of three hundred and twenty poles, makes its way over the rocks with a descent of thirty feet: in this course the current is contracted to five hundred and eighty yards, and after throwing itself over a small pitch of five feet, forms a beautiful cascade of twenty-six feet five inches; this does not however fall immediately perpendicular, being stopped by a part of the rock which projects at about one third of the distance. After descending this fall, and passing the cottonwood island on which

the eagle has fixed its nest, the river goes on for five hundred and thirty-two poles over rapids and little falls, the estimated descent of which is thirteen feet six inches, till it is joined by a large fountain, boiling up underneath the rocks near the edge of the river, into which it falls, with a cascade of eight feet. It is of the most perfect clearness, and rather of a bluish cast: and even after falling into the Missouri it preserves its colour for half a mile. From this fountain, the river descends with increased rapidity for the distance of two hundred and fourteen poles, during which the estimated descent is five feet, from this for a distance of one hundred and thirty-five poles, the river descends fourteen feet seven inches, including a perpendicular fall of six feet seven inches. The river has now become pressed into a space of four hundred and seventy-three yards, and here forms a grand cataract, by falling over a plain rock the whole distance across the river, to the depth of forty-seven feet eight inches: after recovering itself, the Missouri then proceeds with an estimated descent of three feet, till, at the distance of one hundred and two poles, it again is precipitated down the crooked falls of nineteen feet perpendicular; below this, at the mouth of a deep ravine, is a fall of five feet, after which, for the distance of nine hundred and seventy poles, the descent is much more gradual, not being more than ten feet, and then succeeds a handsome level plain, for the space of one hundred and seventy-eight poles, with a computed descent of three feet, making a bend towards the north. Thence it descends during four hundred and eighty poles, about eighteen poles and half, when it makes a perpendicular fall of two feet, which is ninety poles beyond the great cataract, in approaching which, it descends thirteen feet within two hundred yards, and gathering strength from its confined channel, which is only two hundred and eighty yards wide, rushes over the fall to the depth of eighty-seven feet and three quarters of an inch. After raging among the rocks or losing itself in foam, it is compressed immediately into a bed of ninety three yards in width: it continues for three hundred and forty poles, to the entrance of a run or deep ravine, where there is a fall of three feet, which, joined to the decline of the river during that course, makes the descent six feet. As it goes on, the descent within the next two hundred and forty poles is

only four feet; from this passing a run or deep ravine, the descent for four hundred poles is thirteen feet; within two hundred and forty poles a second descent of eighteen feet; thence one hundred and sixty poles a descent of six feet; after which to the mouth of Portage creek, a distance of two hundred and eighty poles the descent is ten feet. From this survey and estimate it results that the river experiences a descent of three hundred and fifty-two feet in the course of two and three quarter miles, from the commencement of the rapids to the mouth of Portage creek, exclusive of the almost impassable rapids which extend for a mile below its entrance. *Ibid.*

Description of the canoes used by the Indians on the Columbia river and their dexterity in the management of them.

THE canoes most used by the Columbia Indians, from the Chillucksttequaws inclusive, to the ocean, are about thirty or thirty-five feet long. The bow, which looks more like the stern of our boats, is higher than the other end, and is ornamented with a sort of comb, an inch in thickness, cut out of the same log which forms the canoe, and extending nine or eleven inches from the bowsprit to the bottom of the boat. The stern is nearly rounded off, and gradually ascends to a point. This canoe is very light and convenient; for though it will contain ten or twelve persons, it may be carried with great ease by four.

The largest species of canoes are upwards of fifty feet long, and will carry from eight to ten thousand pounds weight, or from twenty to thirty persons. They are cut out of a single trunk of a tree, which is generally a cedar, though fir is sometimes used. The sides are secured by cross-bars or round sticks, two or three inches in thickness, which are inserted through holes made just below the gunwale and made fast with cords. The upper edge of the gunwale itself is about five-eighths of an inch thick, and four or five in breadth, and folds outwards, so as to form a kind of rim, which prevents the water from beating into the boat. The bow and stern are about the same height, and each pro-

vided with a comb, reaching to the bottom of the boat. At the end, also, are pedestals, formed of the same solid piece, on which are placed strange grotesque figures of men or animals, rising sometimes to the height of five feet, and composed of small pieces of wood, firmly united with great ingenuity, by inlaying and mortising, without a spike of any kind. The paddle is usually from four feet and a half to five feet in length; the handle being thick for one third of its length, when it widens, and is hollowed and thinned on each side of the centre, which forms a sort of rib. When they embark, one Indian sits on the stern, and steers with a paddle, the others kneel in pairs in the bottom of the canoe, and sitting on their heels, paddle over the gunwale next to them. In this way they ride in perfect safety the highest waves, and venture without the least concern in seas, where other boats or seamen could not live an instant. They sit quietly and paddle, with no other movement; except when any large wave throws the boat on her side, and to the eye of a spectator, she seems lost: the man to windward then steadies her, by throwing his body towards the upper side, and sinking his paddle deep into the wave, appears to catch the water and force it under the boat, which the same stroke pushes on with great velocity. In the management of these canoes, the women are equally expert with the men; for in the smaller boats, which contain four oarsmen, the helm is generally given to the female. As soon as they land, the canoe is generally hauled on shore, unless she be very heavily laden; but at night the boat is universally discharged, and the canoe brought on shore. *Ibid.*

Singular customs of the inhabitants of Chili on the Pacific ocean.

At all their dinner entertainments, the principal guest is placed at the head of the table, the host on one side of him, and the hostess on the other; and their principal business appears to be, to cram him with a part of every thing before him. This duty they are apt to perform most effectually, if he happens, like me, to be a stranger, and

not aware of the variety of changes that are to be brought on, each one more and more inviting in their appearance and taste.

There is another practice at their balls or evening parties, which at first gave me some embarrassment. A very large silver dish, filled with sweet jelly, was presented to me by a servant, as well as a silver plate and fork; believing that the whole dish could not be intended for me, I attempted to take the plate; this the servant objected to; I then attempted to take the dish, but to this she also objected. I felt, however, certain that it was intended for me to eat in some way or other, and was determined to do it in that way which appears the most natural and convenient; I therefore took from her the plate and fork, and helped myself to as much as I thought I should want. The eyes of all the company, however, were on me, and I perceived that I had made some mistake, of which I was soon convinced, for the servant brought another plate with a fork, which was handed with the sweetmeats around to the company, and each one made use of the same fork to take a mouthful, holding their heads carefully over the dish in order that nothing might fall from their mouths to the floor; the fork was then laid on the plate and passed to the next. The *matti* is taken with as little regard to delicacy or cleanliness. When the cup containing it is brought in, one of the company blows into it, through the silver tube, until a high froth is produced; it is then considered properly prepared. The same *matti* and tube is then passed around the room, and each one takes in turn a suck of it with much apparent relish and delight; but, considering the rotten teeth and unsavoury breaths of the Chilians, there could not be a dose offered more repulsive to a delicate stomach, than this same-frothy *matti*, served up in their style. It is also a practice for one glass of water, one spoon, or one segar, to be served up to the whole company, and one would almost be led to believe that they had a particular relish for the taste of each other's dirty mouths.

Porter's Journal.

Description of the Tortoises found in the islands of the Pacific ocean.

MANY of them are of a size to weigh upwards of three hundred weight; and nothing, perhaps, can be more disagreeable or clumsy than they are in their external appearance. Their motion strongly resembles that of the elephant; their steps slow, regular, and heavy; they carry their body about a foot from the ground, and their legs and feet bear no slight resemblance to those of the animal to which I have likened them; their neck is from eighteen inches to two feet in length, and very slender; the head is proportioned to it, and strongly resembles that of a serpent; but, hideous and disgusting as is their appearance, no animal can possibly afford a more wholesome, luscious and delicate food than they do; the finest green turtle is no more to be compared to them, in point of excellence, than the coarsest beef is to the finest veal. These animals are so fat as to require neither butter nor lard to cook them, and this fat does not possess that clogging quality, common to that of most other animals; and when tried out, it furnishes an oil superior in taste to that of the olive. The meat of this animal is the easiest of digestion, and a quantity of it exceeding that of any other food can be eaten without experiencing the slightest inconvenience. But what seems the most extraordinary in this animal, is the length of time that it can exist without food; for I have been well assured, that they have been piled away among the casks in the hold of a ship, where they have been kept eighteen months, and when killed at the expiration of that time, were found to have suffered no diminution in fatness or excellence. They carry with them a constant supply of water, in a bag situated at the root of the neck, which contains about two gallons; and on tasting that found in those we killed on board, it proved perfectly fresh and sweet. They are very restless when exposed to the light and heat of the sun, but will lie in the dark from one year's end to another without moving; in the day time they appear remarkably quick sighted and timid, drawing their head in their shell, on the slightest motion of any object; but they are entirely destitute of hearing, as the loudest noise, even the firing of a gun, does not seem to alarm them in the slightest degree, and at night or in the dark, they appear to be perfectly blind. *Ibid.*

Falls of Niagara.

WE crossed the Niagara where it issues from lake Erie, to its western side, so late in the afternoon, that we had, at sun down, fourteen miles to ride, which at the close of a fatiguing day's journey, was not very desirable: but, we had reason to congratulate ourselves on this very circumstance, as it occasioned our being spectators of a scene which travellers rarely witness. The warm southern breeze which had prevailed during the day, was now succeeded by a keen northwest air, though without any perceptible wind, which obliged us to ride wrapped in our great coats. This change in the weather produced the fine object which soon after presented itself. The twilight in this latitude is long and bright—and we had, at the distance of twelve miles, seen the top of a column of vapor, rising above the falls, still illuminated by the sun, whose beams had been for some time lost to us. The sound of the cataract was soon after heard, but the cloud was no longer in sight, owing to the bending of the road, and the thick shrubbery which bordered it. We had continued to travel rapidly on, with no very striking object in view, for more than an hour; the farm houses, and overhanging trees on one hand, and the river, full to its brim, flowing silently forward on the other: when suddenly turning an angle in the road, the stream presented itself, expanding to the breadth of two miles, and stretching forward three times that distance, smooth as glass, reflecting every star in the deep blue concave above, and terminated by an object so grand, and even awful, that our whole party immediately stopped, struck with astonishment and almost with terror. The fine sheet of water before us was lost in a black cloud, extending quite across the river, and rising to a height with which nothing in nature or art can be compared, by those who have not seen the Alps or Alpine scenes. The cold stillness of the night rendered the cloud so compact, that it could not be penetrated by the eye, but seemed a column black as night, reaching from the earth to the heavens, uniting with the few dark clouds stationed above, and which, spreading to the right and left, appeared to form an overhanging crown, for this giant of the waters. On each side of this impenetrable curtain, near

the earth, appeared the still glowing horizon, and higher up, the deep blue firmament glittering with the starry splendor of a winter night. This scene was in full view, for an hour, as we proceeded on our way, during which time, we were frequently startled by a deception, which I think must have arisen from our being entirely unaccustomed to look at objects, whose dimensions are so far beyond the limits of ordinary calculation, and with which nothing within the circle of our knowledge, can bear a comparison. Perhaps it might have been from our suddenly realizing the height of the object before us—for it would, for a few moments, appear rapidly approaching. We would stop and call to those of our party who were on horse back, to witness this phenomenon: but to their eyes the cloud was stationary. At another moment the same delusion would take place with them, and they would make the same claim on our attention. It was now ten o'clock, and one can hardly witness a scene unconnected with danger, more truly sublime than was before us for the last half hour of our ride. The awful majesty of this black and massy column: standing, to appearance, almost within our reach—of such vast diameter, its base upon the water, and rising to an immeasurable height, with accompaniments so appropriate; the solemn calm of the atmosphere, the sullen roar of the cataract, and the death-like stillness of the night.

Port Folio.

Description of a remarkable cave on the banks of Canadoguinnet creek, near Carlisle, Pa.

SOME sensations of awe were pretty generally felt by the party on entering the cave. Our footsteps were echoed with a heavy dead reciprocation of sound, and the gleam of the candles through the thick, moist air, gave a pallid and melancholy hue to the countenances of each, that, for a few moments prevented us from indulging in any thing like merriment. Feelings of this kind were, however, soon dissipated; mirth and jollity quickly succeeded, and our scrutiny was enlivened by the liveliest

sallies of humor, and the brightest effusions of gaiety and wit.

The largest part of the cave extends ninety yards, and then branches off in three directions. The passage to the right is broad, but low; and, from the moisture of the stones, was very difficult of access. After passing this opening, the cave is enlarged to the dimensions of its first division, and we were in some places, able to stand upright. A very minute search was made to see if there were any other passages from this part, but our scrutiny was unsuccessful. We were incited to use considerable pains in this examination, from learning that some time before a stranger had visited this curiosity, and, in one of the compartments discovered a chasm sufficiently large to admit the body of a child, and, to all appearance of considerable extent. Should we have found the opening we were told he had discovered, we would have spared no labour to render it accessible, but we were disappointed. One difficulty in our way was, the ignorance we were under as to the division where the stranger had noticed the opening. Had this been known we might have recognized it, but our searches were directed at random, and on that account alone, perhaps, were unfortunate. All we could perceive, was a small round hole, near the ground, not quite a foot in diameter, and two and a half feet deep, in the solid stone.

After a very attentive and anxious investigation, we quitted this compartment, which is called very elegantly, "the Devil's Dining Room," and proceeded to the centre passage. This is very narrow, and, in direction, somewhat similar to a winding stair. The ascent is steep and irregular, and, after a tedious and ineffectual endeavour to ascertain its precise extent, we desisted from pursuing it. It is inaccessible after proceeding little better than nine yards, and ends in a perpendicular excavation, the height of which we were without the means of determining.

The left hand passage next claimed our attention. At first view, it seems to extend no further than three or four feet, but it takes a sudden turn to the right, and would measure in length, near thirty yards, with sufficient breadth and height to enable a boy to creep along it; but, after this, it becomes so narrow as not to be penetrable, except by very diminutive animals. The floor of

this passage, owing to the rain which had fallen for two or three days before, was entirely covered with mud and water, to the depth of from one to five inches, so that we had by no means, a cleanly appearance on issuing from it. About seven feet from the entrance of this minor excavation, there are five or six little pools of water in the rock, formed from drippings from its roof and sides, and which are sufficiently large to contain a quart, and a little better, each. I had the curiosity to taste this water, and found it not unpleasant; filtration seemed to have deprived it of any bad taste it may have originally had. Many in Carlisle are ignorant enough to think that there are seven springs here, and a number of curious tales were told me of the water they contained. The slightest observation is sufficient to show, that they are but stagnated pools of water; only full during wet weather, and, when not replenished with rain, sinking through the small fissures of the stone, and remaining dry. As it would require a long spell of dry weather to effect this desiccation, the vulgar find some countenance to their conjectures in the holes being almost always full.

At the furthest extremity of this branch, I found, on a small projection, three bones. One seemed to be a piece of the thigh bone, and the others of the vertebræ, but whether of a brute or human being, my knowledge of anatomy was insufficient to the determination. The ledge on which these bones were lying, was ten inches from the floor, and extended in length about four feet. There appeared to be a cavity between the ledge and the ceiling, six inches in width; but I was unable to thrust my arm farther in than to the elbow, though it seemed to be rather deeper.

Having now given a very close examination to every accessible compartment of the cave, and fully satisfied ourselves, that no penetrable outlet would have been discovered had our search continued for years, we made our exit, after having been deprived of the light of the sun for two hours and more. The change of temperature was so sudden and so great, that most of us dreaded the effects of our excursion would terminate in troublesome colds—but fortunately all escaped. *Ibid.*

Description of the Lehigh Water Gap.

THE Lehigh gap, in Lehigh township, Northampton county, Pennsylvania, about seventy miles northwest of Philadelphia, is an opening in the Blue Ridge, a branch of the great Allegheny mountains : so called from the river Lehigh, which winds its course through this narrow passage, and, with the steep heights on both sides, forms here one of the most picturesque prospects in the state. That beautiful little river, which, in its course through a fertile country, receives numerous tributary rivulets, and at length empties into the Delaware, at Easton, flows through the gap, in a gentle, but majestic stream, deeply shaded by the reflection of the impending mountains.

The eastern bank is bordered, for the distance of about a mile, by craggy cliffs, towering to an amazing height, and of forms the most bigarre, between which wall of rocks and the river, the road winds along. Hastening to leave these bleak abodes, which seem to afford shelter to none but the ravenous beasts of the forest, the Lehigh appears eagerly moving on towards the fertile low lands, which succeed in view of the western bank. Ascending the eastern height, the traveller is amply rewarded for the exertion of climbing from rock to rock, in scaling the pine covered side of the mountain, by the rich and extensive prospect which the eye there commands. At his feet the waters of the majestic stream ; on the opposite side a towering ridge, near the summit of which appears, right opposite, emerging from the surrounding woods, a lonely pile of rocks, whimsically styled, the Devil's Pulpit, which indignantly suffers but a few blasted pines to shade its sullen brow ; at a distance an extensive country, variegated with woods and farms, watered by the meandering Lehigh, and ridge retiring behind ridge, till lost in the faint tints of the horizon—all burst upon the sight, and fill the mind with sublime ideas of the greatness of the Creator.

The shattered rocks, thrown together in wild confusion, and the frequent layers of round stones, which are found in the Gap, have given rise to the supposition that the Lehigh, being obstructed in its course by the Blue Ridge, was formerly damned up into a lake, which, at length, bursting the barrier, formed the chasm now called the Lehigh Gap. Let the learned decide the question, if of importance.

Ibid.

*Description of a place of Religious Ceremony in the
Island of Nooaheeva or Madison's Island.*

IN one of my excursions, I was led to the chief place of religious ceremony of the valley. It is situated high up the valley of the Havvous, and I regret extremely that I had it not in my power to make a correct drawing of it on the spot, as it far exceeds in splendour every thing of the kind described by captain Cook, or represented in the plates which accompany his voyage. In a large and handsome grove, formed of bread-fruit, cocoa-nut and toa trees, (the tree of which the spear and war clubs are made) and a variety of other trees with which I am not acquainted, situated at the foot of a steep mountain by the side of a rivulet, and on a platform made after the usual manner, is a deity formed of hard stone, about the common height of a man, but larger proportioned every other way: it is in a squatting posture, and is not badly executed; his ears and eyes are large, his mouth wide, his arms and legs short and small, and, on the whole is such a figure as a person would expect to meet among a people where the art of sculpture is in its infancy. Arranged on each side of him, as well as in the rear and front are several others, of nearly equal size, formed of the wood of the bread-fruit tree; they are no more perfect in their proportions than the other, and appear to be made on the same model; probably they are copies, and the stone god may serve as the model of perfection, for all the sculptures of the Island, as their household gods, their ornaments for the handles of their fans, their stilts, and, in fact, every representation of the figure of a man, is made on the same plan. To the right and left of these gods are two obelisks, formed very fancifully and neatly of bamboos and the leaves of the palm and cocoa-nut trees interwoven, and the whole handsomely decorated with streamers of white cloth, which give them a picturesque and elegant appearance; the obelisks are about thirty five feet in height, and about the base of them were hung the heads of hogs and tortoises, as I was informed, as offerings to their gods. On the right of this grove, distant only a few paces, were four splendid war canoes, furnished with their outriggers, and decorated with ornaments of human hair, coral shells, &c. with an abundance of white streamers; their heads were placed towards the

mountain, and in the stern of each was the figure of a man with a paddle steering, in full dress, ornamented with plumes, ear-rings, made to represent those formed of whales teeth, and every other ornament of the fashion of the country. One of the canoes was more splendid than the others, and was situated nearer the grove. I enquired who the dignified personage might be who was seated in her stern, and was informed that this was the priest who had been killed not long since by the Happahs. The stench here was intolerable from the number of offerings which had been made, but, attracted by curiosity, I went to examine the canoes more minutely, and found the bodies of two of the Typees, whom we had killed, in a bloated state, lying in the bottom of the one containing the priest, and many other human carcasses with the flesh still on them, lying about the canoe. The other canoes, they informed me, belonged to different warriors who had been killed, or died not long since. I asked them why they had placed their effigies in the canoes, and also why they put the bodies of the dead Typees in that of the priest; they told me (as Wilson interpreted) that they were going to heaven, and that it was impossible to get there without canoes. The canoe of the priest being larger, he was unable to manage it himself, nor was it right that he should, he being now a god: they had therefore, placed in it the bodies of the Happahs and Typees, who had been killed since his death, to paddle him to the place of his destination; but he had not been able yet to start, for the want of a full crew, as it would require ten to paddle her, and as yet they had only procured eight. They told me also, that the taboo, laid in consequence of his death, would continue until he had started on his voyage, which he would not be able to do until they had killed two more of their enemies, and by this means completed his crew. I enquired if he took any sea stock with him: they told me he did, and pointing to some red hogs in an enclosure, they informed me that they were intended for him, as well as a quantity of bread-fruit, cocoa-nuts, &c. which would be collected from the trees in the grove. I enquired if he had far to go; they replied no: and pointing to a small square stone enclosure, informed me that was their heaven, that he was to go there; this place was tabooed, they told me, for every one except their priests.

Porter's Journal.

Remarkable Mounds near Cahokia.

I crossed the Mississippi at St. Louis, and after passing through the wood which borders the river, about half a mile in width, entered on an extensive open plain. In fifteen minutes I found myself in the midst of a group of mounds, mostly of a circular shape, and at a distance resembling enormous haystacks scattered through a meadow. One of the largest which I ascended, was about two hundred paces in circumference at the bottom; the form nearly square, though it had evidently undergone considerable alteration from the washing of the rains. The top was level, with an area sufficient to contain several hundred men.

The prospect from this mound is very beautiful; looking towards the bluffs, which are dimly seen at the distance of six or eight miles, the bottom at this place being very wide, I had a level plain before me, varied by *islets* of wood, and a few solitary trees; to the right, the prairie is bounded by the horizon, to the left, the course of the Cahokia may be distinguished by the margin of wood upon its banks, and crossing the valley diagonally, S. S. W. Around me I counted forty-five mounds, or pyramids, besides a great number of small artificial elevations; these mounds form something more than a semicircle, about a mile in extent in the open space on the river.

Pursuing my walk along the bank of the Cahokia, I passed eight others in the distance of three miles, before I arrived at the largest assemblage. When I reached the foot of the principal mound, I was struck with a degree of astonishment not unlike that which is experienced in contemplating the Egyptian pyramids. What a stupendous pile of earth! to heap up such a mass must have required years and the labour of thousands.—It stands immediately on the bank of the Cahokia, and on the side next it, is covered with lofty trees. Were it not for the regularity and design which it manifests, the circumstances of its being on alluvial ground, and the other mounds scattered around it, we could hardly believe it the work of human hands.—The shape is that of a parallelogram, standing from north to south; on the south side there is a broad apron or step, about half way down and from this another projects into the plain about fifteen feet

wide, which was probably intended as an ascent to the mound. By stepping round the base, I computed the circumference to be at least eight hundred yards, and the height of the mound about ninety feet. The step or apron has been used as a kitchen garden by the monks of La Trappe, settled near this, and the top is sowed with wheat. Nearly west there is another of a smaller size, and forty others scattered through the plain. Two are also seen on the bluff, at the distance of three miles. Several of these mounds are almost conical. As the sward had been burnt, the earth was perfectly naked, and I could trace with ease, any unevenness of surface, so as to discover whether it was artificial or accidental. Every where observed a great number of small elevations of earth, to the height of a few feet, at regular distances from each other, and which appeared to observe some order; near them I also observed pieces of flint, and fragments of earthen vessels, I concluded that a very populous town had once existed here, similar to those of Mexico, described by the first conquerors. The mounds were sites of temples, or monuments to the great men.

Brackenridge's Views of Louisiana.



Warlike weapons of the natives of Nooaheeva or Madison's Island, in the Pacific ocean, and their mode of fighting.

THEIR general mode of fighting consists in constant skirmishing. The adverse parties assemble on the brows of opposite hills, having a plain between them. One or two dressed out in all their finery, richly decorated with shells, tufts of hair, ear ornaments, &c. &c. advance, dancing up to the opposite party, amid a shower of spears and stones (which they avoid with great dexterity) and daring the other to single combat: they are soon pursued by a greater number, who are in turn driven back; and if in their retreat, they should chance to be knocked over with a stone, they are instantly despatched with spears and war clubs, and carried off in triumph. They have two descriptions of spears which they use in their warfare: those by which they set the most store, are about

fourteen feet in length, made of a hard and black wood called *toa*, which receives a polish equal to ivory: these are made with much neatness, and are never thrown from the hand: the other kind are smaller, of a light kind of wood, and are thrown with much accuracy to a great distance. At certain distances, from their points, they are pierced with holes all round, in order that they may break off with their own weight, on entering a body, and then be more difficult to extract. Their strings are made of the fibres of the bark of the cocoa-nut tree, and are executed with a degree of neatness and skill not to be excelled. The stones thrown from them, are of an oval shape, of about half a pound weight, and are all highly polished, by rubbing against the bark of a tree; they are worn in a net, suspended about the waist, and are thrown with such a degree of velocity and accuracy, as to render them almost equal to musketry—wherever they strike they produce effect; and the numerous scars, broken limbs, and fractured skulls of the natives, prove that, notwithstanding their dexterity in avoiding those missiles, they are used with much effect. It is no uncommon thing to see a warrior bearing about him the wounds of many spears, some of which have transfixed his body; some bear several wounds occasioned by stones; and I have seen several with their skulls so indented, as that the whole hand might have been laid in the cavity, and yet the wounds were perfectly healed, and appeared to give no pain.

Porter's Journal.

NARRATIVE.

Extraordinary Ferocity of Alligators.

MY apprehensions were highly alarmed, after being a spectator of so dreadful a battle; (between two large alligators) it was obvious that every delay would but tend to increase my dangers and difficulties, as the sun was near setting, and the alligators gathered around my harbour from all quarters: from these considerations, I concluded to be expeditious in my trip to the lagoon, in order to take some fish. Not thinking it prudent to take my fusee with me, lest I might lose it overboard in case of a battle, which I had every reason to dread before my return. I therefore furnished myself with a club for my defence, went on board, and penetrating the first line of those which surrounded my harbour, they gave way; but being pursued by several very large ones, I kept strictly on the watch, and paddled with all my might towards the entrance of the lagoon, hoping to be sheltered there from the multitude of my assailants; but ere I had half-way reached the place, I was attacked on all sides, several endeavouring to upset the canoe. My situation now became precarious to the last degree: two very large ones attacked me closely, at the same instant, rushing up with their heads and part of their bodies above the water, roaring terribly, and belching floods of water over me. They struck their jaws together so close to my ears, as almost to stun me, and I expected every moment to be dragged out of the boat, and instantly devour-

ed; but I applied my weapons so effectually about me, though at random, that I was so successful as to beat them off a little; when finding that they designed to renew the battle, I made for the shore, as the only means left me for my preservation; for, by keeping close to it, I should have my enemies on one side of me only, whereas, I was before surrounded by them; and there was a probability, if pushed to the last extremity, of saving myself by jumping out of the canoe on the shore, as it is easy to outwalk them by land, although comparatively as swift as lightning in the water. I found this last expedient alone could fully answer my expectations, for as soon as I gained the shore, they drew off, and kept aloof. This was a happy relief, as my confidence was, in some degree, recovered by it. On recollecting myself, I discovered that I had almost reached the entrance of the lagoon, and determined to venture in, if possible, to take a few fish, and then return to my harbour, while day-light continued; for I could now, with caution and resolution, make my way with safety along shore, and indeed there was no other way to regain my camp, without leaving my boat, and making my retreat among the marshes and reeds, which, if I could even effect, would have been in a manner throwing myself away, for then there would have been no hopes of ever recovering my bark, and returning in safety to any settlements of men. I accordingly proceeded, and made good my entrance into the lagoon, though not without opposition from the alligators, who formed a line across the entrance, but did not pursue me into it, nor was I molested by any there, though there were some very large ones in a cove at the upper end. I soon caught more trout than I had present occasion for, and the air was too hot and sultry to admit of their being kept for many hours, even though salted or barbecued. I now prepared for my return to camp, which I succeeded in with but little trouble, by keeping close to the shore; yet, I was opposed upon re-entering the river out of the lagoon, and pursued near to my landing, (though not closely attacked,) particularly by an old daring one, about twelve feet in length, who kept close after me, and when I stepped on shore, and turned about, in order to draw up my canoe, he rushed up near my feet, and lay there for some time, looking me in the face, his head and shoulders out of water: I

resolved he should pay for his temerity, and having a heavy load in my fusee, I ran to my camp, and returning with my piece, found him with his foot on the gunwale of the boat, in search of fish; on my coming up, he withdrew, slowly and sullenly into the water, but soon returned, and placed himself in his former position, looking at me, and seeming neither fearful nor any way disturbed. I soon despatched him, by lodging the contents of my gun in his head, and then proceeded to cleanse and prepare my fish for supper; and accordingly took them out of the boat, laid them down on the sand, close to the water, and began to scale them: when, raising my head, I saw before me, through the clear water, the head and shoulders of a very large alligator, moving slowly towards me: I instantly stepped back, when, with a sweep of his tail, he brushed off several of my fish. It was certainly most providential that I looked up at that instant, as the monster would probably, in less than a minute, have seized and dragged me into the river.

Bartram's Travels.

Generous disposition of the Rattlesnake.

WHEN on the coast of Georgia, I consented, with a few friends, to make a party of amusement, at fishing and fowling, on Sapello, one of the seacoast islands: we accordingly descended the Alatomaha, crossed the sound, and landed on the north end of the island, near the inlet, fixing our encampment at a pleasant situation, under the shade of a grove of live oaks and laurels, on the high banks of a creek, which we ascended, winding through a salt-marsh, which had its source from a swamp and savanna in the island: our situation elevated and open, commanded a comprehensive landscape; the great ocean, the foaming surf breaking on the sandy beach, the snowy breakers on the bar, the endless chain of islands, checkered sound and high continent, all appearing before us. The diverting toils of the day were not fruitless, affording us opportunities of furnishing ourselves plentifully with a variety of game, fish and oysters, for our supper.

About two hundred yards from our camp, was a cool spring, amidst a grove of the odoriferous myrica; the winding path to this salubrious fountain, led through a grassy savanna; I visited the spring several times in the night, but little did I know, or any of my careless drowsy companions, that every time we visited the fountain, we were in eminent danger, as I am going to relate:—early in the morning, excited by unconquerable thirst, I arose and went to the spring, and having, thoughtless of danger, nearly half past the dewy vale, along the serpentine footpath, my hasty steps were suddenly stopped by the sight of a hideous serpent, the formidable rattlesnake, in a high spiral coil, forming a circular mound, half the height of my knees, within six inches of the narrow path; as soon as I recovered my senses and strength from so sudden a surprise, I started back out of his reach, where I stood to view him: he lay quiet whilst I surveyed him, appearing no way surprised or disturbed, but kept his half-shut eyes fixed on me; my imagination and spirits were in a tumult, almost equally divided between thanksgiving to the Supreme Creator and Preserver, and the dignified nature of the generous, though terrible creature, who had suffered us all to pass many times by him during the night, without injuring us in the least, although we must have touched him, or our steps guarded therefrom by a Supreme Guardian Spirit: I hastened back to acquaint my associates, but with a determination to protect the life of the generous serpent: I presently brought my companions to the place, who were, beyond expression, surprised and terrified at the sight of the animal, and in a moment, acknowledged their escape from destruction to be miraculous; and I am proud to assert, that all of us, except one person, agreed to let him lay undisturbed, and that person, at length, was prevailed upon to suffer him to escape.

Bartram's Travels.

Battle of Brandywine.

HAVING drawn together his forces, general Washington marched to meet the enemy, who from the head of Elk was directing his course to Philadelphia. As it had

been given out by the disaffected; that we were much weaker than in truth we were, the General thought it best to show both whigs and tories the real strength he possessed; and in this view, took his route through the city, *bellorum maxima merces*, or at least, the great object of the campaign, and the point, which if gained, would in the opinion of Mr. Galloway, be decisive of the contest.

The impression made by this review of the American army, it is to be presumed, was rather favourable than otherwise from the propensity of persons unaccustomed to the sight of large bodies of men to augment them. But it was very disproportioned to the zeal for liberty, which had been manifested the year before. It amounted to but about eight or nine thousand men, according to Mr. Marshall; but these, though indifferently dressed, held well burnished arms, and carried them like soldiers, and looked, in short, as if they might have faced an equal number with a reasonable prospect of success.

The action which ensued at Brandywine, on the eleventh of September, is an instance, among many others furnished by history, both of the temptation to dispute the passage of a river by fronting the enemy on the opposite side, and of the inefficacy of such attempts. The difficulty and ineligibility of these undertakings are noticed by most of the writers on the art of war, and particularly by the Marquis De Feuquieres. To a person of any military experience, who reflects how easy it must be, to distract the opposing army by fallacious demonstrations, in a situation at once concealed from observation, and exempted from the peril which results from movements in the face of an adversary, in a state to profit by them, the little chance of succeeding in the effort, on a merely defensive plan, must be apparent. Where, indeed, the defending general shall permit himself to become the assailant, if occasion should offer, he, in some degree, balances advantages; and the conception of general Washington, as mentioned by Mr. Marshall, of crossing at the lower ford to attack the enemy's right under Knyphausen, was masterly; and might, if rapidly put in execution, have handsomely turned the tables. It can hardly be doubted, however, that a position on the enemy's flank to the westward, would have been more eligible than taken in front; and that the means of annoying, and possibly crippling him on his march, which was all

that could reasonably be looked for from an army so inferior as ours, might have offered at this river or at Schuylkill. This was probably, at one time contemplated, under the recommendation, as it was said, of general Green. But the public clamor required that a battle should be risked for the city ; and I well remember that it was given out at Reading, on the suggestion of general Mifflin, that Green, of whom he was no friend, was jealous of southern influence, and therefore indifferent to the fate of Philadelphia. But if Green really advised the measure attributed to him, thereby securing the open country to our army in case of disaster, in preference to the plan adopted, and which, in addition to its other faults, tended to place us in the nook formed by the course of the Delaware, I cannot but say, that, whatever were his motives, and we have no ground to presume them bad, he was right. Yet, if congress required that the enemy should be fought, and we have good authority that they did require it, the opportunity of bringing him to action, in any other mode than that of placing ourselves directly in his way, might have been lost.

But why so much caution, it may be asked, against a foe in the very heart of the country ? Why not rather turn out *en masse*, surround, and make a breakfast of Mr. Howe, and his mercenaries ? Could not a population of two millions of souls, have furnished fighting whigs enough for the purpose ? Where were the multitudes which used to appear in arms on the commons of Philadelphia ? Where the legions of New-England men, that hemmed in Gage at Boston ? Where, in short, the hundred and fifty thousand men in arms throughout the continent spoken of by general Lee,* and others at the beginning of the contest ? Where were the Pennsylvania riflemen, those formidable, unerring marks-men, each of whom, could venture to put a ball in a target held by his brother ? How came it, that that excellent jest of a British dragoon pursuing one of them round a tree, was not exemplified on this occasion ? These things promised well ; they were flattering in the extreme, and admirably calculated to buoy us up in a confidence of the martial

* Not less than one hundred and fifty thousand gentlemen, yeomen, and farmers are in arms, determined to preserve their liberties or perish.
Letter from gen. Lee to gen. Burgoyne.

superiority of freemen to slaves. Yet, on the day of trial, from whatever cause it proceeded, the fate of the country and its liberties was always committed to a handful of mercenaries, the very things which were the eternal theme of our scorn and derision. The fact must either be, that the effective strength of a nation does, after all, reside in regular disciplined forces, or that appearances were lamentably deceitful; and that the gallant affair of Bunker's hill, and others, were but the effects of momentary excitement. America does not seem to be a soil for enthusiasm; and I am not at all disposed to dispute the assertion contained in a letter of general Du Portail, in the time of the war, that there was more of it in a single coffee house in Paris, than on our whole continent put together. From these facts, and facts they assuredly are, let our theoretical men calculate the probable result of a formidable invasion of our country in our present state of preparation; and if, in the heroic epoch alluded to, when there had been really a promise of great things, so little was done, how much less, is rationally to be expected from the empty vapouring of demagogue valour. Would it have been credited in the year 1775, that a British army of eighteen thousand men could have marched in perfect security from the Chesapeake to Philadelphia? that a much smaller force could have penetrated through the Jerseys to the Delaware? and that mere partizan bodies could have traversed the southern states, in utter contempt of the *long knife* of Virginia! All these things were done; and yet our babbling statesmen will talk, "Ye gods! how they will talk," of the irresistible prowess of a nation of freemen! From the perseverance of Spain, when compared with the short lived exertions of Austria and Prussia, some argue the superiority of a determined people to regular armies. But it is not certainly like Spain, that we would wish to have our country defended, to be first over-run and destroyed! Neither can the glory we aspire to, be merely that of the boxer, who bears a great deal of beating, and solely depends on outwinding his adversary. I have lately seen sneers at what are called *technical* armies; but what are we to call those with which Napoleon has achieved his victories and attained his present fearful ascendancy! We can hard-

ly say, they are not *technical*, because, in part, composed of conscripts; and, if by the term, is meant *disciplined*, who will deny them that qualification?

*Memoirs of a life chiefly passed
in Pennsylvania, &c. &c.*

Ravenous appetites of the Shoshonee Indians.

AFTER the hunters had been gone about an hour, captain Lewis again mounted with one of the Indians behind him, and the whole party set out; but just as they passed through the narrows, they saw one of the spies coming back at full speed across the plain: the chief stopped and seemed uneasy, the whole band were moved with fresh suspicions, and captain Lewis himself was much disconcerted, lest, by some unfortunate accident, some of their enemies might perhaps have straggled that way. The young Indian had scarcely breath to say a few words as he came up, when the whole troop dashed forward as fast as their horses could carry them; and captain Lewis, astonished at this movement, was borne along for nearly a mile before he learnt, with great satisfaction, that it was all caused by the spy's having come to announce that one of the white men had killed a deer. Released from his anxiety, he now found the jolting very uncomfortable; for the Indian behind him, being afraid of not getting his share of the feast, had lashed the horse at every step since they set off; he therefore reined him in, and ordered the Indian to stop beating him. The fellow had no idea of losing time in disputing the point, and jumping off the horse, ran for a mile at full speed. Captain Lewis slackened his pace and followed at a sufficient distance to observe them. When they reached the place where Drewyer had thrown out the intestines, they all dismounted in confusion, and ran tumbling over each other like famished dogs; each tore away whatever part he could, and instantly began to eat it; some had the liver, some the kidneys, in short, no part on which we are accustomed to look with disgust, escaped them: one of them who had seized about nine feet of the entrails, was chewing at one end, while with his hand he was diligently clearing his

way by discharging the contents at the other. It was, indeed, impossible to see these wretches ravenously feeding on the filth of animals, and the blood streaming from their mouths, without deploring how nearly the condition of savages approaches that of the brute creation: yet, though suffering with hunger, they did not attempt, as they might have done, to take by force the whole deer, but contented themselves with what had been thrown away by the hunter. Captain Lewis now had the deer skinned, and after reserving a quarter of it, gave the rest of the animal to the chief, to be divided among the Indians, who immediately devoured nearly the whole of it without cooking. They now went forward towards the creek, where there was some brush wood to make a fire, and found Drewyer, who had killed a second deer: the same struggle for the entrails was renewed here, and on giving nearly the whole deer to the Indians, they devoured it even to the soft part of the hoofs. A fire being made, captain Lewis had his breakfast, during which, Drewyer brought in a third deer: this too, after reserving one quarter, was given to the Indians, who now seemed completely satisfied and in good humour.

LEWIS AND CLARKE.

Providential escape of Captain Lewis from a Bear.

CAPTAIN LEWIS then descended the hill, and directed his course towards the river falling in from the west. He soon met a herd of at least a thousand buffalo, and being desirous of providing for supper, shot one of them; the animal immediately began to bleed, and captain Lewis, who had forgotten to reload his rifle, was intently watching to see him fall, when he beheld a large brown bear which was stealing on him unperceived, and was already within twenty steps. In the first moment of surprise, he lifted his rifle, but remembering instantly that it was not charged, and that he had not time to reload, he felt that there was no safety but in flight. It was in the open level plain, not a bush nor a tree within three hundred yards, the bank of the river sloping and not more than three feet high, so that there was no

possible mode of concealment; captain Lewis, therefore thought of retreating in a quick walk as fast as the bear advanced towards the nearest tree; but as soon as he turned, the bear ran open mouth, and at full speed upon him. Captain Lewis ran about eighty yards, but finding that the animal gained on him fast, it flashed on his mind, that by getting into the water to such a depth that the bear would be obliged to attack him swimming, there was still some chance of his life; he therefore turned short, plunged into the river about waist deep, and facing about, presented the point of his espartoon. The bear arrived at the water's edge, within twenty feet of him, but as soon as he put himself in this posture of defence, he seemed frightened, and wheeling about, retreated with as much precipitation as he had pursued. Very glad to be released from this danger, captain Lewis returned to the shore, and observed him run with great speed, sometimes looking back as if he expected to be pursued, till he reached the woods. He could not conceive the cause of the sudden alarm of the bear, but congratulated himself on his escape, when he saw his own track torn to pieces by the furious animal, and learnt from the whole adventure never to suffer his rifle to be a moment unloaded.

Ibid.

Curious traditionary account of the origin of the Osage Indians.

AMONG the peculiarities of this people, there is nothing more remarkable, than the tradition relative to their origin. According to universal belief, the founder of the nation was a snail, passing a quiet existence along the banks of the Osage, till a high flood swept him down to the Missouri, and left him exposed on the shore. The heat of the sun at length ripened him into a man, but with the change of his nature, he had not forgotten his native seats on the Osage, towards which he immediately bent his way. He was however soon overtaken by hunger and fatigue, when happily the Great Spirit appeared, and giving him a bow and arrow, shewed him how to kill and cook deer, and cover himself with the skin. He then

proceeded to his original residence, but as he approached the river, he was met by a beaver, who enquired haughtily who he was, and by what authority he came to disturb his possession. The Osage answered, that the river was his own, for he had once lived on its borders. As they stood disputing, the daughter of the beaver came, and having by her entreaties reconciled her father to this young stranger, it was proposed that the Osage should marry the young beaver, and share with her family the enjoyments of the river. The Osage readily consented, and from this happy union there soon came the village and the nation of the Wasbasha, or Osages, who have ever since preserved a pious reverence for their ancestors, abstaining from the chase of the beaver, because in killing that animal, they killed a brother of the Osage. Of late years, however, since the trade with the whites has rendered beaver skins more valuable, the society of their maternal relatives has visibly been reduced, and the poor animals have nearly lost all the privileges of kindred.

Ibid.

Account of an Irish sailor, who resided, for several years, on a desolate island in the Pacific ocean.

THIS place will probably immortalize an Irishman, named Patrick Watkins, who some years since left an English ship, and took up his abode on this island, built himself a miserable hut, about a mile from the landing called after him, in a valley containing about two acres of ground capable of cultivation, and perhaps the only spot in the island, which affords sufficient moisture for the purpose. Here he succeeded in raising potatoes and pumpkins in considerable quantities, which he generally exchanged for rum, or sold for cash. The appearance of this man, from the accounts I have received of him, was the most dreadful that can be imagined; ragged clothes, scarce sufficient to cover his nakedness, and covered with vermin; his red hair and beard matted, his skin much burnt, from constant exposure to the sun, and so wild and savage in his manners and appearance, that he struck every one with horror. For several years this

wretched being lived by himself on this desolate spot, without any apparent desire than that of procuring rum in sufficient quantities to keep himself intoxicated, and at such times, after an absence from his hut of several days, he would be found in a state of perfect insensibility, rolling among the rocks of the mountains. He appeared to be reduced to the lowest grade to which human nature is capable of descending, and seemed to have no desire beyond the tortoises, and other animals of the island, except that of getting drunk. But this man, wretched and miserable as he may have appeared, was neither destitute of ambition, nor incapable of undertaking an enterprise, that would have appalled the heart of any other man, nor was he devoid of the talent of rousing others to second his hardihood.

He by some means became possessed of an old musket, and a few charges of powder and ball; and the possession of this weapon, first set in motion all his ambitious plans. He felt himself strong as the sovereign of the island, and was desirous of proving his strength on the first human being who fell in his way, which happened to be a negro, who was left in charge of a boat, belonging to an American ship, that had touched there for refreshment. Patrick came down to the beach where the boat lay, armed with his musket, which now became his constant companion, and directed the negro, in an authoritative manner, to follow him, and on his refusal snapped the musket at him twice, which luckily missed fire, the negro, however, became intimidated, and followed him. Patrick now shouldered his musket, marched off before, and on his way up the mountains, exultingly informed the negro he was henceforth to work for him, and become his slave, and that his good or bad treatment would depend on his future conduct; but, arriving at a narrow defile, and perceiving Patrick off his guard, the negro seized the moment, grasped him in his arms, threw him down, tied his hands behind him, shouldered him, and carried him down to his boat, and when the crew arrived, he was taken on board the ship. An English smuggler was lying in the harbour at the same time, the captain of which sentenced Patrick to be severely whipped on board both vessels, which was put in execution, and he was afterwards taken on shore, hand-cuffed by the English men, who compelled him to make known where he had

concealed the few dollars he had been enabled to accumulate from the sale of his potatoes and pumpkins, which they took from him; and while they were busy in destroying his hut and garden, the wretched being made his escape, and concealed himself among the rocks in the interior of the island, until the ship had sailed, when he ventured from his skulking place, and by means of an old file, which he drove into a tree, freed himself from the hand-cuffs. He now meditated a severe revenge, but concealed his intentions. Vessels continued to touch there, and Patrick, as usual, to supply them with vegetables; but from time to time he was enabled, by administering potent draughts of his darling liquor to some of the men of their crews, and getting them so drunk that they were rendered insensible, to conceal them until the ship had sailed; when, finding themselves entirely dependant on him, they willingly enlisted under his banners, became his slaves, and he the most absolute of tyrants. By this means he had augmented the number to five, including himself, and every means were used by him to endeavour to procure arms for them, but without effect. It is supposed that his object was, to have surprised some vessel, massacred her crew, and taken her off. While Patrick was meditating his plans, two ships, an American and an English vessel, touched there, and applied to Patrick for vegetables. He promised them the greatest abundance, provided they would send their boats to his landing, and their people, to bring them from his garden, informing them, that his rascals had become so indolent of late, that he could not get them to work. This arrangement was agreed to; two boats were sent from each vessel, and landed on the beach. Their crews all went to Patrick's habitation, but neither he nor any of his people were to be found; and, after waiting until their patience was exhausted, they returned to the beach where they found only the wreck of three of their boats, which were broken to pieces, and the fourth one missing. They succeeded, however, after much difficulty, in getting around to the bay opposite to their ships, where other boats were sent to their relief, and the commanders of the ships, apprehensive of some other trick, saw no security except in a flight from the island, leaving Patrick and his gang in quiet possession of the boat.

Patrick arrived alone at Guyaquil, in his open boat, the rest who sailed with him, having perished for want of water, or, as is generally supposed, were put to death by him on his finding the water to grow scarce. From thence he proceeded to Payta, where he wound himself into the affections of a tawny damsel, and prevailed on her to consent to accompany him back to his enchanted island, the beauties of which he no doubt painted in glowing colours; but, from his savage appearance, he was there considered by the police as a suspicious person, and being found under the keel of a small vessel, then ready to be launched, and suspected of some improper intentions, he was confined in Payta goal, where he now remains; and probably owing to this circumstance, "Charles Island" as well as the rest of the Gallapagos, may remain unpopulated for many ages to come.

Porter's Journal.

The prophet of the Allegheny.

IN the year 1793, one of the missionaries to the Indians of the north-west, was on his way from the Tuscarora settlement to the Senecas. Journeying in pious meditation through the forest, a majestic Indian darted from its recesses, and arrested his progress. His hair was somewhat changed with age, and his face marked with the deep furrows of time; but his eye expressed all the fiery vivacity of youthful passion, and his step was that of a warrior in the vigour of manhood.

"White man of the ocean,* whither wanderest thou?" said the Indian. "I am travelling," replied the meek disciple of peace, "towards the dwelling of thy brethren, to teach them the knowledge of the only true God, and to lead them to peace and happiness." "To peace and happiness!" answered the tall chief, while his eye flashed fire—"Behold the blessings that follow the footsteps

* The Indians at first imagined, that the white men originally sprung from the sea, and that they invaded their country because they had none of their own. They sometimes call them in their songs "the white men of the ocean" and this name is still often applied contemptuously, by the savages of the northwest.

of the white man; wherever he comes the nations of the woodlands fade from the eye, like the mists of morning. Once over the wide forest of the surrounding world, our people roamed in peace and freedom, nor ever dreamed of greater happiness, than to hunt the beaver, the bear, and the wild deer. From the farthest extremity of the great deep, came the white man, armed with thunder and lightning, and weapons still more pernicious. In war he hunted us like wild beasts; in peace he destroyed us by deadly liquors, or yet more deadly frauds. Yet a few moons had passed away, and whole nations of invincible warriors, and of hunters that fearless swept the forest and the mountain, perished, vainly opposing their triumphant invaders; or quietly dwindled into slaves and drunkards, and their names withered from the earth. Retire, dangerous man, leave us all we yet have left, our savage virtues and our gods; and do not, in the vain attempt to cultivate a rude barren soil, pluck up the few thrifty plants of native growth, that have survived the fostering care of thy people, and weathered the stormy career of their pernicious friendship." The tall chief darted into the woods, and the good missionary pursued his way with pious resolution.

He preached the only true divinity, and placed before the eyes of the wandering savages the beauty of holiness, the sufferings of the Redeemer, and the sublime glories of the christian Heaven. He allured them with the hopes of everlasting bliss, and alarmed them with denunciations of an eternity of misery and despair. The awe struck Indians, roused by these accumulated motives, many of them adopted the precepts of the missionary, so far as they could comprehend them; and in the course of eighteen months, their devotion became rational, regular, and apparently permanent.

All at once, however, the little church in which the good man was wont to pen his fold, became deserted. No votary came as usual to listen, with decent reverence, to the pure doctrine which they were there accustomed to hear; and only a few solitary idlers were seen of a Sunday morning, lounging about, and casting a wistful, yet fearful look, at their little peaceful, and now silent mansion.

The missionary sought them out, enquired into the cause of this mysterious desertion, and told them of the bitterness of hereafter, to those who, having once known, abandoned the religion of the only true God. The poor Indians shook their heads, and informed him, that the Great Spirit was angry at their apostacy, and had sent a prophet from the summit of the Allegheny mountain, to warn them against the admission of new doctrines; that there was to be a great meeting of the old men soon, and that the prophet would there deliver to the people, the message with which he was entrusted. The zealous missionary determined to be present, and to confront the imposer, who was known by the appellation of the *Prophet of the Allegheny*. He accordingly obtained permission from the chiefs, to appear at the council, and to reply to the charges that might be brought forward. The 12th day of June, 1802, was the time fixed for the decision of this solemn question, "whether the belief of their forefathers, or that of the white men was the true religion?" The usual council house not being large enough to contain so great an assemblage of people, they met in a valley about eight miles to the westward of the Seneca Lake. This valley was then embowered under lofty trees; it is surrounded on almost every side with high rugged hills, and through it meanders a small river.

It was a scene calculated to call forth every energy of the human heart. On a smooth level, near the bank of the slow stream, under the shade of a large elm, sat the chief men of the tribes.—Around the circle which they formed, was gathered a crowd of wondering savages, with eager looks, seeming to demand the true God at the hands of their wise men. In the middle of the circle, sat the aged and travel-worn missionary.—A few grey hairs wandered over his brow, his hands were crossed on his bosom, and as he cast his hope-beaming eye to heaven, he seemed to be calling with pious fervour upon the God of truth, to vindicate his own eternal word by the mouth of his servant.

For more than half an hour there was silence in the valley, save the whispering of the trees in the south wind, and the indistinct murmuring of the river. Then all at once a sound of astonishment passed through the crowd,

and the Prophet of the Allegheny was seen descending one of the high hills: with furious and phrenzied step, he entered the circle, and waving his hand in token of silence, the missionary saw with wonder, the same tall chief who, four years before, had crossed him in the Tuscarora forest. The same panther skin hung over his shoulders, the same tomahawk quivered in his hand, and the same fiery and malignant spirit burned in his red eye. He addressed the awe-struck Indians, and the valley rung with his iron voice.

“Red men of the woods, hear what the Great Spirit says to his children, who have forsaken him.

Through the wide regions that were once the inheritance of my people, and where, for ages, they roved as free as the wild winds, resounds the axe of the white man. The paths of your forefathers are polluted by their steps, and your hunting fields are every day wrested from you by their arts. Once, on the shores of the mighty ocean, your fathers were wont to enjoy all the luxuriant delights of the deep. Now you are exiles, in swamps or barren hills; and these wretched possessions you enjoy by the precarious tenure of the white man's will. The shrill cry of revelry or war, no more is heard on the majestic shores of the Hudson, or the sweet banks of the silver Mohawk. There, where the Indian lived and died free as the air he breathed, and chased the panther and the deer from morn till evening—even there, the christian slave cultivates the soil in undisturbed possession; and, as he whistles behind his plough, turns up the sacred remains of your beloved ancestors. Have ye not heard at evening, and sometimes in the dead of night, those mournful and melodious sounds, that steal through the deep vallies or along the mountain sides, like the song of echo. These are the wailings of the spirits whose bones have been turned up by the sacrilegious labours of the white men, and left to the mercy of the rain and the tempest. They call upon you to avenge them. They adjure you by every motive that can rouse the hearts of the brave, to wake from your long sleep, and, by returning to these invaders of the grave, the long arrears of vengeance, restore again, the tired and wandering spirits to their blissful paradise, far beyond the blue hills.

These are the blessings you owe to the christians. They have driven your fathers from their ancient inheritance—they have destroyed them with the sword and poisonous liquors—they have dug up their bones, and there left them to bleach in the wind—and now, they aim at completing your wrongs, and ensuring your destruction, by cheating you into the belief of that Divinity, whose very precepts they plead in justification of all the miseries they have heaped upon your race.

Hear me, O, deluded people, for the last time!—If you persist in deserting my altars; if still you are determined to listen, with fatal credulity, to the strange pernicious doctrines of these christian usurpers—if you are unalterably devoted to your new gods and new customs—if you *will* be the friend of the white man, and the follower of his God—my wrath shall follow you. I will dart my arrows of forked lightning among your towns, and send the warring tempests of winter to devour you. Ye shall become bloated with intemperance; your numbers shall dwindle away, until but a few wretched slaves survive, and these shall be driven deeper and deeper into the wild, there to associate with the dastard beasts of the forest, which once fled before the mighty hunters of your tribe. The spirits of your fathers shall curse you from the shores of that happy island in the great lake, where they enjoy an everlasting season of hunting, and chase the wild deer with dogs swifter than the wind. Lastly, I swear, by the lightning, the thunder and the tempest, that in the space of sixty moons, of all the Senecas, not one of yourselves or your posterity, shall remain on the face of the earth.”*

Port Folio.

* *Note, by the Compiler.*—The length of this interesting narrative, rendered it unadvisable, consistent with the proposed size of the work, to insert it entire. It may be satisfactory to the reader to learn, that notwithstanding all the machinations of this enterprising and dangerous pretender to the gifts of prophesy, the Senecas consented to receive the doctrines of christianity, and were induced, in the language of *Red Jacket*, one of their chiefs, to believe “That the Christian God was more wise, just, beneficent and powerful than the Great Spirit; and that the missionary who delivered his precepts, ought to be cherished as their best benefactor—their guide to future happiness.

Indian Hospitality.

Extract from Remarks concerning the Savages of North America.

CONRAD WEISER, our interpreter, gave me the following instance of the hospitality of the Indians. He had been naturalized among the Six Nations, and spoke well the Mohawk language. In going through the Indian country, to carry a message from our Governor to the Council at *Onondaga*, he called at the habitation of *Cannassetego*, an old acquaintance, who embraced him, spread furs for him to sit on, placed before him some boiled beans and venison, and mixed some rum and water for his drink. When he was well refreshed, and had lit his pipe, Cannassetego began to converse with him; asked him how he had fared the many years since they had seen each other, whence he then came, what occasioned the journey, &c. Conrad answered all his questions, and when the discourse began to flag, the Indian, to continue it, said, "Conrad, you have lived long among the white people, and know something of their customs; I have been sometimes at Albany, and have observed, that once in seven days, they shut up their shops, and assemble all in the great house: tell me what it is for; what do they do there?" "They meet there," says Conrad, "to learn and hear *good things*." "I do not doubt," said the Indian, "that they tell you so; they have told me the same: but I doubt the truth of what they say; and I will tell you my reasons. I went lately to Albany, to sell my skins, and buy blankets, knives, powder, rum, &c. You know I used generally, to deal with Hans Hanson; but I was a little inclined, this time, to try some other merchants. However, I called first upon Hans, and asked him what he would give for beaver. He said he could not give more than four shillings a pound: but, says he, I cannot talk on business now; this is the day we meet together to learn *good things*, and I am going to the meeting. So I thought to myself, since I cannot do any business to-day, I may as well go to the meeting too, and I went with him. There stood up a man in black, who began to talk to the people very angrily. I did not understand what he said; but perceiving that he looked much at me, and at Hanson, I imagined he was angry at seeing me there: so I went out, sat down near

the house, struck fire, and lit my pipe, waiting till the meeting should break up. I thought, too, that the man had mentioned something of beaver, and I suspected it might be the subject of their meeting. So, when they came out, I accosted my merchant—"Well, Hans," says I, "I hope you agreed to give more than four shillings a pound." "No," says he, "I cannot give so much, I cannot give more than three shillings and six-pence." I then spoke to several other dealers, but they all sung the same song, *three and six-pence, three and six-pence*. This made it clear to me, that my suspicion was right; and that whatever they pretended of meeting to learn *good things*, the purpose was, to consult how to cheat Indians in the price of beaver. Consider but a little, Conrad, and you must be of my opinion. If they met so often to learn *good things*, they would certainly have learned some, before this time. But they are still ignorant. You know our practice. If a white man, in travelling through our country, enters one of our cabins, we all treat him as I do you: we dry him if he is wet, we warm him if he is cold, and give him meat and drink, that he may allay his thirst and hunger: and we spread soft furs for him to rest and sleep on; we demand nothing in return. But if I go into a white man's house, at Albany, and ask for victuals and drink, they say, Where is your money, and if I have none, they say, Get out, you Indian dog. You see they have not yet learned these little *good things*, that we need no meetings to be instructed in, because our mothers taught them to us when we were children: and therefore, it is impossible that their meetings should be, as they say, for any such purpose, or have any such effect; they are only to contrive the *cheating of Indians in the price of beaver*.

DR. FRANKLIN.

Sufferings of a party of U. S. troops, on a voyage of discovery through the western country.

AFTER showing the sergeant a point to steer for, the doctor and myself proceeded on ahead, in hopes of killing something, as we were again without victuals. About

one o'clock it commenced snowing very hard: we retreated to a small copse of pine, where we constructed a camp to shelter us, and as it was time the party should arrive, we sallied forth to search for them. We separated, and had not marched more than one or two miles, when I found it impossible to keep any course without the compass continually in my hand, and then not being able to see more than ten yards. I began to perceive the difficulty even of finding the way back to our camp, and I can scarcely conceive a more dreadful idea than remaining on the wild, where inevitable death must have ensued. It was with great pleasure I again reached the camp, where I found the doctor had arrived before me. We lay down, and strove to dissipate the idea of hunger and our misery, by the thoughts of our far distant homes and relatives.

We sallied out next morning, and shortly after perceived our little band, marching through the snow (about two and a half feet deep) silent and with downcast countenances. We joined them, and learnt that they, finding the snow to fall so thickly that it was impossible to proceed, had encamped about one o'clock the preceding day. As I found all the buffalo had quitted the plains, I determined to attempt the traverse of the mountains, in which we persevered, until the snow became so deep, it was impossible to proceed; when I again turned my face to the plain, and for the first time during the voyage found myself discouraged; and for the first time I heard a man express himself in a seditious manner: he exclaimed, "that it was more than human nature could bear, to march three days without sustenance, through snows three feet deep, and carry burthens only fit for horses," &c. &c.

As I knew very well the fidelity and attachment of the majority of the men, and even of this poor fellow, (only he could not endure fasting) and that it was in my power to chastise him, when I thought proper, I passed it unnoticed for the moment, determined to notice it at a more auspicious time. We dragged our weary and emaciated limbs along, until about ten o'clock. The doctor and myself, who were in advance, discovered some buffalo on the plain, where we left our loads, and orders on the snow, to proceed to the nearest woods to encamp. We went in pursuit of the buffalo, which were on the move.

The doctor, who was then less reduced than myself, ran and got behind a hill, and shot one down, which stopped the remainder. We crawled up to the dead one, and shot from him as many as twelve or fourteen times among the gang; when they removed out of sight. We then proceeded to butcher the one we had shot; and after procuring each of us a load of the meat, we marched for the camp, the smoke of which was in view. We arrived at the camp to the great joy of our brave lads, who immediately feasted sumptuously: after our repast, I sent for the lad who had presumed to speak discontentedly in the course of the day, and addressed him to the following effect: *Brown*, you this day presumed to make use of language which was seditious and mutinous; I then passed it over, pitying your situation, and attributing it to your distress, rather than your inclination, to sow discontent amongst the party. Had I reserved provisions for ourselves, whilst you were starving; had we been marching along light and at our ease, whilst you were weighed down with your burden; then you would have had some pretext for your observations; but when we were equally hungry, emaciated, and charged with burdens, which I believe my natural strength is less able to bear than any man's in the party; when we were always foremost in breaking the road, reconnoitering and the fatigues of the chase; it was the height of ingratitude in you, to let an expression escape which was indicative of discontent; your ready compliance and firm perseverance I had reason to expect; as the leader of men and my companions, in miseries and dangers. But your duty as a soldier called on your obedience to your officer, and a prohibition of such language, which for this time I will pardon; but I assure you, should it ever be repeated, by instant *death*, I will revenge your ingratitude and punish your disobedience. I take this opportunity likewise to assure you, soldiers generally, of my thanks for obedience, perseverance and ready contempt of every danger, which you have generally evinced; I assure you nothing shall be wanting on my part, to procure you the rewards of our government and the gratitude of your countrymen."

Pike's Expeditions.

Death of General Montgomery.

An extract from Henry's account of the hardships and sufferings of that band of heroes, who traversed the wilderness in the campaign against Quebec, in 1775.

GENERAL MONTGOMERY had marched at the precise time stipulated, and had arrived at his destined point of attack, nearly about the time we attacked the first barrier. He was not one that would loiter. Colonel Campbell, of the New York troops, a large, good looking-man, who was second in command of that party, and was deemed a veteran, accompanied the army to the assault: his station was rearward; general Montgomery, with his aids were at the point of the column.

It is impossible to give you a fair and complete idea, of the nature and situation of the place, solely with the pen—the pencil is required. As by the special permission of government, obtained by the good offices of captain Prentiss, in the summer following, Boyd, a few others, and myself, reviewed the causes of our disaster; it is therefore in my power, so far as my abilities will permit, to give you a tolerable notion of the spot. Cape Diamond nearly resembles the great jutting rock which is in the narrows at Hunter's falls, on the Susquehanna. The rock, at the latter place, shoots out as steeply, as that at Quebec, but by no means forms so great an angle, on the margin of the river, but is more craggy. There is a stronger and more obvious difference in the comparison. When you surmount the hill at St. Charles, or the St. Lawrence side, which, to the eye are equally high and steep, you find yourself on Abraham's plains, and upon an extensive champaign country. The bird's eye view round Quebec, bears a striking conformity to the sites of Northumberland and Pittsburgh, in Pennsylvania; but the former is on a more gigantic scale, and each of the latter wants the steepness and craginess of the background, and a depth of rivers, this detail is to instruct you in the geographical situation of Quebec, and for the sole purpose of explaining the manner of general Montgomery's death, and the reasons of our failure. From Wolfe's cove, there is a good beach, down to, and around "Cape Diamond." The bulwarks of the city came to the edge of the hill, above that place. Thence down the side of the precipice, slantingly to the brink of

the river, there was a stockade of strong posts, fifteen or twenty feet high, knit together by a stout railing, at bottom and top with pins. This was no mean defence, and was at the distance of one hundred yards from the point of the rock. Within this palisade, and at a few yards from the very point itself, there was a like palisade, though it did not run so high up the hill. Again, within Cape Diamond, and probably at a distance of fifty yards, there stood a block house, which seemed to take up the space between the foot of the hill, and the precipitous bank of the river, leaving a cart way, or passage, on each side of it. A block-house, if well constructed, is an admirable method of defence, which, in the process of the war, to our cost, was fully experienced. In the instance now before us, (though the house was not built upon the most approved principles,) yet it was a formidable object. It was a square of perhaps forty or fifty feet. The large logs neatly squared, were tightly bound together by dove-tail work. If I am not much mistaken, the lower story contained loop-holes for musquetry, so narrow, that those within could not be harmed from without. The upper story had four or more port-holes for cannon of a large calibre. These guns were charged with grape or cannister shot, and were pointed with exactness towards the avenue, at Cape Diamond. The hero Montgomery came. The drowsy or drunken guard did not hear the sawing of the posts of the first palisade. Here, if not very erroneous, four posts were sawed and thrown aside, so as to admit four men abreast. The column entered with a manly fortitude. Montgomery, accompanied by his aids, M'Pherson and Cheeseman, advanced in front. Arriving at the second palisade, the general, *with his own hands*, sawed down two of the pickets, in such a manner as to admit two men abreast. These sawed pickets were close under the hill, and but a few yards from the very point of the rock, out of the view and fire of the enemy, from the block-house. Until our troops advanced to the point, no harm could ensue, but by stones thrown from above. Even now, there had been but an imperfect discovery of the advancing of an enemy, and that only by the intoxicated guard. The guard fled; the general advanced a few paces. A drunken sailor returned to his gun, swearing he would not forsake it while undischarged. This fact is related

from the testimony of the guard on the morning of our capture, some of those sailors being our guard. Applying the match, this single discharge deprived us of our excellent commander.

Examining the spot, the officer who escorted us, professing to be one of those who first came to the place, after the death of the general, shewed the position in which the general's body was found. It lay two paces from the brink of the river, on the back ; the arms extended—Cheesman lay on the left, and M'Pherson on the right, in a triangular position. Two other brave men lay near them. The ground above described was visited by an inquisitive eye ; so that you may rely, with some implicitness, on the truth of the picture. As all danger from without had vanished, the government had not only permitted the mutilated palisades to remain, without reviewing the enclosure, but the very sticks, sawed by the hand of our commander, still lay strewed about the spot.

Surrender of Lord Cornwallis.

At two o'clock in the evening, the British army, led by general O'Hara, marched out of its lines, with colors cased, and drums beating a British march.

The author was present at this ceremony ; and certainly no spectacle could be more impressive than the one now exhibited. Valient troops yielding up their arms after fighting in defence of a cause dear to them (because the cause of their country) under a leader, who, throughout the war, in every grade and in every situation to which he had been called, appeared the Hector of his host. Battle after battle had he fought ; climate after climate had he endured ; towns had yielded to his mandate ; posts were abandoned at his approach ; armies were conquered by his prowess ; one nearly exterminated, another chased from the confines of South Carolina, beyond the Dan, into Virginia. And a third severely chastised in that state on the shores of James river. But here, even he, in the midst of his splendid career, found his conqueror.

The road through which they marched was lined with spectators, French and American. On one side the commander in chief surrounded by his suite, and the American staff, took his station; on the other side, opposite to him, was the count Rochambeau, in like manner attended. The captive army approached, moving slowly in column, with grace and precision. Universal silence was observed amidst the vast concourse, and the utmost decency prevailed: exhibiting in demeanor an awful sense of the vicissitudes of human life, mingled with commiseration for the unhappy. The head of the column approached the commander in chief—O'Hara, mistaking the circle, turned to that on his left, for the purpose of paying his respects to the commander in chief, and requesting further orders: when quickly discovering his error, with much embarrassment in his countenance, he flew across the road, and advancing up to Washington, asked pardon for his mistake, apologized for the absence of lord Cornwallis, and begged to know his further pleasure. The general, feeling his embarrassment, relieved it by referring him with much politeness to general Lincoln, for his government. Returning to the head of the column, it again moved, under the guidance of Lincoln, to the field selected for the conclusion of the ceremony.

Every eye was turned, searching for the British commander in chief, anxious to look at that man, heretofore so much the object of their dread. All were disappointed. Cornwallis held himself back from the humiliating scene: obeying sensations which his great character ought to have stifled. He had been unfortunate, not from any false step or deficiency of exertion on his part, but from the infatuated policy of his superior, and the united force of his enemy, brought to bear upon him alone. There was nothing with which he could reproach himself; there was nothing with which he could reproach his brave and faithful army: why not then appear at its head in the day of misfortune, as he had always done in the day of triumph? The British general, in this instance, deviated from his usual line of conduct, dimming the splendour of his long and brilliant career.

Lee's Memoirs of the Southern War.

*Massacres of the French, on the Mississippi and Ohio,
by the Indians.*

M. DE CHOPART, the commandant of fort Rosalie, had been guilty of such repeated acts of injustice, as to render an investigation of his conduct indispensable; and, for this purpose, he was ordered to New Orleans. This event excited much joy among the Indians, but it was of short duration. That officer appeared before M. Perier, who at that time administered the government, and found means to justify his proceedings in such a manner, as to be re-instated in his command. On his return to his post, he conceived himself at liberty to indulge his malice against the Indians; partly on account of the trouble they had given him, but much more on account of the satisfaction manifested by them at the prospect of his disgrace. As some gratification to his spite, he suddenly resolved to build a town on the site of the village of the White Apple, which covered a square of about three miles in extent.

Accordingly, he sent for the Sun, a Chief of that village, and directed him to clear the huts, and to plant themselves in some other place. The Chief replied, perhaps rather hastily, "that their ancestors had lived there for many ages, and that it was good for their descendants to occupy the same ground." This noble and dignified language, served only to exasperate the haughty commandant, and to extort from him the declaration, "that, unless the village was abandoned in a few days, the inhabitants of it should repent of their obstinacy." The chief then returned to consult the old men, and to hold a council. As a bloody conflict was inevitable, the Indians resorted to such expedients as were calculated to gain time. They wished to create an indissoluble union among themselves, and to devise means adequate to the end: one of these was the assistance of their allies, which they deemed of infinite importance. They therefore represented to M. de Chopart, that their corn had just come out of the ground; that their hens were laying their eggs; and that to abandon their village at that time, would prove as injurious to the French as to themselves. M. de Chopart treated these reasons with disdain; and menaced immediate destruction, unless his desires were gratified. The Indians in general are fruitful of expe-

dients ; and the Natchez, who were well acquainted with the avaricious disposition of their adversary, at last resorted to one which for a while suspended his wrath. They obtained permission to remain in their own houses till after harvest, on condition, that each hut should pay him a fowl and a basket of corn.

During this short interval the Natchez frequently and privately assembled in council ; and a plan of operations was carefully concerted. They unanimously resolved to make one great effort to preserve their independence, and to defend the tombs of their fathers. They proceeded with caution, and omitted nothing to ensure success. They invited the Chickasaws to share in the arduous enterprise ; but by a strange fatality, occasioned by the treachery of one of their own women, the latter were deceived as to the time of the intended blow, and therefore did not arrive in season to participate in the struggle. The massacre of all the French was what they had in view, and it was concluded to commence the work at the time of presenting the tribute of corn and fowls. Notwithstanding all their precaution, and the inducement each one had to observe inviolable secrecy, yet one of their chief women suspected the plot ; and, either offended at the seclusion of her sex, at least of one of her rank, from a knowledge of it, or influenced by private attachment, communicated her suspicions to some soldiers and others. Even just before the fatal catastrophe, M. de Chopart was cautioned to be on his guard ; but his evil genius led him to disregard the admonitions given him, to punish those who prognosticated danger, and to repose himself in criminal security. At length the fatal period arrived, when the vengeance of the injured and vindictive savages, was to burst on the devoted heads of the French. Near the close of the last day of November 1729, the grand Sun, with some warriors, repaired to the fort with the tribute of corn and fowls agreed on. They seized the gate and other passages, and the soldiers were instantly deprived of the means of defence. Such was their number and so well distributed, that opposition was vain. Other parties repaired to their appointed rendezvous, and the houses of the French about the country were filled with them. The massacre was general among the men ; the slaves, and some of the women and children were spared. The chiefs and warriors, disdaining to stain

their hands with the blood of M. de Chopart, he fell by one of the meanest of the Indians. This settlement contained about seven hundred French, and very few of them escaped to carry the dreadful news to the capital. The forts and settlements at the Yazoo and Washita, shared the same fate. Thus these extensive possessions of the French, which were gradually progressing to maturity, and the most wealthy of any in the colony, presented a melancholy picture. They were first plundered and then exposed to the flames.

While the French were in possession of the country, they built several forts. The one at Kaskaskia is almost wholly destroyed. They also had one on the Ohio, about thirty-six miles from the Mississippi; the Indians laid a curious stratagem to take it, and it answered their purpose. A number of them appeared in the day time on the opposite side of the river, each of whom was covered with a bear skin, and walked on all fours. The French supposed them to be bears, and a party crossed the river in pursuit of them. The remainder of the troops left their quarters, and resorted to the bank of the river in front of the garrison, to observe the sport. In the mean time, a large body of warriors, who were concealed in the woods near by, came silently up behind the fort, and entered it without opposition, and very few of the French escaped the carnage. They afterwards built another fort on the same ground, and called it *Massac*, in memory of this disastrous event; and it retains this name to the present day.

Stoddard's Sketches of Louisiana.



Massacre by the Indians and retaliation by the Whites.

In the year 1712, a dangerous conspiracy was formed by the Indians of North Carolina against the settlers in that quarter. The particular cause of the quarrel is unknown; probably they were offended at the encroachments made on their hunting lands. The powerful tribes of Indians, called Corees, Tuscororas, and some others, united, and determined to murder or expel the European invaders. They carried on their bloody design with

amazing cunning and profound secrecy. They surrounded their principal town with a wooden breast-work for the security of their own families. There the different tribes met together, to the number of twelve hundred bowmen and formed their horrid plot. From this place of rendezvous they sent out small parties, who entered the settlements under the mask of friendship, by different roads. All of them agreed to begin their murderous operations on the same night. When that night came they entered the planters' houses, demanded provisions, were displeased with them, and then murdered men, women, and children, without mercy or distinction. To prevent a communication of the alarm through the settlement, they ran from house to house slaughtering the scattered families wherever they went. None of the colonists knew what had befallen their neighbors before the barbarians reached their own doors. About Roanoke, one hundred and thirty-seven settlers fell a sacrifice to savage fury in one fatal night. A Swiss baron and almost all the poor Palatines who had lately come into the country, were among the slain. Some, who had hid themselves in the woods escaped, and by alarming their neighbors prevented the total destruction of that colony. Every family that survived was ordered instantly to assemble at one place, and the militia under arms kept watch over them day and night until relief arrived.

Governor Craven lost no time in forwarding a force to their assistance. The assembly voted four thousand pounds for the service of the war. A body of militia, consisting of six hundred men, under the command of colonel Barnwell, marched against the savages. Two hundred and eighteen Cherokees, under the command of captains Harford and Turston; seventy-nine Creeks, under captain Hastings; forty-one Catabaws, under captain Cantey; and twenty-eight Yamassees, under captain Pierce, being furnished with arms, joined the Carolinians in this expedition. Hideous and dreadful was the wilderness through which colonel Barnwell had to march. To reach North Carolina in time for the relief of the people, the utmost expedition was requisite. It was neither possible for his men to carry with them a sufficient quantity of provisions, together with arms and ammunition, nor to have these things provided at different stages by the way. There was no road through the

woods upon which either horses or carriages could conveniently pass. His army had to encounter all manner of hardships and dangers from the climate, the wilderness, and the enemy. In spite of every difficulty Barnwell advanced, employing his Indian allies to hunt for provisions on the way. At length, having come up with the savages, he attacked them with great execution. In the first battle he killed three hundred Indians, and took about one hundred prisoners. After which the Tuscororas retreated to their town, within a wooden breast-work. There they were surrounded; many of them killed, and the remainder forced to sue for peace. Some of Barnwell's men being wounded, and others having suffered much by watching, hunger, and fatigue, the savages easily obtained their request. In this expedition it was computed that Barnwell killed, wounded, and captured near a thousand Tuscororas. The survivors abandoned their country and joined a northern tribe of Indians, on the Ohio river. Of Barnwell's party, five Carolinians were killed and several wounded. Of his Indians, thirty-six were killed and between sixty and seventy wounded. Never had any expedition, against the savages in Carolina, been attended with such difficulties; nor had the conquest of any tribe of them ever been more complete.

Ramsay's H. S. Carolina.

*Distressing situation of a detachment of American troops
in the campaign against Quebec, in 1775.*

WE arose before day on the 9th October. The canoes were urged suddenly into the water. It still rained hard, and at daylight we thought of breakfasting. Gracious God! what was our fare? What could we produce for such a feast? Rummaging my breeches pockets, I found a solitary biscuit and an inch of pork. Half of the biscuit was devoted to the breakfast, and so also by each person, and that was consumed in the canoes as we paddled over the lake. The rain had raised the lake, and consequently, the outlets, about four feet. We glided glibly along, over passages where a few days previously we had toated our canoes. At the outlet of the

fourth lake, counting as we came up, a small duck appeared within shooting distance. It was a *diver*, well known in our country—a thing which we *here* contemn. Knowing the value of animal food in our predicament, several of us fired at the *diver*: Jesse Wheeler, however, (who all acknowledged as an excellent shot) struck it with his ball. A shout of joy arose; the little diver was safely deposited in our canoe. We went on quickly, without accident, till the evening; probably traversing a space of more than forty miles. At night-fall we halted, weary and without having tasted food since morning. Boyd and Cunningham, who were right hand men on most occasions, soon kindled a fire against a fallen tree. An occurrence this evening took place, which you will hardly credit, but which (permit me to assure you) is sacredly true. The company sat themselves gloomily around this fire. The cooks, according to routine, (whether our chief or others) picked the duck, and when picked and gutted, it was brought to the fire side. Here it became a question, how to make the most of our stock of provisions. Finally, it was concluded to boil the duck in our camp kettle, together with each man's bit of pork, distinctly marked by running a small skiver of wood through it, with his particular and private designation. That the broth thus formed, should be the supper, and the duck on the ensuing morning, should be the breakfast, and which should be distributed by "whose shall be this." Strange as this tale may appear to you, in these times, the agreement was religiously performed. Being young, my appetite was ravenous as that of a wolf, but honor bound the stomach tightly.

HENRY.

Ingenious stratagem of an American officer.

WHILE the allied army was engaged before Savannah, colonel John White of the Georgia line, conceived and executed an extraordinary enterprize. Captain French, with a small party of British regulars, was stationed on the Ogeechee river, about twenty-five miles from Savannah. At the same place lay five British vessels, of which four were armed, the largest mounting fourteen

guns. White, having with him only captain Etholm and three soldiers, kindled many fires, the illumination of which was discernible at the British station, exhibiting, by the manner of ranging them, the plan of a camp. To this stratagem he added another: he and his four comrades, imitating the manner of the staff, rode with haste in various directions, giving orders in a loud voice. French became satisfied that a large body of the enemy were upon him; and, on being summoned by White, he surrendered (1st of October) his detachment, the crews of the five vessels, forty in number, with the vessels, and one hundred and thirty stand of arms.

Colonel White having succeeded, pretended that he must keep back his troops, lest their animosity, already stifled by his great exertions, should break out, and indiscriminate slaughter take place, in defiance of his authority; and that therefore he would commit his prisoners to three guides, who would conduct them safely to good quarters. This humane attention on the part of White was thankfully received. He immediately ordered three of his attendants, to proceed with the prisoners, who moved off with celerity, anxious to get away, lest the fury of White's corps, believed to be near at hand, might break out, much disposed as he himself was, to restrain it.

White, with the soldier retained by him, repaired, as he announced to his guides and prisoners, to his troops, for the purpose of proceeding in the rear.

He now employed himself, in collecting the neighboring militia, with whom he overtook his guides, and their charge, safe and happy in the good treatment they experienced.

Lee's Memoirs of the Southern War.

Proof of a Welsh nation existing in America.

A WELSHMAN, by the name of Griffith, was taken prisoner, by the Shawnee Indians, about the year 1764, and conducted to their towns. His adventures were made public in 1804, from which the following particulars are abridged.

Two years after the captivity of Griffith, five Shawnees resolved to penetrate to the source of the Missouri, and

they admitted him of the party. They had a long laborious journey to the Shining Mountains, through which the Missouri finds its way. In these mountains they accidentally met with three *white men*, in the Indian dress, with whom they travelled for some time, when they arrived at their village, and found the whole nation of the same complexion. A council was soon assembled, and the question was debated for three days, What shall be done with the strangers? It was finally concluded to put them to death, especially as they appeared to belong to a warlike nation, and were probably exploring the country to find out a suitable place for the future residence of their friends. Griffith, whose presence created no suspicion, could remain silent no longer. He addressed the council in Welsh, and explained the motives of their journey. It is needless to say that full confidence was restored, and the strangers treated with kindness. Nothing could be ascertained of their history, except that their forefathers came up the Missouri, from a very distant country. There was not a black man in the nation, which was pretty numerous. The party returned to the Shawnee towns, after an absence of two years and six months. Griffith soon made his escape, and joined his friends in the back part of Virginia.

Stoddard's Sketches of Louisiana.

Mr. Wirt's account of Patrick Henry's first speech, delivered at the bar of Hanover County, Virginia.

SOON after the opening of the court, the cause was called. It stood on a writ of enquiry of damages, no plea having been entered by the defendants since the judgment on the demurrer. The array before Mr. Henry's eyes was now most fearful. On the bench sat more than twenty clergymen, the most learned men in the colony, and the most capable, as well as severest critics, before whom it was possible for him to have made his *debut*. The court house was crowded with an overwhelming multitude, and surrounded with an immense and anxious throng, who, not finding room to enter, were endeavouring to listen without, in the deepest attention. But there

was something still more awfully disconcerting than all this; for in the chair of the presiding magistrate, sat no other person than his own father. Mr. Lyons opened the cause very briefly; in the way of argument he did nothing more than explain to the jury, that the decision upon the demurrer had put the act of 1758 entirely out of the way, and left the law of 1748 as the only standard of their damages; he then concluded with a highly wrought eulogium on the benevolence of the clergy. And now came on the first trial of Patrick Henry's strength. No one had ever heard him speak, and curiosity was on tip toe. He rose very awkwardly and faltered much in his exordium. The people hung their heads at so unpromising a commencement; the clergy were observed to exchange sly looks with each other; and his father is described as having almost sunk with confusion from his seat. But these feelings were of short duration, and soon gave place to others of a very different character. For, now, were those wonderful faculties which he possessed, for the first time developed; and now was first witnessed that mysterious and almost supernatural transformation of appearance, which the fire of his own eloquence never failed to work in him. For as his mind rolled along, and began to glow from its own action, all the *exuviae* of the clown seemed to shed themselves spontaneously. His attitude, by degrees, became erect and lofty. The spirit of his genius awakened all his features. His countenance shone with a nobleness and grandeur which it had never before exhibited. There was a lightning in his eyes, which seemed to rive the spectator. His action became graceful, bold, and commanding; and in the tones of his voice, but more especially in his emphasis, there was a peculiar charm, a magic, of which any one who ever heard him will speak, as soon as he is named, but of which no one can give any adequate description. They can only say, that it struck upon the ear and upon the heart, in a manner which language cannot tell. Add to all these, his wonder-working fancy, and the peculiar phraseology in which he clothed his images; for he painted to the heart, with a force that almost petrified it. In the language of those who heard him on this occasion, "he made their blood run cold, and their hair to rise on end."

It will not be difficult for any one who ever heard this most extraordinary man, to believe the whole account of this transaction, which is given by his surviving hearers; and from their account, the court house of Hanover county must have exhibited on this occasion, a scene as picturesque as has ever been witnessed in real life. They say, that the people, whose countenances had fallen as he arose, had heard but a very few sentences before they began to look up; then to look at each other with surprise, as if doubting the evidence of their own senses; then, attracted by some strong gesture, struck by some majestic attitude, fascinated by the spell of his eye, the charm of his emphasis, and the varied and commanding expression of his countenance, they could look away no more. In less than twenty minutes, they might be seen in every part of the house, on every bench, in every window, stooping forward from their stands, in death-like silence; their features fixed in amazement and awe; all their senses listening and riveted upon the speaker, as if to catch the last strain of some heavenly visitant. The mockery of the clergy was soon turned into alarm; their triumph into confusion and despair; and at one burst of his rapid and overwhelming invective, they fled from the bench in precipitation and terror. As for the father, such was his surprise, such his amazement, such his rapture, that, forgetting where he was, and the character which he was filling, tears of ecstasy streamed down his cheeks, without the power or inclination to repress them.

The jury seem to have been so completely bewildered, that they lost sight, not only of the act of 1748, but that of 1758 also; for, thoughtless even of the admitted right of the plaintiff, they had scarcely left the bar, when they returned with a verdict of *one penny damages*. A motion was made for a new trial; but the court too, had now lost the equipoise of their judgement, and over-ruled the motion by an unanimous vote. The verdict and judgement over-ruling the motion, were followed by redoubled acclamations, from within and without the house. The people, who had with difficulty kept their hands off their champion, from the moment of closing his harangue, no sooner saw the fate of the cause finally sealed, than they seized him at the bar, and, in spite of his own exertions, and the continued cry of "order" from the sheriff and the court, they bore him out of the court house, and raising

him on their shoulders, carried him about the yard, in a kind of electioneering triumph.

O! what a scene was this for a father's heart! so sudden; so unlooked for; so delightfully overwhelming! At the time, he was not able to give utterance to any sentiment; but, a few days after, when speaking of it to Mr. Winston,* he said, with the most engaging modesty, and with a tremor of voice, which showed how much more he felt than he expressed, "Patrick spoke in this cause near an hour! and in a manner that surprised me! and showed himself well informed on a subject, of which I did not think he had any knowledge!"

I have tried much to procure a sketch of this celebrated speech. But those of Mr. Henry's hearers who survive, seem to have been bereft of their senses. They can only tell you, in general, that they were taken captive; and so delighted with their captivity, that they followed implicitly whithersoever he led them: that, at his bidding, their tears flowed from pity, and their cheeks flushed with indignation: that when it was over, they felt as if they had just awaked from some ecstatic dream, of which they were unable to recall or connect the particulars. It was such a speech, as they believe had never before fallen from the lips of man; and to this day, the old people of that country cannot conceive that a higher compliment can be paid to a speaker, than to say of him, in their own homely phrase, "*he is almost equal to Patrick when he plead against the parsons.*"

Wirt's Life of Patrick Henry.

* The present judge Winston.



POPULAR.

Declaration of Independence.

WHEN, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people, to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God, entitle them, a decent respect to the opinion of mankind, requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to a separation.

We hold these truths to be self evident;—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed, by their Creator, with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.—That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.—Prudence, indeed, will dictate, that governments long established, should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations,

pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the faithful sufferance of these colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former system of government. The history of the present king of Great Britain, is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object, the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operations till his assent should be obtained; and when so suspended, he has entirely neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the legislature; a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies at places, unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into a compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved representative houses repeatedly, for opposing with manly firmness, his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused for a long time after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large for their exercise; the state remaining in the mean time exposed to the danger of invasions from without, and convulsions within.

He has endeavoured to prevent the population of these states; for that purpose obstructing the laws for naturalization of foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their emigration hither; and raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands.

He has obstructed the administration of justice, by refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers.

He has made judges dependent on his will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries

He has erected a multitude of new offices, and sent hither swarms of officers, to harrass our people, and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us, in times of peace, standing armies without the consent of our legislatures.

He has affected to render the military independent of, and superior to, the civil power.

He has combined with others, to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation.

For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us:

For protecting them, by a mock trial, from punishment for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these states:

For cutting off our trade from all parts of the world:

For imposing taxes on us without our consent:

For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefits of trial by jury.

For transporting us beyond seas to be tried for pretended offences:

For abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighboring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries, so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these colonies:

For taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering fundamentally the form of our governments:

For suspending our own legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated government here, by declaring us out of his protection, and waging war against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

He is at this time transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries, to complete the works of death, desolation and tyranny, already begun with circumstances of cruelty and perfidity, scarcely paralleled in the most barbar-

ous ages, and totally unworthy the heart of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow citizens taken captive on the high seas, to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends and brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands.

He has excited domestic insurrection amongst us, and has endeavoured to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare, is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

In every stage of these oppressions we have petitioned for redress, in the most humble terms: our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A Prince, whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

Nor have we been wanting in attention to our British brethren.

We have warned them from time to time, of attempts, by their legislature, to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us.

We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here.

We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity; and we have conjured them, by the ties of our common kindred, to disavow those usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They too have been deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity, which denounces our separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war, in peace, friends.

We therefore, the representatives of the United States of America in General Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world, for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name, and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly PUBLISH and DECLARE, that these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, FREE and INDEPENDENT STATES; and that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown; and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain, is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as Free and Independent states, they have

full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and do all other acts and things which independent states may of right do. And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other, our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honour.

JOHN HANCOCK.

(Signed by all the Members present.)

JULY 4, 1776.

Eulogy on the illustrious GEORGE WASHINGTON, pronounced at Milton, 22d February, 1800:—By Charles Pinckney Sumner.

INDUSTRY pauses from her once cheering labours—the solemn dirge takes place of the song of mirth;—our country is in tears, her WASHINGTON is no more!

This day, she would fondly have numbered *sixty-eight* years, since propitious Heaven, regardful of her coming trials, had given him to her aid: proud that he had fulfilled his high destination, and still continued her faithful defender, she would not have turned a melancholy thought to the perils through which he had conducted her. The lively cannon would have been but the faint echo to her joy; the festal board, the sparkling glass, and pleasure-beaming eye, would have been but the feeble emblem of national hilarity. Henceforth, the night of his death will be consecrated to sorrow, and shrouded in gloom, congenial with the majesty of her grief. The annual return of this once joyful day, will long be sacred to her most tender, loved sensations; and the smile her countenance may learn to resume, will receive a melting charm from the tear she cannot suppress.

When fame, with swollen eye, first announced this public calamity; we looked, we heard with a melancholy sigh; and because she trembled as she spoke, we induced ourselves to hope that report might prove illusive. But this uncertainty, this painful uncertainty, was too much to endure; the solemn knell, the deep and universal aspect of woe, soon placed beyond the reach of hope, what our boding hearts feared but too true.

Here is a subject, my friends, upon which you all can be eloquent; it becomes the sacred place devoted to its contemplation; it excites the best, and awakens the noblest feelings of Americans: as they prize their country, they cherish the memory of her hero, and love at a respectful, admiring distance, to follow him through the vicissitudes of her fate.

With a mind expanded by the most liberal pursuits, a heart enamoured with the charms of honour, devotion to his country was his first, his ruling passion. From an early military career, he retired with a blooming reputation, to the best well-earned enjoyment of life. With easy dignity, he loses the soldier in the citizen, and graces the arts of peace as well as war. Born for the universe, a province is too small a theatre for the display of his talents; and the situation of our country, soon opened the mightier field of his destiny.

With conscious pride, he gloried in the prosperity of his king and country; but for colonial degradation and subserviency, he had not drawn his ready, his victorious sword. American patience had been put to the intolerable test; the plain of Lexington had drank the blood of its peaceful cultivators; when from that illustrious band of patriots, where first concentrated the wounded sensibilities of our country—is WASHINGTON commissioned to marshal and direct the rising energies of freedom.

It is a needless, as it would be a painful task, to dwell on facts all know too well; or to resuscitate the feelings that are better at rest. Suffice it to remind you, that yonder hills, almost in sight, first received the American hero to the toils of fame.

Retaining still the vestiges of war, they will lecture succeeding generations, and teach them to guard their native soil from every insidious, selfish friend, or haughty foe: their wounded fronts will frown on degeneracy, if every hill in America does not rise like the *Heights of Dorchester*, to expel invasion from our indignant shores.

In the presence of WASHINGTON, resistance assumed a formidable attitude; confidence looked cheerful; and valour re-nerved the arm, still bleeding from the carnage where WARREN fell. But the too transient duration of patriotic fervour—the genius of our valient thousands,

too unfriendly to the restraints of discipline—the poverty and unpreparedness of the Colonies, to meet the incalculable extent of their object, created anxieties and embarrassments, which very few were permitted to share; which no one perhaps, who does not, like him, combine in his character, the talents and feelings of the statesman, the patriot, and the soldier, can duly appreciate.

The hero's mind rose with the magnitude of his task. Opposition and defeat itself, served only to confirm his resolution, and call forth the resources of an exhaustless mind. *Independence was declared:* and in the blackest hours of disaster, WASHINGTON never despaired of his country.—Once, only, (forgive him freemen,) ere his army had become inured to the well directed volleys of discipline, the yielding ranks of his retreating soldiery displayed the frightful impressions of a veteran enemy;—for one painful moment, he thought all was lost;—that Americans were unworthy the freedom for which they too feebly contended; and, shocked to desperation, wished by a fortunate, honourable death, to free himself from the intolerable spectacle of his country enslaved.

When terror spread her darkest clouds over our land; when an unfed, unclothed army marked the ice and the snow with the blood of their retreating footsteps; when the sword of destruction seemed suspended only by a hair; while rumour, with her hundred mouths, if possible, magnified our distresses; and tortured, languishing hope, almost breathed her last:—the brilliant achievement at Princeton, turned aside the current of fate; the accomplished, too sanguine Burgoyne, is overwhelmed in the rising tide of our fortune; the close invested standards of York-Town droop submission to the allied arms; deluded despotism soon gave up the fruitless toils of subjugation; the shattered remnants of baffled invasion are withdrawn, and independence is confirmed.

The patriot army now felt the too scanty, delusive recompense for their heroic toils;—seven years with joyful obedience, had they heard the orders of their chief, thunder along the embattled line: the wounds of injured bravery bled afresh; they recoiled at the idea of dissolution. Then might ambition have seen his time, and smiled; then would have trembled the liberties of America,

had WASHINGTON aspired to any other crown than her happiness. In language ardent as his heroism, tender as his affection, he appeals to their untarnished honour; they revere him as a father:—the appeal was resistless. They saw the conflicting emotions of his breast; those eyes which had long witnessed their toils, which had often smiled at their glory, and wept at their sufferings, with keen anxiety, now pierced their souls; they forgot themselves:—a pearly tear steals down their cheek; the latent evil spark is quenched; their patriotism rekindles; with one heart and voice, they resolve to confide in the justice of the country they had left all to serve, and give the world the illustrious, rare example, of “an army victorious over its enemies, victorious over itself.”

His farewell interview with these, his dear-loved companions, can now be faintly imagined:—How he stood, how he looked, when each advanced to take the last friendly impassioned embrace; when with a glass in his hand, and tears glistening in his eyes, he wished to each, his future life might be happy, as his past had been honourable;—let those speak who have witnessed, let those attempt to describe who feel themselves equal to the melting scene.

The war-worn veteran, whose feelings have not rusted with his sword, will relate the story to his listening son;—smile to see his warm heart susceptible to the touch of glory—and fondly destine him for that profession, of which no dalliance in the lap of ease, has obliterated the charms, no reverse of fortune allayed his admiration.

Americans, what a vast weight of your revolution did this man sustain! Taxes were indeed great, were burdensome; but think how often your army was obliged to evade a decisive blow; think of the complicated hardships they endured, (the relation of which might make you shudder)—because the flame of public spirit too soon died away, and the resources of the country had become inaccessible.

What must WASHINGTON have often felt. Every eye in America, in wondering, doubtful Europe, was fixed on him. He was a man of humanity; not a sentinel felt a grievance he did not painfully commiserate. He was a man of consummate bravery; and to add to the full measure of his calamity, the country whose fate was

hourly in his hand, began to murmur, to reproach him with delay. Delicate situation! unconquerable greatness of soul! His reputation, dearer to a soldier than life, he sacrificed to your good.

Americans, the hostile cannon has ceased to shake your houses and your hills; the falling shell, no more with horrid glare, swells the terrors of the night;—think one moment in peace, of the untold distresses that might, that would have been your portion, had not your toils for freedom been crowned with success. The Rubicon was passed; the hour of compromise elapsed. WASHINGTON! the heart recoils at his fate, and resigns it to your own imaginations. As for you—you might have received his majesty's most gracious pardon—might have reposed in the tranquil despair of subjugated India—or been blest with the liberty, under which distracted, bleeding Ireland now groans; Cornwallis, might here, instead of there, have been governing the Provinces his myrmidons had ravaged; which his presumptuous imagination had fondly marked out as an empire for himself!

Happy countrymen! retire to your homes, however humble; enjoy your peace, your competence and your love!—kiss the children that throng around your knee, and teach them to bless God, that they are not born to the inheritance of slavery; nor doomed to the horrors of mutual destruction!

Surrendering his commission, and bidding adieu to public life, WASHINGTON, amid the gratulations of thousands through ways strewed with flowers, retired to those peaceful shades, of which long absence and mighty cares had heightened the enjoyment.

He retired; but he did not retire within himself. His mind was intent to bless his fellow-men. Unprotected worth found in him a warm patron and friend. Poverty repressed her sigh, forgot injustice, and smiled complacent on the bounty of his soul. The public welfare was still the darling object of his heart, and whatever could promote it, it was his chief happiness to pursue.

The picture which our common country presented on the attainment of peace, is fresh in every mind. Her victory had secured her freedom, but such a freedom, as secured too few of the blessings of social life, and threatened to be of short duration. The states breathed hard from their struggle, and exhausted with the burden

and heat of the revolutionary day, were divesting themselves of the bands of a too feeble confederation; and fast dissolving into imbecility and disgrace. Faith was worn out; credit had been sworn till it had burst; justice, not only blind, but deaf and dumb, with scales reversed and blunted sword, could neither help her votaries nor protect herself; the defenders of their country almost addressed themselves to her compassion; the poor soldier begged his bread through the land he had saved; and the fair, but trembling fabric of society, almost threatened ruin to those it scarcely sheltered.

The prescient *sage of Mount Vernon* had foreseen these approaching evils, and early recommended to the several states, the adoption of such general measures, as could alone give permanence to the national felicity, that independence put within their reach.

The body politic still survived healthful and strong in the feelings, manners and principles, which immemorial virtuous habit had incorporated into her nature. The hectic of internal faction had scarcely enfeebled her vitals, nor had foreign intrigue assumed the hardihood to seduce her from herself, and tear her limb from limb.

At length, "in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessing of liberty;" the Federal Constitution of the United States, the result of his presiding wisdom, was adopted, as it was formed in "a spirit of amity, and of that mutual deference and concession, which the peculiarity of our political situation rendered indispensable." God grant that in this spirit it be long preserved, that so it may preserve those for whose boon it was designed.

At the unanimous call of his fellow-citizens, which he could never hear but with duty and respect, he relinquishes every private consideration to make a people happy. Laborious days and sleepless nights are now his welcome portion: the government of your choice commences its auspicious operation, and WASHINGTON presides. Say, did not then every countenance look contentment; every dwelling speak prosperity, and your fields assume a more luxuriant smile? Commerce, then safe in her innocence, spread your rising name to the borders of the earth, and wafted you the productions of every

clime. You rapidly grew the envy of the world ; were acknowledged happiest, as freest, of mankind, and disappointed the doating wish of those, who seek with eagle eye, in the miscarriage of republics, a pretext for the enormities of despotism.

Americans, this is a trait of the enchanting picture which Europe admired, confessed was yours, and kindled into freedom, while she viewed. Will you disclaim it ? does too close inspection and intimacy with the original destroy its truth ? is it too highly coloured ?—Alas ! WASHINGTON was not omnipotent ! Earth is not a paradise !

For eight years he conducted the bark of state ; the political sky was tempestuous ; the winds and waves were sometimes unhappily in adverse direction ; her path was untraversed, and various winds prevailing with regard to her course ; many seemed more disposed to council the pilot than obey his orders. Strict justice was the compass by which he steered ; he respected the wishes of all, and never went counter to the advice of those whom it was his duty to consult ; amid innumerable difficulties, the way of safety was that of glory. Sedulously regarding the interests of all, he relied with just confidence on the attachment of an omnipotent majority. With the conscious invulnerability of virtue, he pardoned the harmless ; expected aspersions of the unworthy ; and pursued the firm resolve of his unbiassed, equal mind. The arduous difficulties of republican elevation were at length appreciated ; and all acquiesced in his decree. Having navigated her through the dangers of her out set, accustomed her powers to the gale, and done all that human wisdom and integrity could effect, if not all that extravagance could wish ; he gave affectionate farewell advice to those on board, well calculated to make them wise unto salvation ; and resigning the helm to able, faithful, experienced hands, sought the tranquil privacy which a far spent glorious life, had rendered “as necessary as welcome.”

But his feelings were too keen for his happiness. Our rich, unprotected commerce, on all sides, falling a devoted prey ; our country meeting the indignity abroad, which her upright, pacific policy had not deserved, and compelled to assume a defensive posture ; her WASHINGTON is still himself. Though mighty cares had impaired his.

strength, the venerable sage with ready hand resumes his faithful sword—that sword, whose unsullied justice did “blind men with its beams,”—and, like that of Eden, flame every way to guard invaded right.—America was in array; for who would not throng the standard he would raise—who would not crowd the ranks of war in the cause for which WASHINGTON would contend?

Here was the last stage of his long career of renown. The pride of his country, the wonder of mankind has, like a soldier obeyed the high summons of the God of armies. His associates in the toils of glory were hourly falling. He stood almost alone on the field of fame, and was prepared for the expected stroke of fate. The calm fortitude and presence of mind with which he had often withstood the shock of battle, did not forsake him in his last unequalled, triumphant conflict.

The worthy, disconsolate partner of his heart, we thank for the life-long smile with which she smoothed his brow; and gave his magnanimous cares to the service of his country. We wish her every consolation earth or heaven can bestow. May the decline of her life's mild day be gilded with the sunshine of the soul, and future generations rise up and call her blessed! Her fellow labourers in war and peace, we thank for the persevering fortitude and wisdom with which they aided our beloved chief; they have claims on us which we cannot cancel, but with glory,—which grateful, admiring posterity will be too proud to evade. Here he lived; to these we resign, with painful sympathy, the sad pre-eminence of grief. But, my fellow-countrymen, we were all near and dear to him—and his memory shall endure—shall be revered forever.

Bright must be the talents that presume to illustrate one action of his life. The unanimity with which he was twice elected President; the universal, deep-felt regret, when he declined their future suffrages; the constant devotedness to his fellow-citizens, which no period of his life ceased to manifest; and the deep aspect of sorrow this day presents;—these all designate the man who, most pre-eminently, united all hearts; they speak his only adequate, exalted eulogy, and declare, in language unequivocally loud, a nation's unabated confidence and love. To praise him in any audience the world could produce, would be a dull display of arrogance; with Ameri-

cans it would be intolerable; for who does not love his country and revere her best earthly benefactor? who cannot see the sun in the firmament? who cannot hear the thunder of the sky? The taper only deadens itself that presumes to increase the splendour of noon-day.

What is the noble endowment he did not possess? With an urbanity that treated with the most obliging respect those from whose opinion he could not but dissent; and with a prudence that in any other character might well have compensated the greatest moral deficiency, he marshalled the phalanx of his virtues to the benefit of his fellow-men. The spirit of republicanism almost resigned to him the sceptre of your affections; he ruled in your hearts. Our history is scarcely more than his biography, our freedom and happiness the noblest, we trust unfading, picture of his services and virtues.

What was once WASHINGTON has been deposited with every testimonial of gratitude our country can bestow: On this occasion only does she lament her republican simplicity, unequal to her pomp of woe; but she consoles herself, wherein her magnificence has been deficient, her affection has been transcendant; and that her hero has departed with a lustre that kings may sigh for, but sigh in vain.

The Sun of Glory is set; the hemisphere is darkened; smaller luminaries may now rise and shine: the Sun of Glory is set; but his course is bright with inextinguishable beams. He has thrown light on most beclouded regions, and taught mankind the dignity of man. Illustrious nation, over whom he has shone, to whose temperament his mild radiance was congenial;—happy those, who, in other climes attempting to move in his orbit, neither consume themselves nor their country in the flame they raise, but cannot controul.

Thrice blest mankind, whose liberty can wear a tearless smile, and virtue trust her constant friends.

The shades of Vernon, to remotest time, will be trod with awe; the banks of Potomac will be hallowed ground. The aged oak shall sigh plaintive in the breeze. The little skiff shall suspend the labouring oar, and in soft melancholy twilight, glide in silence by the sacred spot, where drooping willows mark the sage's tomb. The alert seaman, while his well trimmed bark moves majes-

tic on the moaning wave, shall with proud respect, strike the topsail he has reared in every quarter of the globe.

In some far distant commercial port, our fellow-countrymen hail this day with joy. The flags of all nations lightly wave from a forest of masts; all is gaily. Around the bounteous board, they wish health and long life to him, whose name on their sea-letter has served them instead of cannon, insuring them respect wherever they displayed the American stars. Some neighbouring fortress shakes the friendly coast with its responsive roar; the sons of Columbia cast a long look of filial respect to their native land, and unconscious of the mournful spectacle she now presents,—rejoice that her defender lives!—Good souls! let them enjoy the passing hour of mirth, “where ignorance is bliss ’tis folly to be wise.”

Illustrious man! in what region of the earth has not thy name been heard with praise? Posterity shall admire and love thee:—And if in the vast orb of thy glory, our darkened optics can descry a spot, we trust it will, like those of the sun, be soon absorbed in thy pure effulgence. The temporary clouds, which for thy country, thou hast permitted to obscure thy deeds, time will soon dispel, and thy fame will brighten with the flight of years.

Americans, for a life devoted to your service, what does WASHINGTON deserve? The rising trophied column shall from far attract the admiring eye. The enduring statue with emulating care will present to revering posterity his august attitude and awful form. History shall be immortal as just to his worth. Poesy shall robe him in unborrowed charms. A city, after the majestic model of his mind, bearing his name, shall concentrate our national glory, as he does our affection. These a grateful empire will voluntarily pay: but, he deserves more; he deserves the only reward he would ever accept; he deserves that you would be faithful to yourselves, that you be free, united and happy: that party asperity from this memorable day subside; and all, with liberal eye, seek private interest in the common weal.

Thus shall your elective government, the true mirror of the general will, present an image that can never be disowned, and millions rise, a standing army in defence of the constitution and laws by which they are blest. Insurrection, from the quiet sleep of death, will not rear

her devoted head ; invasion never dream of your shores, or be appalled at the view. Peace at home will insure invincibility abroad. You shall fear no shock but that of the universe. The old worthies, who, with WASHINGTON illumed and cherished the tempered, undying flame of freedom, shall never shake their white locks, and sigh that their labours have been in vain. Your union shall subsist to everlasting generations, the best, the deserved MONUMENT of his fame, who led the army that achieved your independence ; who presided in the councils that commenced your endless career of happiness.

Eulogies and Orations.

Speech of Mr. Marshall, in the Congress of the United States, on the death of General Washington.

THE melancholy event which was yesterday announced with doubt, has been rendered but too certain. Our Washington is no more. The hero, the patriot, and the sage of America ; the man on whom, in times of danger, every eye was turned, and all hopes were placed, lives now only in his own great actions, and in the hearts of an affectionate and afflicted people.

If, sir, it had even not been usual openly to testify respect for the memory of those, whom heaven has selected as its instruments for dispensing good to man, yet, such has been the uncommon worth, and such the extraordinary incidents which have marked the life of him, whose loss we all deplore, that the whole American nation, impelled by the same feelings, call with one voice for a public manifestation of that sorrow, which is so deep and universal.

More than any other individual, and as much as to one individual was possible, has he contributed to found this our wide spreading empire, and to give to the western world, independence and freedom.

Having effected the great object for which he was placed at the head of our armies, we have seen him convert the sword into the plough-share and sink the soldier into the citizen.

When the debility of our federal system had become manifest, and the bonds which connected this vast continent were dissolving, we have seen him, the chief of those patriots who formed for us a constitution, which by preserving the union, will, I trust, substantiate and perpetuate those blessings which our revolution had promised to bestow.

In obedience to the general voice of his country, calling him to preside over a great people, we have seen him once more quit the retirement he loved, and in a season more tempestuous than war itself, with calm and wise determination, pursue the true interests of the nation, and contribute more than any other could contribute, to the establishment of that system of policy, which will, I trust, yet preserve our peace, our honour, and our independence.

Having been twice unanimously chosen the chief magistrate of a free people, we have seen him, at a time when his re-election, with universal suffrage, could not be doubted, afford to the world a rare instance of moderation, by withdrawing from his station to the peaceful walks of private life.

However the public confidence may change, and the public affections fluctuate with regard to others, with respect to him they have, in war and peace, in public and in private life, been as steady as his own firm mind, and as constant as his own exalted virtues.

Let us, then, Mr. Speaker, pay the last tribute of respect and affection to our departed friend. Let the grand council of the nation display those sentiments which the nation feels. For this purpose I hold in my hand some resolutions, which I take the liberty of offering to the house. *Washington's Monuments of Patriotism..*

Extract from an Oration pronounced at Worcester, (Mass.) July 4, 1796; by Francis Blake, Esqr.

IN viewing the causes which led to the event of this joyous anniversary; in tracing the effects which have resulted to America; in searching for the principles which impelled to the contest; in recalling the feelings which

supported us in the struggle; it cannot fail to occur to us, that the causes have not been confined to the limits of our continent; that the effects have extended far beyond the boundaries of our nation; that the glorious example, with electrical rapidity, has flashed across the Atlantic; that, guided by the same principles, conducted by the same feelings, the people who so gallantly fought and bled for the security of our lives and our liberties, are now fighting and bleeding in defence of their own.

On this day, therefore, religiously devoted to the consecration of our independence, it becomes us, as the votaries of freedom, as friends to the rights of man, and bound to support them whenever invaded, to turn our attention, with a grateful enthusiasm, to the scenes of their sufferings, their revolt, and their victories. While exulting in the full enjoyment of peace and tranquility, shall not a tear for the unexampled distresses of this magnanimous nation, check, for a moment, the emotions of our joy?

They have sworn that they will live FREE or DIE! They have solemnly sworn, that the sword, which has been drawn in defence of their country, shall never be returned to its scabbard, till it has secured to them victory and freedom. Let us then breathe forth a fervent ejaculation to Heaven, that their vows may be remembered; that the cause of our former allies may not be deserted, till they have scourged their invaders, till they have driven them back in confusion to the regions of terror, from whence they emerged.

While we remember, with horror, the continued effusion of blood which darkened the morning of their revolution, let us not forget that their vengeance was roused by the champions of despotism, whose lives have since justly atoned for the crimes they committed. While we lament the sanguinary scenes, which clouded its progress, let it not be forgotten that they arose from the bloody manifesto of a band of tyrants, combined for the hellish purpose of again rivetting the chains they had broken.

The league of Pilnitz, like the league of Satan and his angels, revolting against the majesty of heaven, was professedly fabricated, to arrest forever the progress of freedom; to usurp the dominion of France, and divide the spoil among this band of royal plunderers. Have we not

heard, that the noble, the generous, the grateful monarch of the forest, that fawned at the feet of Androcles, when remembering his former friendship, will even turn with fury on his pursuers; and when robbed of his whelps, rests not till his fangs are crimsoned in the blood of the aggressor?

Shall then the fervour of our friendship be abated, by remembering the transitory phrenzy of a people distracted with the enthusiasm of freedom, and irritated to madness by the dreadful prospect of losing what they had enjoyed but for a moment? Let it never be said of us, as of Rome and of Athens, that ingratitude is the common vice of republics. Was it to the crowned monarch Louis the sixteenth, or to the people of France, that we were indebted for the blood and treasure that were so profusely lavished in our cause? Shall then their services be forgotten in the remembrance of their momentary excesses? or shall we refuse our most cordial concurrence in the feelings which impel them to the present contest with the ruffian potentates of Europe? Can we doubt, for a moment, which is the cause we are bound to support with our sanction, when we behold the winds and the seas, those dreadful ministers of Heaven's vengeance, commissioned to advance their progress and deluge their enemies? When we behold Ariel, with his attendant spirits, gently hovering over their navies, and wafting them to victory on the bosom of the ocean; while Neptune and Boreas have combined against the league of their oppressors, to overwhelm in the deep these deluded followers of Pharoah! Have we not seen them fed, as with manna, from heaven; the waters divided, and the walls of Jericho falling before them, while the fair prospect of liberty has led them in triumph through the wilderness, as a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night!

AMERICANS! Let us join in fervent supplications, that the sacred charters of humanity, which we have once sealed with our blood, may be forever preserved from the deadly grasp of tyrants.

FRENCHMEN! Be firm; be undaunted in the struggle you have thus miraculously supported. Evince to the world, now gazing with admiration at your exploits in the field of battle, that you have virtue equal to your courage; that you are friends to the friends of humanity; that your arms are nerved only against the enemies of

man. Let not the sacred name of **LIBERTY** be polluted by the phrenzy of licentious passions; but may your present glorious constitution, while it protects your freedom from the unhallowed ravages of tyranny, remain an unshaken bulwark against the destructive fury of faction.

TYRANTS! Turn from the impious work of blood in which your hands are imbrued, and tremble at the desperation of your revolting subjects! Repent in sackcloth and ashes. For behold, ye, who have been exalted up to heaven, shall, ere long, be cast down to hell! The final period of your crimes is rapidly approaching. The grand **POLITICAL MILLENIUM** is at hand; when tyranny shall be buried in ruins; when all nations shall be united in **ONE MIGHTY REPUBLIC!** when the four angels, "that stand on the four corners of the globe," shall, with one accord, lift up their voices to heaven; proclaiming **PEACE ON EARTH AND GOOD WILL TO ALL MEN.**

Columbian Orator.

Farewell Address of General Washington, to the Armies of the United States.

Rocky Hill, near Princeton, Nov. 2d, 1783.

THE United States, in congress assembled, after giving the most honourable testimony to the merits of the federal armies, and presenting them with the thanks of their country, for their long, eminent and faithful service, having thought proper, by their proclamation, bearing date the 18th of October last, to discharge such part of the troops as were engaged for the war, and to permit the officers on furlough to retire from service, from and after to-morrow; which proclamation having been communicated in the public papers, for the information and government of all concerned, it only remains for the Commander in Chief to address himself once more, and that for the last time, to the armies of the United States, how ever widely dispersed individuals who compose them may be, and to bid them an affectionate, a long farewell.

But before the commander in chief takes his final leave of those he holds most dear, he wishes to indulge himself

a few moments, in calling to mind a slight view of the past. He will then take the liberty of exploring, with his military friends, their future prospects; of advising the general line of conduct, which, in his opinion, ought to be pursued; and he will conclude the address, by expressing the obligations he feels himself under for the spirited and able assistance he has experienced from them, in the performance of an arduous office.

A contemplation of the complete attainment, at a period earlier than could have been expected, of the object for which we contended, against so formidable a power, cannot but inspire us with astonishment and gratitude. The disadvantageous circumstances on our part, under which the war was undertaken, can never be forgotten. The signal interposition of Providence, in our feeble condition, was such as could scarcely escape the attention of the most unobserving; while the unparalleled perseverance of the armies of the United States, through almost every possible difficulty and discouragement, for the space of eight long years, was little short of a standing miracle.

It is not the meaning, nor within the compass of this address, to detail the hardships peculiarly incident to our service, or to describe the distresses which, in several instances, have resulted from the extremes of hunger and nakedness, combined with the rigours of an inclement season; nor is it necessary to dwell on the dark side of our past affairs.

Every American officer and soldier must now console himself, for any unpleasant circumstance which may have occurred, by a recollection of the uncommon scenes in which he has been called to act no inglorious part, and the astonishing events of which he has been a witness; events which have seldom, if ever, before taken place on the stage of human action; nor can they probably ever happen again. For who has before seen a disciplined army formed at once from such raw materials? who that was not a witness, could imagine, that the most violent local prejudices would cease so soon, and that men who came from the different parts of the continent, strongly disposed by the habits of education, to despise and quarrel with one another, would instantly become but one patriotic band of brothers? or, who that was not on the spot, can trace the steps by which such a wonderful rev-

olution has been effected, and such a glorious period put to all our warlike toils?

It is universally acknowledged, that the enlarged prospects of happiness, opened by the confirmation of our independence and sovereignty, almost exceed the power of description; and shall not the brave men who have contributed so essentially to these inestimable acquisitions, retiring victorious from the field of war to the field of agriculture, participate in all the blessings which have been obtained. In such a republic, who will exclude them from the rights of citizens and the fruits of their labours? In such a country, so happily circumstanced, the pursuits of commerce, and the cultivation of the soil, will unfold to industry the certain road to competence. To those hardy soldiers, who are actuated by the spirit of adventure, the fisheries will afford ample and profitable employment; and the extensive and fertile regions of the west, will yield a most happy assylum to those who, fond of domestic enjoyment, are seeking personal independence. Nor is it possible to conceive that any one of the United States will prefer a national bankruptcy, and the dissolution of the union, to a compliance with the requisitions of Congress, and the payment of its just debts; so that the officers and soldiers may expect considerable assistance, in recommencing their civil occupations, from the sums due to them from the public, which must and will most inevitably be paid.

In order to effect this desirable purpose, and remove the prejudices, which may have taken possession of the minds of any of the good people of the states, it is earnestly recommended to all the troops, that, with strong attachment to the union, they should carry with them into civil society, the most conciliating dispositions, and that they should prove themselves not less virtuous and useful as citizens, than they have been victorious as soldiers. What, though there should be some envious individuals, who are unwilling to pay the debt the public has contracted, or to yield the tribute due to merit; yet, let such unworthy treatment produce no invective, or any instances of intemperate conduct. Let it be remembered, that the unbiased voice of the free citizens of the United States, has promised the just reward, and given the just applause. Let it be known and remembered, that the reputation of the federal armies is established beyond the reach of ma-

levollence; and let a consciousness of their achievements and fame, still excite the men who composed them, to honourable actions, under the persuasion that the private virtues of economy, prudence and industry, will not be less amiable in civil life, than the more splendid qualities of valour, perseverance and enterprize, were in the field. Every one may rest assured, that much, very much of the future happiness of the officers and men, will depend upon the wise and manly conduct which shall be adopted by them, when they are mingled with the great body of the community.

And, although the General has so frequently given it as his opinion, in the most public and explicit manner, that unless the principles of the federal government were properly supported, and the powers of the union increased, the honour, dignity and justice of the nation, would be lost forever; yet, he cannot help repeating, on this occasion, so interesting a sentiment, and leaving it as his last injunction, to every officer and every soldier, who may view the subject in the same serious point of light, to add his best endeavours to those of his worthy fellow-citizens, toward effecting these great and valuable purposes, on which our very existence as a nation so materially depends.

The Commander in Chief, conceives little is now wanting, to enable the soldier to change the military character into that of the citizen, but that steady, decent tenour of behaviour, which has generally distinguished, not only the army under his immediate command, but the different detachments and armies through the course of the war. From their good sense and prudence, he anticipates the happiest consequences; and while he congratulates them on the glorious occasion which renders their services in the field no longer necessary, he wishes to express the strong obligations he feels himself under, for the assistance he has received from every class, and in every instance. He presents his thanks, in the most serious and affectionate manner, to the general officers, as well for their counsels on many interesting occasions, as for their ardour in promoting the success of the plans he had adopted; to the commandants of regiments and corps, and to the other officers, for their zeal and attention in carrying his orders promptly into execution; to the staff, for their alacrity and exactness in performing

the duties of their several departments; and to the non-commissioned officers and private soldiers, for their extraordinary patience and suffering, as well as their invincible fortitude in action. To the various branches of the army, the General takes this last and solemn opportunity of professing his inviolable attachment and friendship. He wishes more than bare professions were in his power; that he was really able to be useful to them all in future life. He flatters himself, however, they will do him the justice to believe, that whatever could with propriety be attempted by him, has been done.

And being now about to conclude these, his last public orders, to take his ultimate leave in a short time of the military character, and to bid a final adieu to the armies he has so long had the honour to command, he can only again offer, in their behalf, his recommendations to their grateful country, and his prayers to the God of armies. May ample justice be done them here, and may the choicest of Heaven's favours, both here and hereafter, attend those who, under the Divine auspices, have secured innumerable blessings for others. With these wishes, and this benediction, the Commander in Chief is about to retire from service. The curtain of separation will soon be drawn, and the military scene to him, will be closed forever.

Washington's Monuments of Patriotism.

Extract from the Speech of Governor Rutledge, to the Legislature of South Carolina, at their first meeting, after the re-establishment of the Federal Government, after the evacuation of that State by the British, during the American Revolution.

Honorable Gentlemen of the Senate, Mr. Speaker,
and Gentlemen of the House of Representatives,

SINCE the last meeting of a general assembly, the good people of this state, have not only felt the common calamities of war, but from the wanton and savage manner in which it has been executed, they have experienced

such severities as are unpractised, and will scarcely be credited by civilized nations.

The enemy, unable to make any impression on the northern states, the number of whose inhabitants, and the strength of whose country, had baffled their repeated efforts, turned their views to the southern, which, difference of circumstances afforded some expectation of conquering, or at least of distressing. After a long resistance, the reduction of Charleston was effected by the vast superiority of force with which it had been besieged. The loss of that garrison, as it consisted of the continental troops of Virginia and the Carolinas, and of a number of militia, facilitated the enemy's march into the country, and the establishment of strong posts on the upper and interior parts of it; and the unfavourable issue of the action near Camden, induced them vainly to imagine, that no other army could be collected, which they might not easily defeat. The militia commanded by the brigadiers Marion and Sumpter, whose enterprising spirit and unremitted perseverance, under many difficulties, are deserving of great applause, harrassed, and often defeated large parties: but the numbers of those militia were too few to contend effectually, with the collected strength of the enemy. Regardless, therefore, of the sacred ties of honour, destitute of the feelings of humanity, and determined to extinguish, if possible, every spark of freedom in this country, they, with the insolent pride of conquerors, gave unbounded scope to the exercise of their tyrannical despotism, infringed their public engagements, and violated the most solemn capitulations. Many of our worthiest citizens, were, without cause, long and closely confined, some on board of prison ships, and others in the town and castle of St. Augustine.

But I can now congratulate you, and I do so most cordially, on the pleasing change of affairs, which, under the blessing of God, the wisdom, prudence, address and bravery of the great and gallant general Greene, and the intrepidity of the officers and men under his command, has been happily effected. A general, who is justly entitled, from his many signal services, to honorable and signal marks of your approbation and gratitude. His successes have been more rapid and complete than the most sanguine could have expected. The enemy compelled to surrender or evacuate every post which they

held in the country; frequently defeated and driven from place to place, are obliged to seek refuge under the walls of Charleston, or in the islands in its vicinity. We have now the full and absolute possession of every other part of the state; and the legislative executive and judicial powers, are in the free exercise of their respective authorities. The interest and honour, the safety and happiness of our country, depend so much on the result of your deliberations, that I flatter myself you will proceed in the weighty business before you, with firmness and temper, with vigour, unanimity and despatch. *Lees' Memoirs of the Southern War.*

Extract from Mr. Ames' Speech on the British Treaty.

IF any should maintain that the peace with the Indians will be stable without the posts, to them I will urge another reply. From arguments calculated to produce conviction, I will appeal directly to the hearts of those who hear me, and ask whether it is not already planted there? I resort especially to the convictions of the western gentlemen, whether, supposing no posts and no treaty, the settlers will remain in security? Can they take it upon them to say, that an Indian peace, under these circumstances, will prove firm? No, Sir, it will not be peace, but a sword; it will be no better than a lure to draw victims within the reach of the tomahawk.

On this theme, my emotions are unutterable. If I could find words for them, if my powers bore any proportion to my zeal, I would swell my voice to such a note of remonstrance, it should reach every log-house beyond the mountains. I would say to the inhabitants, wake from your false security. Your cruel dangers, your more cruel apprehensions are soon to be renewed: The wounds yet unhealed, are to be torn open again. In the day time your path through the woods will be ambushed. The darkness of the night will glitter with the blaze of your dwellings. You are a father—the blood of your sons shall fatten your corn-field. You are a mother—the war whoop shall wake the sleep of the cradle.

On this subject you need not suspect any deception on your feelings. It is a spectacle of horror which cannot be over-drawn. If you have nature in your hearts, they will speak a language, compared with which, all I have said, or can say, will be poor and frigid.

Will it be whispered, that the treaty has made me a new champion for the protection of the frontiers; it is known that my voice, as well as vote, have been uniformly given in conformity with the ideas I have expressed. Protection is the right of the frontiers; it is our duty to give it.

Who will accuse me of wandering out of the subject? Who will say that I exaggerate the tendencies of our measures? Will any one answer by a sneer, that all this is idle preaching? Would any one deny that we are bound, and I would hope to good purpose, by the most solemn sanctions of duty, for the vote we give? Are republicans irresponsible! Have the principles on which you ground the reproach, upon cabinets and kings, no practicable influence, no binding force? Are they merely themes of idle declamation, introduced to decorate the morality of a newspaper essay, or to furnish pretty topics of harangue from the windows of that state house? I trust it is neither too presumptuous, nor too late to ask, Can you put the dearest interest of society at risk, without guilt, and without remorse?

It is vain to offer as an excuse, that public men are not to be reproached for the evils that may happen to ensue from their measures. This is very true, where they are unforeseen or inevitable. Those I have depicted are not unforeseen; they are so far from inevitable, we are going to bring them into being by our vote. We choose the consequences, and become as justly answerable for them as for the measure that we know will produce them.

By rejecting the posts, we light the savage fires, we bind the victims. This day we undertake to render account to the widows and orphans whom our decision will make, to the wretches that will be roasted at the stake, to our country, and I do not deem it too serious to say, to conscience and to God, we are answerable; and if duty be any thing more than a word of imposture, if conscience be not a bugbear, we are preparing to make ourselves as wretched as our country.

There is no mistake in this case, there can be none.— Experience has already been the prophet of events, and the cries of our future victims have already reached us. The western inhabitants are not a silent and uncomplaining sacrifice. The voice of humanity issues from the shade of the wilderness. It exclaims that while one hand is held up to reject this treaty, the other grasps a tomahawk. It summons our imagination to the scenes that will open. It is no great effort of the imagination to conceive that events so near are already begun. I can fancy that I listen to the yells of savage vengeance, and the shrieks of torture. Already they seem to sigh in the western wind; already they mingle with every echo from the mountains.

American Speaker.



Speech of Mr. Noland, in the Virginia Legislature, on the passage of the Bill to suppress Duelling.

MR. SPEAKER—The bill which has been read, is one which claims the serious attention of this house; it is one in which every member of this body, in which every citizen of Virginia, is deeply interested. The practice of duelling seems to me but an unnatural graft of genuine courage, growing out of a barbarous age; for we find that it was first introduced by the Goths and Vandals, during the days of their ignorance and barbarism. The polite and polished nations of Greece and Rome, who were ever prodigal of their blood, when in defence of their country's rights, knew nothing of this detestable practice, which appears to me to be built on an infinity of absurdities: because, while it seems to suppose that a man's honour ought to be dearer to him than his life, it at the same time supposes, that his honour is in the power of every unprincipled villain that can invent, or tell a lie, or every careless or ill-bred person, that may jostle him in his way: it supposes that a lie may become true and honourable, provided the person who tells it is willing to fight in support of it; and that any crime whatever may become honourable, by fighting in its defence; it supposes that the man who is covered with guilt, who has wounded the peace of his friend, by staining the charac-

ter of his wife, or of his daughter, becomes at once an honourable man, by heroically washing out their stains in the blood of the husband or the father: it farther supposes, that it is better for a man to be condemned by his own conscience, and by the virtuous and rational part of mankind, than to suffer one moment in the opinion of the advocates for duelling;—finally, that steel and gunpowder are the true diagnosticks of innocence and moral excellency. If Sir, having seized the villain who had violated my wife, I should bring him before a tribunal of justice, what would be your opinion of the judge who should order that I, the innocent, injured man, must cast lots with the guilty, which of us must die.—Would not your heart chill at such a sentence? Would not you pronounce it contrary to reason, to common sense and justice? You surely would—In the case of duelling, the public is the judge. I receive an injury for which nothing but life can atone, I do not appeal to the public; no, Sir, the public officiously interferes and condemns me under the penalty of perpetual disgrace, to cast lots with the aggressor, which of us must die. Was there ever any thing more preposterous! More abominably absurd! It is the opinion of many, Sir, that duelling is an evil which will correct itself; while others say, it is of little concern to the rational and virtuous part of mankind, in what manner knaves and fools may think proper to rid the world of each other, as it will not deprive society of one valuable member; but daily experience convinces us, that both these opinions are incorrect; for while the evil is growing to an enormous height, we find that some of our best citizens have exposed their individual lives, while others have fallen victims to this abominable practice; and will the collected wisdom of this commonwealth make no effort to suppress this sanguinary and growing evil? Will the enlightened legislature of Virginia make no stand against the current of public opinion? I hope—I trust they will. Sir, so long as it is belived, that the practice of duelling is sanctioned by public opinion, there is no man, who is anxious to maintain his social standing, can refuse, what is called an honourable call. No matter how much his moral and religious principles may be opposed to the practice: no matter, though he may have a wife and children depending on his exertions for their daily bread; no matter how great claims his country may

have on his talents, in critical and trying times; he loses sight of all in the dreadful idea of being stigmatized as a coward—*Pejusque letho flagitium timet*—he seizes the fatal weapon—he marches to the combat, receives the fatal wound, and leaves a disconsolate widow and a number of helpless orphans, to mourn their irreparable loss. This, Sir, is not fancy, these are scenes which frequently, very frequently, pass in review before us.—Pass this bill, Sir, and you put a stop to the evil—pass this bill and you place a shield between the man of feeling and the public opinion—you raise a barrier in the road to honour and preferment, at which the ambitious man will pause and reflect, ere he rashly engages in a duel—pass this bill, and I will venture to predict, that you will preserve the lives of many, very many valuable citizens.—Had a similar law passed at your last session, Mr. Speaker, it would have been attended with the best of consequences.—We should not now be lamenting the loss of a Pope, a Hooe, and a Smith.—On us, in part, rests the blame of robbing society of those able and useful members—on us, Sir, in part, rests the blame of preparing affliction for the widow's heart, of filling the orphan's eye with tears, and bringing trouble and misfortune on numerous relatives. As fathers, then, as brothers, as men and as legislators, I call on this house to suppress an evil which strikes at you in all those tender relations—I call on you to raise your hands against a crime, the disgrace of the land and the scourge of our peace—I call on you to set an example worthy of yourselves and of those you represent; and should this bill not have the desired effect, you will enjoy the satisfaction of having performed your duty. Before I sit down I give notice, I shall call for the ayes and noes. I am anxious to have my name recorded on this question. I wish to enter my protest against duelling. There are some gentlemen, Mr. Speaker, far be it from me to insinuate that there are any in this assembly, who, though opposed to the principle of duelling, do not wish to proclaim their sentiments to the world, lest they should be suspected of a want of fortitude: I, Sir, have no such fears: for I, never did suppose the fighting of a duel a mark of fortitude:—No, Sir, true fortitude is a cardinal virtue, depending on, and inseparable from other virtues—it is that firm, manly intrepidity of soul, which enables us to meet danger in critical and

trying situations—it is the virtuous man's shield, by which he defends himself from the evils of the world—it is the anchor which keeps him steady amidst the storms and hurricanes of life. The intrepidity or courage of a duellist, although it seems to imitate, cannot be said to be a virtue; because it is not the object of moral virtue.

Ibid.

Final Speech of DR. FRANKLIN, in the late Federal Convention.

MR. PRESIDENT,

I CONFESS that I do not entirely approve of this constitution at present: but, Sir, I am not sure I shall never approve it; for having lived long, I have experienced many instances of being obliged by better information, or further consideration, to change opinions even on important subjects, which I once thought right, but found to be otherwise. It is therefore, that the older I grow, the more apt am I to doubt my own judgement, and pay more respect to the judgement of others. Most men, indeed, as well as most sects of religion, think themselves in possession of all truth, and that whenever others differ from them, it is so far error. Steel, a protestant, in a dedication, tells the Pope, “that the only difference between our two churches, in their opinions, of the certainty of their doctrines, is the Roman church is infallible and the church of England never in the wrong.” But, though many private persons think almost as highly of their own infallibility as of that of their own sect, few express it so naturally as a certain French lady, who in a little dispute with her sister, said, I don't know how it happens, but I meet with nobody but myself that is always in the right. *Il n'y a que moi qui a toujours raison.* In these sentiments, Sir, I agree to this constitution, with all its faults, if they are such; because I think a general government necessary for us, and there is no form of government but what may be a blessing, if well administered, and I believe farther, that this is likely to be well administered for a course of years, and can only end in despotism, as other forms have done before it, when the people shall be-

come so corrupted as to need despotic government, being incapable of any other. I doubt, too, whether any other convention we can obtain, may be able to make a better constitution. For when you assemble a number of men, to have the advantage of their joint wisdom, you assemble with those men, all their prejudices, their passions, their errors of opinion, their local interests, and their selfish views. From such an assembly, can a perfect production be expected? It therefore astonishes me, Sir, to find this system approaching so near to perfection as it does; and I think it will astonish our enemies, who are waiting with confidence, to hear that our councils are confounded, like those of the builders of Babylon, and that our states are on the point of separation, only to meet hereafter for the purpose of cutting each other's throats.

Thus, I consent, Sir, to this constitution—because I expect no better, and because I am not sure that this is not the best. The opinion I have had of its errors, I sacrifice to the public good. I have never whispered a syllable of them abroad. Within these walls they were born; and here they shall die. If every one of us, in returning to our constituents, were to report the objections he has had to it, and endeavour to gain partizans in support of them, we might prevent its being generally received, and thereby lose all the salutary effects and great advantages resulting naturally in our favour among foreign nations, as well as among ourselves, from our real or apparent unanimity. Much of the strength and efficiency of any government, in procuring and securing happiness to the people, depend on opinion; on the general opinion of the goodness of that government, as well as of the wisdom and integrity of its governors.

I hope, therefore, that for our own sakes, as a part of the people, and for the sake of our posterity, we shall act heartily and unanimously in recommending this constitution, wherever our influence may extend, and turn our future thoughts and endeavours to the means of having it well administered.

On the whole, Sir, I cannot help expressing a wish, that every member of the convention, who may still have objections, would with me, on this occasion, doubt a little of his own infallibility, and to make manifest our unanimity, put his name to this instrument.

Life of Franklin.

Speech of PATRICK HENRY, delivered in the house of delegates of Virginia, in support of his motion to put the colony in a state of defence against the encroachments of Great Britain, March, 1775.

No man thinks more highly than I do of the patriotism, as well as abilities, of the very worthy gentlemen who have just addressed the house. But different men often see the same subjects in different lights, and therefore, I hope, it will not be thought disrespectful to those gentlemen, if I should speak my sentiments freely and without reserve. This is no time for ceremony. The question before the house is one of awful moment to this country—for my own part, I consider it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery. In proportion to the magnitude of the subject, ought to be the freedom of the debate—It is only in this way that we can hope to arrive at truth, and fulfil the great responsibility which we hold to God and our country. Should I keep back my opinions, at such a time, through fear of giving offence, I should consider myself as guilty of treason towards my country, and of an act of disloyalty towards the majesty of Heaven, which I revere above all earthly kings.

MR. PRESIDENT, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that syren, till she traduces our judgements. Is it the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern our temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it might cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it. I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future, but by the past; and, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years, to justify those hopes, with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, Sir, it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition, comports with those warlike preparations

which cover our waters and darken our land? Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, Sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation—the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask, gentlemen, Sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, Sir, she has none: they are meant for us: they can be meant for no other purpose—they are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains, which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we any thing new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable, but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, Sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done every thing that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned—we have remonstrated—we have supplicated—we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition, to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne.

In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. *There is no longer any room for hope.* If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate, those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight! I repeat it, Sir, we must fight.—An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts, is all that is left us.

They tell us, Sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed; and when a British guard shall be stationed in our house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance, by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power—three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of Liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us.

Sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God, who presides over the destinies of nations, and will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, Sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, Sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged:—their clanking might be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come!! I repeat it, Sir, let it come!!!

It is in vain, Sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, peace, peace—but there is no peace! The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north, will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God!—I know not what course others may take; but as for me, **GIVE ME LIBERTY, OR GIVE ME DEATH!**

Orations,

BIOGRAPHICAL.

DR. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

WAS born at Boston, 1706, and placed at a very early age, under one of his brothers, who was a printer, where he made a rapid progress in that art, so useful to mankind, and contracted an attachment for the press, which continued as long as he lived. Scarcely emerged from infancy, Franklin was a philosopher, without being conscious of it; and by the continued exercise of his genius, prepared himself for those great discoveries, which in science have since associated his name with that of Newton, and for those political reflections, which have placed him by the side of a Solon and a Lycurgus.

Soon after his removal from Boston to Philadelphia, Franklin, in concert with some other young men, established a small club, where every member, after his work was done, and on holidays, brought his stock of ideas, which were submitted to discussion.

This society, of which the young printer was the soul, has been the source of every useful establishment in that state, calculated to promote the progress of science, the mechanical arts, and particularly the improvement of the human understanding. Higher employments, however, at length called him from his country, which he was destined to serve more effectually as its agent in England, whither he was sent in 1757.

The stamp act, by which the British minister wished to familiarize the Americans to pay taxes to the mother country, revived that love of liberty which had led their forefathers to a country at that time a desert; and the colonies formed a congress, the first idea of which had been communicated to them by Franklin, at the conferences at Albany, in 1754. The war that was just terminated, and the exertions made by them to support it, had given them a conviction of their strength; they opposed this measure, and the minister gave way, but he reserved the means of renewing the attempt. Once cautioned however, they remained on their guard; liberty, cherished by their alarms, took deeper root, and the rapid circulation of ideas, by means of newspapers, for the introduction of which they were indebted to the printer of Philadelphia, united them together to resist every fresh enterprize. In the year 1766, this printer, called to the bar of the house of commons, underwent that famous interrogatory, which placed the name of Franklin as high in politics, as it was in natural philosophy. From that time he defended the cause of America with a firmness and moderation, becoming a great man, pointing out to the ministry all the errors they had committed, and the consequences they would produce, till the period when the tax on tea, meeting the same opposition as the stamp act had done, England blindly fancied herself capable of subjecting by force 3,000,000 of men, determined to be free, at a distance of 1000 leagues. Every man is acquainted with the particulars of that war, but every man has not equally reflected on the bold attempt of Franklin as a legislator. Having asserted their independence, and placed themselves in the rank of nations, the different colonies, now the United States of America, adopted each its own form of government, and retaining, almost universally, their admiration for the British constitution, framed them from the same principles, variously modelled. Franklin alone, disengaging the political engine from those multiplied movements and admired counterpoises that rendered it so complicated, proposed the reducing it to the simplicity of a single legislative body. This grand idea startled the legislators of Pennsylvania; but the philosopher removed the fears of many, and at length determined them to the adoption of his principle. Having given laws to his country, Franklin undertook

again to serve it in Europe, not by representation to the metropolis or answers at the bar of the house of commons; but, by treaties with France, and successively with other powers.

From France he returned to America in 1785, and lived five years after this period: for three years he was president of the general assembly of Pennsylvania; he was a member of the convention that established the new form of federal government; and his last public act was a grand example for those who are employed in the legislation of their country. In this convention he had differed in some points from the majority; but when the articles were ultimately decreed, he said to his colleagues, *"we ought to have but one opinion; the good of our country requires that the resolution should be unanimous"* and he signed. He died, April 17, 1790. As an author, he never wrote a work of any length. His political works consist of letters or short tracts; but all of them, even those of a humourous nature, bear the marks of his observing genius and mild philosophy. He wrote many for that rank of people who have no opportunity for study, and whom it is yet of so much consequence to instruct; and he was well skilled in reducing useful truths to maxims, easily retained, and sometimes to proverbs or little tales, the simple and natural graces of which acquire a new value when associated with the name of their author. The most voluminous of his works is the history of his own life, which he commenced for his son, and which reaches no farther than 1757. He speaks of himself, as he would have done of another person, delineating his thoughts, his actions, and even his errors and faults; he describes the unfolding of his genius and talents with the simplicity of a great man, who knows how to do justice to himself, and with the testimony of a clear conscience void of reproach. In short, the whole life of Franklin, his meditations and his labours, have all been directed to public utility; but the grand object that he had always in view, did not shut his heart against private friendship: he loved his family, and his friends, and was extremely beneficent. In society he was sententious, but not fluent; a listener rather than a talker; an informing, rather than a pleasing companion: impatient of interruption, he often mentioned the custom of the Indians, who always remain silent sometime before they give

an answer to a question which they have heard attentively; unlike some of the politest societies in Europe, where a sentence can scarcely be finished without interruption. In the midst of his greatest occupations for the liberty of his country, he had some physical experiment always near him in his closet; and the sciences, which he had rather discovered than studied, afforded him a continual source of pleasure. He made various bequests and donations to cities, public bodies and individuals; and requested that the following epitaph, which he composed for himself some years ago, might be inscribed on his tombstone:

The body of
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,
Printer,
(Like the covering of an old book,
Its contents torn out,
And stript of its lettering and gilding,)
Lies here food for worms;
Yet the work itself shall not be lost, but will,
(as he believed,)
Appear once more in a new and more
Beautiful edition, corrected and amended
by
THE AUTHOR.
Biographical Dictionary.

NATHANIEL GREENE,

A MAJOR GENERAL of the army of the United States, was born in Warwick, Rhode Island, about the year 1740. His parents were Quakers. His father was an anchor smith, who was concerned in some valuable iron works, and transacted much business. While he was a boy, he learned the Latin language, chiefly by his own unassisted industry. Having procured a small library, his mind was much improved, though the perusal of military history occupied a considerable share of his attention. Such was the estimation in which his character was held, that he was, at an early period of his life, chosen a member of

the assembly of Rhode Island. After the battle of Lexington had enkindled at once the spirit of the Americans, throughout the whole continent, Mr. Greene, though educated in the peaceful principles of the friends, could not extinguish the martial ardor which had been excited in his own breast.—Receiving the command of three regiments with the title of brigadier general, he led them to Cambridge; in consequence of which, the Quakers renounced all connexion with him as a member of their religious body. On the arrival of Washington at Cambridge, he was the first who expressed to the commander in chief his satisfaction in his appointment, and he soon gained his entire confidence. He was appointed by congress major general in August, 1776. In the battles of Trenton, on the twenty-sixth of December following, and of Princeton, on the third of January, 1777, he was much distinguished. He commanded the left wing of the American army at the battle of Germantown, on the fourth of October. In March, 1778, he was appointed quarter master general, which office he accepted on condition that his rank in the army should not be affected, and that he should retain his command in time of action. This right he exercised on the twenty-eight of June, at Monmouth. His courage and skill were again displayed on the twenty-ninth of August, in Rhode Island. He resigned, in this year, the office of quarter master general, and was succeeded by col. Pickering. After the disasters which attended the American arms in South Carolina, he was appointed to supersede Gates, and he took the command in the southern department, December 8, 1780. Having recruited the army, which had been exceedingly reduced by defeat and desertion, he sent out a detachment under the brave general Morgan, who gained the important victory at the Cowpens, January 17, 1781. Greene effected a junction with him on the seventh of February, but on account of the superior numbers of Cornwallis, he retreated with great skill to Virginia. Having received an accession to his forces, he returned to North Carolina, and in a battle at Guilford, on the 15th of March, was defeated. The victory, however, was dearly bought by the British, for their loss was greater than that of the Americans, and no advantages were derived from it. In a few days, Cornwallis began to march towards Wilmington, leaving many of his

wounded behind him, which had the appearance of a retreat, and Greene followed him for some time. But altering his plan, he resolved to re-commence offensive operations in South Carolina. He accordingly marched directly to Camden, where on the 25th of April, he was engaged with lord Rawdon. Victory inclined for some time to the Americans; but the retreat of two companies occasioned the defeat of the whole army. Greene retreated in good order, and took such measures as effectually prevented lord Rawdon from improving his success, and obliged him, in the beginning of May, to retire beyond the Santee. While he was in the neighbourhood of Santee, Greene hung in one day eight soldiers, who had deserted from his army. For three months afterwards no instance of desertion took place. A number of forts and garrisons in South Carolina now fell into his hands. He commenced the siege of seventy-six on the twenty-second of May, but was obliged, on the approach of lord Rawdon, in June, to raise the siege. The army, which had been highly encouraged by the late success, was now reduced to the melancholy necessity of retreating to the extremity of the state. The American commander was advised to retire to Virginia; but to suggestions of this kind, he replied, "I will recover South Carolina, or die in the attempt." Waiting till the British forces were divided, he faced about, and lord Rawdon was pursued in his turn, and was offered battle after he reached his encampment at Bangeburgh, but he declined it. On the eighth of September, Greene covered himself with glory, by the victory at the Eutaw Springs, in which the British, who fought with the utmost bravery, lost eleven hundred men, and the Americans about half that number. For his good conduct in this action, congress presented him with a British standard and a golden medal. This engagement may be considered as closing the revolutionary war in South Carolina. During the remainder of his command, he had to struggle with the greatest difficulties from the want of supplies for his troops. Strong symptoms of mutiny appeared, but his firmness and decision completely quelled it.

After the conclusion of the war, he returned to Rhode Island, where the greatest dissensions prevailed, and his endeavours to restore harmony were attended with success. In October, 1785, he sailed to Georgia, where he

had a considerable estate, not far from Savannah. Here he passed his time as a private citizen, occupied by domestic concerns. While walking without an umbrella, the intense rays of the sun overpowered him and occasioned an inflammation of the brain, of which he died, June 19th 1786, in the forty-seventh year of his age. In August following, congress ordered a monument to be erected to his memory at the seat of the federal government.

General Greene possessed a humane and benevolent disposition, and, abhorring the cruelties and excesses, of which partizans of both sides were guilty, he uniformly inculcated a spirit of moderation. Yet he was resolutely severe, when the preservation of discipline rendered severity necessary. In the campaign of 1781, he displayed the prudence, the military skill, the unshaken firmness, and the daring courage, which are seldom combined, and which place him in the first rank of American officers. His judgement was correct, and his self-possession never once forsook him. In one of his letters he says, that he was seven months in the field without taking off his clothes for a single night. It is thought that he was the most endeared to the commander in chief of all his associates in arms. Washington often lamented his death with the keenest sorrow. *Ibid.*

ALEXANDER HAMILTON,

FIRST Secretary of the treasury of the United States, was a native of the island of St. Croix, and was born in 1757. His father was the younger son of an English family, and his mother was an American. At the age of sixteen, he accompanied his mother to New-York, and entered a student of Columbia college, in which he continued about three years. While a member of this institution, the first buddings of his intellect, gave presages of his future eminence. The contest with Great Britain called forth the first talents on each side, and his juvenile pen asserted the claims of the colonies against very respectable writers. His papers exhibited such evidence of intellect and wisdom, that they were ascribed to Mr. Jay, and when the truth was discovered, America saw, with aston-

ishment, a lad of seventeen in the list of her able advocates. At the age of eighteen, he entered the American army, as an officer of artillery. The first sound of war awakened his martial spirit, and, as a soldier, he soon conciliated the regard of his brethren in arms. It was not long before he attracted the notice of Washington, who in 1777, selected him as an aid, with the rank of lieutenant colonel. His sound understanding, comprehensive views, application and promptitude, soon gained him the entire confidence of his patron. In such a school, it was impossible but that his genius should be nourished. By his intercourse with Washington, by surveying his plans, observing his consummate prudence, and by a minute inspection of the springs of national operations, he became fitted for command. Throughout the campaign, which terminated in the capture of lord Cornwallis, colonel Hamilton commanded a battallion of light infantry. At the siege of York, in 1781, when the second parallel was opened, two redoubts, which flanked it, and were advanced three hundred yards in front of the British works, very much annoyed the men in the trenches. It was resolved to possess them, and to prevent jealousies, the attack of the one was committed to the Americans, and of the other to the French. The detachment of the Americans was commanded by the Marquis de la Fayette; and colonel Hamilton, at his own earnest request, led the advanced corps, consisting of two battallions. Towards the close of the day, on the fourteenth of October, the troops rushed to the charge without firing a single gun. The works were assaulted with irresistible impetuosity, and carried with but little loss. Eight of the enemy fell in the action; but, notwithstanding the irritation lately produced by the infamous slaughter in fort Griswold, not a man was killed who ceased to resist.

Soon after the capture of Cornwallis, Hamilton sheathed his sword, and, being incumbered with a family, and destitute of funds, at the age of twenty-five, applied to the study of the law. In this profession he soon rose to distinction. But his private pursuits could not detach him from regard to the public welfare. The violence which was meditated against the property and persons of all who remained in the city during the war, called forth his generous exertions, and by the aid of governor Clinton, the faithless and revengeful scheme was defeated. In a

few years, a more important affair demanded his talents. After witnessing the debility of the confederation, he was fully impressed with the necessity of an efficient general government, and he was appointed, in 1778, a member of the federal convention for New-York. He assisted in forming the constitution of our country. It did not, indeed, completely meet his wishes. He was afraid that it did not contain sufficient means of strength for its own preservation, and that, in consequence, we should share the fate of many other republics, and pass through anarchy to despotism. He was in favour of a more permanent executive and senate. He wished for a strong government, which would not be shaken by the conflict of different interests, through an extensive territory, and which should be adequate to all the forms of national exigency. He was apprehensive, that the increased wealth and population of the states, would lead to encroachments on the union; and he anticipated the day, when the general government, unable to support itself, would fall. These were his views and feelings, and he freely expressed them. But the patriotism of Hamilton was not of that kind, which yields every thing, because it cannot accomplish all that it desires. Believing the constitution to be incomparably superior to the old confederation, he exerted all his talents in its support, though it did not rise to his conception of a perfect system. By his pen, in the papers signed Publius, and by his voice in the council of New-York, he contributed much to its adoption. When the government was organized in 1789, Washington placed him at the head of the treasury. In the new demands, which were now made upon his talents, the resources of his mind did not fail him. In his reports he proposed plans for funding the debt of the union, and for assuming the debts of the respective states; for establishing a bank and mint, and for procuring a revenue. He wished to redeem the reputation of his country, by satisfying her creditors; and to combine with the government such a monied interest, as might facilitate its operations. But, while he opened sources of wealth to thousands, by establishing public credit, and thus restoring the public paper to its original value, he did not enrich himself. He did not take advantage of his situation, nor improve the opportunity he enjoyed for acquiring a fortune. Though accused of amassing wealth, he did vest a dollar

in the public funds. He was exquisitely delicate in regard to his official character, being determined, if possible, to prevent the impeachment of his motives, and preserve his integrity and good name unimpaired.

In June, 1804, colonel Burr, vice-president of the United States, addressed a letter to general Hamilton, requiring his acknowledgment or denial of the use of an expression, derogatory to the honour of the former. This demand was deemed inadmissible; and a duel was the consequence. After the close of the circuit court, the parties met at Hoboken, on the morning of Wednesday, July the eleventh, and Hamilton fell on the same spot, where his son, a few years before, had fallen, in obedience to the same principle of honour, and in the same violation of the laws of God and of man. He was carried into the city, and being desirous of receiving the sacrament of the Lord's supper, he immediately sent for the Rev. Dr. Mason. As the principles of his church prohibited him from administering the ordinance in private, this minister of the gospel informed general Hamilton, that the sacrament was an exhibition and pledge of the mercies which the Son of God had purchased, and that the absence of the sign did not exclude from the mercies signified, which were accessible to him by faith in their gracious Author. He replied "I am aware of that. It is only as a sign that I wanted it." In the conversation which ensued, he disavowed all intention of taking the life of colonel Burr, and declared his abhorrence of the whole transaction. When the sin of which he had been guilty was intimated to him, he assented with strong emotion; and when the infinite merit of the Redeemer, as the propitiation for sin, the sole ground of our acceptance with God, was suggested, he said with emphasis: "*I have* a tender reliance on the mercies of the Almighty, through the merits of the Lord Jesus Christ." The Rev. Bishop Moore was afterwards sent for, and, after making suitable inquiries of the penitence and faith of general Hamilton, and receiving his assurance that he would never again, if restored to health, be engaged in a similar transaction, but would employ all his influence in society to discountenance the barbarous custom, administered to him the communion. After this his mind was composed. He expired about two

o'clock, on Thursday, July 12, 1804, aged about forty-seven years.

General Hamilton possessed very uncommon powers of mind. To whatever subject he directed his attention, he was able to grasp it; and in whatever he engaged, in that he excelled. So stupendous were his talents, and so patient was his industry, that no investigation presented difficulties which he could not conquer. In the class of men of intellect he held the first rank. His eloquence was of the most interesting kind; and when new exertions were required, he rose in new strength, and touching at his pleasure every string of pity or terror, of indignation or grief, he bent the passions of others to his purpose. At the bar he gained the first eminence. *Ibid.*

WILLIAM PENN,

AN eminent writer among the Quakers, and the planter and legislator of Pennsylvania, was born at London, the 14th of October, 1644. In 1660, he was entered a gentleman commoner of Christ Church, in Oxford, where, having before received an impression from the preaching of one Thomas Loe, a Quaker, withdrew, with some other students, from the national worship, and held private meetings, for prayer and preaching. This gave great offence to the heads of the colleges, and Mr. Penn, though but 16 years of age, was fined for non-conformity, and still continuing his religious exercises, was at length expelled his college. Upon his return home, he was, for the same reason, treated with great severity by his father, who at last turned him out of doors: but his resentment abating, he sent him to France, with some persons of quality, where he continued a considerable time, and returned not only well skilled in the French language, but a polite and accomplished gentleman. About the year 1666, his father committed to his care a considerable estate in Ireland; but being found in one of the Quaker meetings in Cork, he with many others, was thrown into prison, but on his writing to the earl of Orrery, was soon discharged. However his father being informed of this, sent for him to England, and finding him

inflexible to all his arguments, turned him out of doors a second time. About 1668, he became a public preacher among the Quakers, and that year was committed close prisoner to the Tower, where he wrote several treatises, and being discharged after seven months imprisonment, went to Ireland, where he also preached amongst the Quakers. Returning to England, he was, in 1670, committed to Newgate, for preaching in Grace Church-Street meeting-house, London, but being tried at the sessions-house in the Old Bailey, he was acquitted. On the 16th of September, the same year, his father, who was then perfectly reconciled to him, died, and left him a plentiful fortune ; but his persecutions were not yet at an end ; for the 5th of February, 1671, he was committed to Newgate, for preaching at a meeting in Wheeler-Street, London, and during his imprisonment, which lasted six months, he wrote several treatises. After his discharge, he went into Holland and Germany ; and, in 1672, married, and settled with his family at Rickmansworth, in Hertfordshire. The same year he published several pieces, and particularly one against Reeve and Muggleton.

In 1677, he again travelled into Holland and Germany, to propagate his opinions. In 1681, Charles II. in consideration of the several debts due from the crown, to Mr. Penn's family, granted him and his heirs the province lying on the west side of the river Delaware, which from thence obtained the name of Pennsylvania ; upon which Mr. Penn published a brief account of that province, with the king's patent, and proposing an easy purchase of lands, and good terms of settlement, for such as were inclined to remove thither ; many came over, when he appointed commissioners to purchase the land he had received from the king, of the native Indians, and concluded a peace with them. The city of Philadelphia was planned and built ; and he himself drew up the fundamental constitutions of Pennsylvania in twenty-four articles. In 1681 he was elected a member of the Royal Society ; and the next year embarked for Pennsylvania, where he continued about two years, and then returned to England. Upon the accession of king James to the throne, he was taken into great favour with his majesty, which exposed him to the imputation of being a papist ; and Dr. Tillotson, among others, having entertained a

suspicion of him, Mr. Penn, fully vindicated himself; however, upon the revolution, he was examined before the council, in December, 1688, and obliged to give security on the first day of term, which was afterwards continued. He was several times discharged and examined; and at length warrants being issued out against him, he was obliged to conceal himself for two or three years; however, being at last permitted to appear before the king and council, he represented his innocence so effectually that he was acquitted.

In 1699, he, with his wife and family, embarked for Pennsylvania, whence he returned in 1701, in order to vindicate his proprietary right, which was attacked during his absence.

Upon queen Anne's accession to the crown, he was in great favour with her; but, in 1707, he was involved in a law-suit with the executors of a person who had formerly been his steward: but though he was generally thought to be aggrieved, the court of chancery did not think proper to relieve him, in consequence of which, he was obliged to live within the rules of the fleet for several months, till the matter in dispute was accommodated. He died, at his seat, at Troyford, in Buckinghamshire, 30th of July, 1718, in the 74th year of his age. Mr. Penn's generous and pacific spirit, joined to his great abilities, deservedly procured him respect from the most distinguished persons, and made him universally beloved.

Ibid.



*Sketch of the life of Major General Arthur St. Clair,
by Gen. Wilkinson.*

I REMAINED with the brigade on Mount Independence, until the beginning of September, when brigadier-general de Roche Fermoy took command of it, and I was transferred to that able, but unfortunate officer, General St. Clair, to whose instruction I am much indebted for my principles of service and knowledge of details. He had been introduced at an early age, into the Royal American or 60th British regiment, and during the seven years' war, had seen a great deal of active service under dis-

tinguished commanders. He served at the taking of Louisburg under General Amherst, and the next campaign carried a pair of colours on the plains of Abraham, the day General Wolfe bartered his life for *deathless renown*. The native ingenuity, liberal education, literary taste, and polished address of Ensign St. Clair, could not escape the observation of the conqueror of Canada, and his able coadjutors, Morceton, Townshend, and Murray; and the circumstance of their attentions, enlarged his sphere of information, and gave scope to his genius and dispositions. After the peace of '63, he sold out and entered into trade, for which the generosity of his nature utterly disqualified him; he, of course, soon became disgusted with a profitless pursuit, and, having married, after several vicissitudes of fortune, he located himself in Ligonier valley, west of the Allegheny mountain, and near the ancient route from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh. In this situation the American revolution found him, surrounded by a rising family, in the enjoyment of ease and independence, with the fairest prospects of affluent fortune, the foundation of which had been already established by his diligence, industry, and enterprize. From this peaceful abode, these sweet domestic enjoyments, and the flattering prospects which accompanied them, he was drawn by the claims of a troubled country. A man known to have been a military officer, and distinguished for knowledge and integrity, could not, in those times, be concealed even by his favourite mountains, and therefore, without application or expectation on his part, he received the commission of a colonel in the month of December, 1775, together with a letter from President Hancock, pressing him to repair immediately to Philadelphia. He obeyed the summons, and took leave not only of his wife and children, but in effect, of his fortune, to embark in the cause of liberty and the united colonies. In six weeks he completed the levy of a regiment of 750 men; six companies of which marched in time to join our troops before Quebec; he followed with the other four in May, and after the unlucky affair at Three Rivers, by his counsel to General Sullivan at Sorel, he saved the army we had in Canada. Subsequently to these events, he rose to the rank of major-general, and was honoured with the confidence and friendship of General Washington to the day of his death. At Trenton he saved the army by

the flank movement to the right, which he recommended in council on the night of the second January, 1777; and at Ticonderoga, in the same year, I beheld him rising superior to the selfish obligations which fetter mankind; and, by preferring the safety of the army confided to his charge, to the *bloody honours* which were within his reach, he *voluntarily* plunged himself into the gulph of popular detraction. Well do I remember his reply to me, when, deploring the necessity of our retreat: "*It must be so, my boy. 'Tis not in mortals to command success, but we'll do more, we will deserve it. I know I could save my character by sacrificing the army; but were I to do so, I should forfeit that which the world could not restore, and which it cannot take away, the approbation of my own conscience.*"

DAVID RITTENHOUSE, L. L. D. F. R. S.

AN eminent philosopher, was descended from ancestors who emigrated from Holland and was born in Germantown, Pennsylvania, April 8, 1732. The early part of his life was spent in agricultural employments; and his plough, the fences, and even the stones of the field were marked with figures, which denoted a talent for mathematical studies. A delicate constitution rendering him unfit for the labours of husbandry, he devoted himself to the trade of a clock and mathematical-instrument-maker. In these arts he was his own instructor. During his residence with his father in the country, he made himself master of Newton's *Principia*, which he read in the English translation of Mr. Mott. Here also he became acquainted with fluxions, of which sublime invention, he believed himself, for some time, the first author. He did not know for some years afterwards, that a contest had been carried on, between Newton and Leibnitz, for the honour of that great discovery. At the age of twenty-three, without education and without advantages, he became the rival of the two greatest mathematicians in Europe.

In his retired situation, while working at his trade, he planned and executed an orrery, by which he represent-

ed the revolutions of the heavenly bodies, more completely than ever before had been done. This masterpiece of mechanism was purchased by the college of New Jersey. A second was made by him after the same model, for the use of the college of Philadelphia, where it has commanded, for many years, the admiration of the ingenious and learned. In 1770, he was induced, by the urgent request of some friends, who knew his merit, to exchange his beloved retirement for a residence in Philadelphia.

In this city he continued his employment for several years; and his clocks had a high reputation, and his mathematical instruments were thought superior to those imported from Europe. His first communication to the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, of which he was elected a member, was a calculation of the transit of Venus, as it was to happen June 3, 1769. He was one of those appointed to observe it in the township of Norriton. This phenomenon had never been seen but twice before, by any inhabitants of our earth, and would never be seen again by any person then living. The day arrived, and there was no cloud in the horizon; the observers, in silent and trembling anxiety, waited for the predicted moment of observation; it came, and in the instant of contact between the planet and sun, an emotion of joy, so powerful, was excited in the breast of Mr. Rittenhouse, that he fainted. On the ninth of November following, he observed the transit of Mercury. An account of these observations was published in the transactions of the Society. In 1775 he was appointed one of the commissioners, for settling a territorial dispute between Pennsylvania and Virginia; and, to his talents, moderation, and firmness, was ascribed, in a great degree, its satisfactory adjustment, in 1785. He assisted in determining the western limits of Pennsylvania, in 1784, and the northern line of the same state, in 1786. He was also called upon to assist in fixing the boundary line between Massachusetts and New York, in 1787. In his excursions through the wilderness, he carried with him his habits of inquiry and observation. Nothing in our mountains, soils, rivers, and springs, escaped his notice. But the only records of what he collected are private letters and the memories of his friends. In 1791, he was chosen president of the Philosophical Society, as succes-

son to Dr. Franklin, and was annually re-elected till his death. His unassuming dignity opened to him respect. Soon after he accepted the president's chair, he made the Society a donation of three hundred pounds. He held the office of treasurer of Pennsylvania, by an annual and unanimous vote of the legislature, from 1787 to 1789. In this period he declined purchasing the smallest portion of the public debt of the state, lest his integrity should be impeached. In 1792, he accepted the office of director of the mint of the United States; but his ill state of health induced him to resign it in 1795. When the solitude of his study was rendered less agreeable by his indisposition than in former years, he passed his evenings in reading or conversing with his wife and daughters. In his last illness, which was acute and short, he retained the usual patience and benevolence of his temper. He died June 26th, 1796, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, in the full belief of the Christian religion, and in the anticipation of clearer discoveries of the perfections of God, in the eternal world. He was a man of extensive knowledge. Being intimately acquainted with the French, German, and Dutch languages, he derived from them the discoveries of foreign nations. His mind was the repository of all ages and countries. He did not enjoy, indeed, the advantages of a public education, but his mind was not shackled by its forms, nor interrupted in its pursuit of greater objects, by the claims of subjects minute and trifling. In his political sentiments he was a republican; he was taught by his father to admire an elective and representative government: he early predicted the immense increase of talents and knowledge, which would be infused into the American minds, by our republican institutions; and he anticipated the blessed effects of our revolution, in sowing the seeds of a new order of things in other parts of the world. He believed political, as well as moral evil, to be intruders into the society of man. In the more limited circles of private life, he commanded esteem and affection. His house and manner of living exhibited the taste of a philosopher, the simplicity of a republican, and the temper of a christian. His researches into natural philosophy gave him such ideas of the Divine perfections, for his mind was not pre-occupied in early life with the fictions of ancient poets and the vices of the heathen gods. But he did not

confine himself to the instructions of nature ; he believed the christian revelation. He observed, as an argument in favour of its truth, that the miracles of our Saviour differed from all pretended miracles in being entirely of a benevolent nature. The testimony of a man, possessed of so exalted an understanding, outweighs the declarations of thousands. He died, believing in a life to come ; and his body was interred beneath his observatory, near his house. He published an oration delivered before the Philosophical Society, 1775, the subject of which is the history of astronomy ; and a few memoirs or astronomical and mathematical subjects, in the first four volumes of the transactions of the Society. *Ibid.*

JOHN RUTLEDGE

WAS born in the year 1739, and was the son of Dr. John Rutledge, who, with his brother Andrew, both natives of Ireland, arrived in Carolina about the year 1735, and there practised, the one law and the other physic. Dr. Rutledge married Miss Hext, who in the 15th year of her age gave birth to the subject of this memoir. At a very early period she was left a widow, and added one to the many examples of illustrious matrons who, devoting their whole attention to their orphan offspring, have brought forward distinguished ornaments of human nature.

The early education of John Rutledge was conducted by David Rhind, an excellent classical scholar, and one of the most successful of the early instructors of youth in Carolina. After he had made considerable progress in the latin and greek classics, he entered on the study of law with James Parsons, and was afterwards entered a student in the temple, and proceeding barrister, came out to Charleston, and commenced the practice of law in 1761. One of the first causes in which he engaged, was an action for breach of a promise of marriage. The subject was interesting, and gave an excellent opportunity for displaying his talents. It was improved, and his eloquence astonished all who heard him.

Instead of rising by degrees to the head of his profession, he burst forth at once the able lawyer and accomplished orator. Business flowed in upon him. He was employed in the most difficult causes, and retained with the largest fees that were usually given. The client in whose service he engaged, was supposed to be in a fair way of gaining his cause. He was but a short time in practice, when that cloud began to lower which, in the course of ten or twelve years, burst forth in a revolutionary storm. In the year 1764, Governor Boone refused to administer to Christopher Gadsden the oaths which the law required every person returned as a member in the commons house of assembly to take before he entered on his legislative functions. This kindled the indignation of the house, as being an interference with their constitutional privileges, as the sole judges of the qualifications of their own members. In rousing the assembly and the people to resist all interferences of the royal governors, in deciding who should, or who should not be members of the commons house of assembly, John Rutledge kindled a spark which has never since been extinguished.

This controversy was scarcely ended when the memorable stamp act was passed. The British colonies were then detached from each other, and had never acted in concert. A proposition was made by the assembly of Massachusetts to the different provincial assemblies for appointing committees from each to meet in congress as a rallying point of union. To this novel project, many objections were made; some doubted its legality—others its expedience, and most its efficiency. To remove objections—to conciliate opposition, and to gain the hearty concurrence of the assembly and the people, was no easy matter. In accomplishing these objects, the abilities of John Rutledge were successfully exerted. Objections vanished—prejudices gave way before his eloquence. The public mind was illuminated, and a more correct mode of thinking took place. A vote for appointing deputies to a continental congress was carried in South-Carolina at an early day, and before it had been agreed to by the neighboring states. Christopher Gadsden, Thomas Lynch and John Rutledge were appointed. The last was the youngest, and had very lately begun to tread the threshold of manhood. When this first congress met in

New-York in 1765, the members of the distant provinces were surprised at the eloquence of the young member from Carolina. In the means of education, that province was far behind those to the northward. Of it little more was known or believed than that it produced rice and indigo, and contained a large proportion of slaves, and a handful of free men, and that most of the latter were strangers to vigorous health—all self-indulgent, and none accustomed to active exertions either of mind or body. From such a province, nothing great was expected. A respectable committee of its assembly, and the distinguished abilities of one of them, who was among the youngest members of the congress, produced at this first general meeting of the colonies, more favorable ideas of South-Carolina than had hitherto prevailed.

After the repeal of the stamp act, John Rutledge was for some years no further engaged in politics than as a lawyer and a member of the provincial legislature. In both capacities he was admired as a public speaker. His ideas were clear and strong—his utterance rapid but distinct—his voice, action, and energetic manner of speaking, forcibly impressed his sentiments on the minds and hearts of all who heard him. At reply he was quick—instantly comprehended the force of an objection—and saw at once the best mode of weakening or repelling it. He successfully used both argument and wit for invalidating the observations of his adversary: by the former he destroyed or weakened their force; by the latter he placed them in so ludicrous a point of light that it often convinced, and scarcely ever failed of conciliating and pleasing his hearers. Many were the triumphs of his eloquence at the bar and in the legislature; and in the former case, probably more than strict impartial justice would sanction; for judges and juries, counsel and audience, hung on his accents.

In or after the year 1774, a new and more extensive field was opened before him. When news of the Boston port-bill reached Charleston, a general meeting of the inhabitants was called by expresses sent over the state. After the proceedings of the British parliament were stated to this convention of the province, sundry propositions were offered for consideration. To the appointment of delegates for a general congress, no objection was made. But this was followed by propositions

for instructing them how far they might go in pledging the province to support the Bostonians. Such a discordance of opinion was discovered as filled the minds of the friends of liberty with apprehensions that the meeting would prove abortive. In this crisis, John Rutledge, in a most eloquent speech, advocated a motion which he brought forward to give no instructions whatever; but to invest the men of their choice with full authority to concur in any measure they thought best; and to pledge the people of South-Carolina to abide by whatever they would agree to. He demonstrated that any thing less than plenary discretion to this extent, would be unequal to the crisis. To those who, after stating the dangers of such extensive powers, begged to be informed what must be done in case the delegates made a bad use of their unlimited authority to pledge the state to any extent, a laconic answer was returned: "Hang them." An impression was made on the multitude. Their minds were subdued by the decision of the proposed measure, and the energy with which it was supported. On that day, and by this vote, the revolution was virtually accomplished. By it the people of Carolina determined to be free, deliberately invested five men of their choice as their representatives, with full powers to act for them, and to take charge of their political interests. Royal government received a mortal wound, and the representative system was planted in its stead. The former lingered for a few months, and then expired. The latter instantly took root, and has ever since continued to grow and flourish. An election immediately followed. The mover of this spirited resolution, his brother Edward Rutledge, Christopher Gadsden, Thomas Lynch and Henry Middleton were elected. Furnished with such ample powers, they took their seats in Congress under great advantages, and by their conduct, justified the confidence reposed in them. John Rutledge was continued by successive elections a member of Congress till the year 1776. He returned to Charleston in the beginning of that year, and was elected president and commander in chief of Carolina, in conformity to a constitution established by the people on the 26th of March, 1776. His duties henceforward were executive. He employed himself diligently in arranging the new government, and particularly in preparing for the defence of

the state against an expected invasion by the British. Their attack on Sullivan's island, has been already related. On this occasion, John Rutledge rendered his country important service. General Lee, who commanded the continental troops, pronounced Sullivan's island to be a "slaughter pen," and either gave orders or was disposed to give orders for its evacuation. The zeal of the state, and the energy of its chief magistrate, prevented this measure. Carolina had raised troops before Congress had declared independence. These remained subject to the authority of the state, and were at this early period not immediately under the command of the officers of Congress. To prevent the evacuation of the fort on Sullivan's island, John Rutledge, shortly before the commencement of the action on the 28th of June, 1776, wrote the following laconic note to general Moultrie, who commanded on the island. "General Lee wishes you to evacuate the fort. You will not without an order from me. I would sooner cut off my hand than write one.

J. RUTLEDGE."

The successful issue of the defence has been already related. The consequences which would probably have followed from the evacuation of the fort, may in some measure be conjectured from the events of 1780; when the British, grown wiser, passed the same fort without engaging it.

John Rutledge continued in the office of president till March, 1778, when he resigned. The occasion and reasons of his resignation, are matters of general history. This did not diminish his popularity. Of this, the legislature gave the strongest proof; for the next election he was reinstated in the executive authority of the state, but under a new constitution, and with the name of governor substituted in the place of president. He had scarcely entered on the duties of this office, when the country was invaded by the British general Prevost. The exertions made by governor Rutledge to repel this invasion—to defend Charleston in the years 1779, 1780—to procure the aid of Congress, and of the adjacent states—to drive back the tide of British conquest—to recover the state—and to revive its suspended legislative and judicial powers, have all been particularly related in their proper places. On the termination of his executive duties in 1782, he was elected and served

as a member of Congress till 1783. In this period, he was called upon to perform an extraordinary duty. The surrender of Lord Cornwallis in October, 1781, seemed to paralyze the exertions of the states. Thinking the war and all danger to be over, they no longer acted with suitable vigor. Congress, fearing that this languor would encourage Great Britain to recommence the war, sent deputations of their members to rouse the states to a sense of their danger and duty. On the 22d of May, 1782, John Rutledge and George Clymer were sent in this character, and instructed "to make such representation to the several states southward of Philadelphia, as were best adapted to their respective circumstances, and the present situation of public affairs; and as might induce them to carry the requisitions of Congress into effect with the greatest despatch." They were permitted to make a personal address to the Virginia assembly. In the execution of this duty, John Rutledge drew such a picture of the United States, and of the danger to which they were exposed, by the backwardness of the particular states to comply with the requisitions of Congress, as produced a very happy effect. The addresser acquitted himself with so much ability, that the Virginians, who, not without reason, are proud of their statesmen and orators, began to doubt whether their Patrick Henry, or the Carolina Rutledge was the most accomplished public speaker.

Soon after the termination of Mr. Rutledge's congressional duties, he was appointed minister plenipotentiary from the United States to Holland, but declined to serve.

In the year 1784, he was elected a judge of the court of chancery in South-Carolina. The events of the late war, had greatly increased the necessity for such a court. John Rutledge draughted the bill for organizing it on a new plan, and in it introduced several of the provisions which have been already mentioned, as improvements on the English court of the same name. Mr. Rutledge's public duties hitherto had been either legislative or executive. They were henceforward judicial. If comparisons were proper, it might be added that he was most at home in the latter. His knowledge of the law was profound; but the talent which pre-eminently fitted him for dispensing justice, was a comprehensive mind, which

could at once take into view all the bearings and relations of a complicated case. When the facts were all fairly before him, he promptly knew what justice required. The pleadings of lawyers gratified their clients, but rarely cast any light on the subject, which had not already presented itself to his own view. Their declamations and addresses to the passions, were lost on him. Truth and justice were the pole-stars by which his decisions were regulated. He speedily resolved the most intricate cases—pursued general principles through their various modifications, till they led to the fountain of justice. His decrees were so luminous, and the grounds of them so clearly expressed, that the defeated party was generally satisfied.

In the year 1787 he was called upon to assist in framing a national constitution, in lieu of the advisory system of the confederation. In arranging the provisions of that bond of union, and in persuading his countrymen to accept it, he was eminently useful. As soon as it was in operation, he was designated by president Washington, as first associate judge of the supreme court of the United States. In this office, he served till 1791, when he was elected chief justice of South-Carolina. He was afterwards appointed chief justice of the United States. Thus, for more than thirty years, with few and short intervals, he served his country in one or other of the departments of government; and in all, with fidelity and ability. In the friendly competitions of the states, for the comparative merits of their respective statesmen and orators, while Massachusetts boasts of her John Adams—Connecticut of her Ellsworth—New-York of her Jay—Pennsylvania of her Wilson—Delaware of her Bayard—Virginia of her Henry—South-Carolina rests her claims on the talents and eloquence of John Rutledge. This illustrious man, closed his variegated career in the year 1800.

Ramsey's History of South-Carolina.

Sketch of the life of Capt. Meriwether Lewis, by Thomas Jefferson, Esq. late President of the United States.

MERIWETHER LEWIS, late governor of Louisiana, was born on the eighteenth of August, 1774, near the town of Charlottesville, in the county of Albemarle, in Virginia, of one of the distinguished families of that state. John Lewis, one of his father's uncles, was a member of the king's council before the revolution. Another of them, Fielding Lewis, married a sister of general Washington. His father, William Lewis, was the youngest of five sons of col. Rebert Lewis, of Albemarle, the fourth of whom, Charles, was one of the early patriots who stepped forward in the commencement of the revolution, and commanded one of the regiments first raised in Virginia, and placed on continental establishment. Happily situated at home, with a wife and young family, and a fortune placing him at ease, he left all to aid in the liberation of his country from foreign usurpations, then first unmasking their ultimate end and aim. His good sense, integrity, bravery, enterprize, and remarkable bodily powers, marked him as an officer of great promise; but he unfortunately died early in the revolution. Nicholas Lewis, the second of his father's brothers, commanded a regiment of militia, in the successful expedition of 1776, against the Cherokee Indians; who, seduced by the agents of the British government, to take up the hatchet against us, had committed great havoc on our southern frontier, by murdering and scalping helpless women and children, according to their cruel and cowardly principles of warfare. The chastisement they then received, closed the history of their wars, and prepared them for receiving the elements of civilization, which, zealously inculcated by the present government of the United States, have rendered them an industrious, peaceable and happy people. This member of the family of Lewises, whose bravery was so usefully proved on this occasion, was endeared to all who knew him by his inflexible probity, courteous disposition, benevolent heart, and engaging modesty and manners. He was the umpire of all the private differences of his county—selected always by both parties. He was also the guardian of Meriwether Lewis, of whom we are now to speak, and who had lost his father at an early age. He continued for some years under the fostering

care of a tender mother, of the respectable family of Meriwethers, of the same county: and was remarkable, even in infancy, for enterprize, boldness, and discretion. When only eight years of age, he habitually went out, in the dead of night, alone with his dogs, into the forest to hunt the raccoon and opossum, which, seeking their food in the night, can then only be taken. In this exercise, no season or circumstance could obstruct his purpose—plunging through the winter's snows and frozen streams, in pursuit of his object. At thirteen he was put to the Latin school, and continued at that till eighteen, when he returned to his mother, and entered on the cares of his farm; having, as well as a younger brother, been left by his father with a competency for all the correct and comfortable purposes of temperate life. His talent for observation, which had led him to an accurate knowledge of the plants and animals of his own country, would have distinguished him as a farmer; but at the age of twenty, yielding to the ardor of youth, and a passion for more dazzling pursuits, he engaged as a volunteer in the body of militia which were called out by general Washington, on occasion of the discontents produced by the excise taxes in the western parts of the United States; and from that situation he was removed to the regular service as a lieutenant in the line. At twenty-three he was promoted to a captaincy; and, always attracting the first attention when punctuality and fidelity were requisite, he was appointed paymaster to his regiment. About this time a circumstance occurred which, leading to the transaction which is the subject of this book, will justify a recurrence to its original idea. While I resided in Paris, John Ledyard, of Connecticut, arrived there, well known in the United States for energy of body and mind. He had accompanied captain Cook, on his voyage to the Pacific ocean; and distinguished himself on that voyage by his intrepidity. Being of a roaming disposition, he was panting for some new enterprize. His immediate object at Paris was to engage a mercantile company in the fur-trade of the western coast of America, in which, however, he failed. I then proposed to him to go by land to Kamtschatka, cross in some of the Russian vessels to Nootka Sound, fall down into the latitude of the Missouri, and penetrate to, and through, that to the United States. He eagerly seized the idea, and only asked to be assured

of the permission of the Russian government. I interested in obtaining that M. de Simoulin, minister plenipotentiary of the empress at Paris, but more especially the baron de Grimm, minister plenipotentiary of Saxe-Gotha, her more special agent and correspondent there in matters not immediately diplomatic. Her permission was obtained, and an assurance of protection, while the course of the voyage should be through her territories. Ledyard set out from Paris, and arrived at St. Petersburg after the empress had left that place to pass the winter, I think, at Moscow, His finances not permitting him to make unnecessary stay at St. Petersburg, he left it, with a passport from one of the ministers; and at two hundred miles from Kamschatka was obliged to take up his winter quarters. He was preparing, in the spring, to resume his journey, when he was arrested by an officer of the empress, who by this time had changed her mind, and forbidden his proceeding. He was put into a close carriage, and conveyed day and night, without ever stopping till they reached Poland; when he was set down and left to himself. The fatigue of this journey broke down his constitution; and when he returned to Paris his bodily health was much impaired. His mind, however, remained firm, and he after this undertook his journey to Egypt. I received a letter from him full of sanguine hopes, dated at Cairo, the fifteenth of November, 1788, the day before he was to set out for the head of the Nile; on which day however, he ended his career and life: and thus failed the first attempt to explore the western part of our western continent.

In 1792, I proposed to the American Philosophical Society, that we should set on foot a subscription, to engage some competent person to explore that region in the opposite direction; that is, by ascending the Missouri, crossing the Stony Mountains, and descending the nearest river to the Pacific. Captain Lewis being then stationed at Charlottesville, on the recruiting service, warmly solicited me to procure for him the execution of that object. I told him it was proposed that the person engaged should be attended by a single companion only, to avoid exciting alarm among the Indians. This did not deter him; but Mr. Andrew Michaux, a professed botanist, author of the *Flora Boreali Americana*, and of the *Historie Des Chesnes d'Amerique*, offering his services.

they were accepted. He received his instructions, and when he had reached Kentucky in the prosecution of his journey, he was overtaken by an order from the minister of France, then at Philadelphia, to relinquish the expedition, and to pursue elsewhere the botanical inquiries on which he was employed by that government: and thus failed the second attempt for exploring that region.

In 1803, the act for establishing trading houses with the Indian tribes being about to expire, some modifications of it were recommended to congress by a confidential message of January 18th, and an extension of its views to the Indians on the Missouri. In order to prepare the way, the message proposed the sending an exploring party to trace the Missouri to its source, to cross the Highlands, and follow the best water communication which offered itself from thence to the Pacific ocean. Congress approved the proposition, and voted a sum of money for carrying it into execution. Captain Lewis, who had then been near two years with me as private secretary, immediately renewed his solicitations to have the direction of the party. I had now had opportunities of knowing him intimately. Of courage undaunted; possessing a firmness and perseverance of purpose, which nothing but impossibilities could divert from its direction; careful as a father of those committed to his charge, yet steady in the maintenance of order and discipline; intimate with the Indian character, customs, and principles; habituated to the hunting life; guarded, by exact observation of the vegetables and animals of his own country, against losing time in the description of objects already possessed; honest, disinterested, liberal, of sound understanding, and a fidelity to truth so scrupulous, that whatever he should report would be as certain as if seen by ourselves; with all these qualifications, as if selected and implanted by nature in one body for this express purpose, I could have no hesitation in confiding the enterprise to him. To fill up the measure desired, he wanted nothing but a greater familiarity with the technical language of the natural sciences, and readiness in the astronomical observations necessary for the geography of his route. To acquire these he repaired immediately to Philadelphia, and placed himself under the tutorage of the distinguished professors of that place, who with a zeal and emulation, enkindled by an ardent devotion to

science, communicated to him freely the information requisite for the purposes of his journey. While attending too, at Lancaster, the fabrication of the arms with which he chose that his men should be provided, he had the benefit of daily communication with Mr. Andrew Ellicot, whose experience in astronomical observations, and practice of it in the woods, enabled him to apprise Captain Lewis of the wants and difficulties he would encounter, and of the substitutes and resources offered by a woodland and uninhabited country.

Deeming it necessary he should have some person with him of known competence to the direction of the enterprize, in the event of accident to himself, he proposed William Clarke, brother of General Rogers Clarke, who was approved, and, with that view, received a commission of captain.

In April, 1803, a draught of his instructions was sent to captain Lewis, and on the twentieth of June they were signed in the following form.*

While these things were going on here, the country of Louisiana, lately ceded by Spain to France, had been the subject of negotiation at Paris between us and this last power; and had actually been transferred to us by treaties executed at Paris on the thirteenth of April. This information, received about the first day of July, increased infinitely the interest we felt in the expedition, and lessened the apprehensions of interruption from other powers. Every thing in this quarter being now prepared, Captain Lewis left Washington on the fifth of July, 1803, and proceeded to Pittsburgh, where other articles had been ordered to be provided for him. The men too were to be selected from the military stations on the Ohio. Delays of preparation, difficulties of navigation down the Ohio, and other untoward obstructions, retarded his arrival at Cahokia, until the season was so far advanced, as to render it prudent to suspend his entering the Missouri before the ice should break up in the succeeding spring.

From this time his journal, now published, will give the history of his journey to and from the Pacific ocean, until his return to St. Louis on the twenty-third of September, 1806. Never did a similar event excite more joy through the United States. The humblest of its citizens had ta-

* Instructions omitted.

ken a lively interest in the issue of this journey, and looked forward with impatience for the information it would furnish. Their anxieties too for the safety of the corps had been kept in a state of excitement by lugubrious rumours, circulated from time to time on uncertain authorities, and uncontradicted by letters, or other direct information, from the time they had left the Mandan towns, on their ascent up the river in April of the preceding year, 1805, until their actual return to St. Louis.

It was the middle of February, 1807, before captain Lewis, with his companion captain Clarke, reached the city of Washington, where congress was then in session. That body granted to the two chiefs and their followers, the donation of lands which they had been encouraged to expect in reward of their toil and dangers. Captain Lewis was soon after appointed governor of Louisiana, and captain Clarke a general of its militia, and agent of the United States for Indian affairs in that department.

A considerable time intervened before the governor's arrival at St. Louis. He found the territory distracted by feuds and contentions among the officers of the government, and the people themselves divided by these into factions and parties. He determined at once to take no side with either; but to use every endeavour to conciliate and harmonize them. The even-handed justice he administered to all soon established a respect for his person and authority; and perseverance and time wore down animosities and re-united the citizens again into one family.

Governor Lewis had, from early life, been subject to hypochondriac affections. It was a constitutional disposition in all the nearer branches of the family of his name, and was more immediately inherited by him from his father. They had not, however, been so strong as to give uneasiness to his family. While he lived with me in Washington, I observed at times sensible depressions of mind: but knowing their constitutional source, I estimated their course by what I had seen in the family. During his western expedition, the constant exertion which that required of all the faculties of body and mind, suspended these distressing affections; but after his establishment at St. Louis in sedentary occupations, they returned upon him with redoubled vigour, and began seriously to alarm his friends. He was in a paroxysm of one of these,

when his affairs rendered it necessary for him to go to Washington. He proceeded to the Chickasaw Bluffs, where he arrived on the sixteenth of September, 1809, with a view of continuing his journey thence by water. Mr Neely, agent of the United States with the Chickasaw Indians, arriving there two days after, found him extremely indisposed, and betraying at times some symptoms of a derangement of mind. The rumours of a war with England, and apprehensions that he might lose the papers he was bringing on, among which were the vouchers of his public accounts, and the journals and papers of his western expedition, induced him to change his mind, and to take his course by land through the Chickasaw country. Although he appeared somewhat relieved Mr. Neely kindly determined to accompany and watch over him. Unfortunately at their encampment, after having passed the Tennessee one day's journey, they lost two horses, which obliged Mr. Neely to halt for their recovery, the governor proceeded, under a promise to wait for him at the house of the first white inhabitant on his road. He stopped at the house of a Mr. Grinder, who, not being at home, his wife, alarmed at the symptoms of derangement she discovered, gave him up the house and retired to rest herself in an out-house, the governor's and Neely's servants lodging in another. About three o'clock in the night he did the deed which plunged his friends into affliction, and deprived his country of one of her most valued citizens, whose valour and intelligence would have been now employed in avenging the wrongs of his country, and in emulating by land, the splendid deeds which have honoured her arms on the ocean. It lost too to the nation, the benefit of receiving from his own hands, the narrative now offered them, of his sufferings and successes, in endeavouring to extend for them the boundaries of science, and to present to their knowledge that vast and fertile country, which their sons are destined to fill with arts, with science, with freedom and happiness.

To this melancholy close of the life of one, whom posterity will declare not to have lived in vain, I have only to add, that all the facts I have stated are either known to myself, or communicated by his family or others, for whose truth I have no hesitation to make myself responsible.

LEWIS AND CLARKE.

FRANCIS MARION,

COLONEL in the regular service, and brigadier in the militia of South Carolina, was born at his father's plantation, in the vicinity of Georgetown, in South Carolina, in year 1733. His ancestors were Hugunots, who fled from France to British America, upon the revocation of the edict of Nantz.

They settled on Cooper river, near Charleston, from whence the father of general Marion moved to the neighbourhood of Goergetown, where he resided during his life, occupied in the cultivation of his plantation.

He had five sons, of whom Francis was the youngest; who, with his brothers, received only a common country education. As his three eldest sons arrived at the age of manhood, they successively obtained a portion of their father's property, after which the old gentleman became embarrassed in his affairs, and was, in consequence, deprived of the means of extending similar aid to his two youngest sons. They had to depend upon their own exertions for support and comfort.

Francis, at the age of sixteen, entered on board a vessel bound to the West Indies, with a determination to fit himself for a seafaring life. On his outward passage, the vessel was suddenly upset in a gale of wind, when the crew took to their boat, without water or provisions, it being impracticable to save any of either. A dog jumped into the boat with the crew, and upon his flesh, eaten raw, did the survivors of these unfortunate men subsist for seven or eight days; in which period, several died of hunger.

Among the few who escaped, was young Marion. After reaching land, Marion relinquished his original plan of life, and engaged in the labours of agriculture. In this occupation, he continued until 1759, when he became a soldier, and was appointed a lieutenant in a company of volunteers, raised for an expedition against the Cherokee Indians, commanded by captain William Moultrie, (since general Moultrie.) This expedition was conducted by governor Lyttleton: it was followed in a year or two afterwards, by another invasion of the Cherokee country by colonel Grant, who served as major general in our war, under Sir William Howe.

In this last expedition, lieutenant Marion also served, having been promoted to the rank of captain.

As soon as the war broke out between the colonies and mother country, Marion was called to the command of a company in the first corps raised by the state of South Carolina. He was soon after promoted to a majority, and served in that rank under colonel Moultrie, in his intrepid defence of fort Moultrie against the combined attack of Sir Henry Clinton and Sir H. Parker, on the 2nd of June, 1776. He was afterwards placed at the head of a regiment as lieutenant colonel commandant; in which capacity he served during the siege of Charleston; when, having fractured his leg by some accident, he became incapable of military duty, and fortunately for his country, escaped the captivity to which the garrison was, in the sequel, forced to submit.

When Charleston fell into the enemy's hands, lieutenant colonel Marion abandoned his state, and took shelter in North Carolina. The moment he recovered from the fracture of his leg, he engaged in preparing the means of annoying the enemy, then in the flood-tide of prosperity. With sixteen men only, he crossed the Santee, and commenced that daring system of warfare which has been related in the course of the preceding memoirs.

General Marion was in stature of the smallest size, thin, as well as low. His visage was not pleasing, and his manners not captivating. He was reserved and silent, entering into conversation only when necessary, and then with modesty and good sense.

He possessed a strong mind, improved by its own reflections and observations, not by books or travel. His dress was like his address—plain, regarding comfort and decency only. In his meals, he was abstemious, eating generally of one dish, and drinking water mostly.

He was sedulous and constant in his attention to the duties of his station, to which every other consideration yielded. Even the charms of the fair, like the luxuries of the table, and the allurements of wealth, seemed to be lost upon him.

The procurement of subsistence for his men, and the continuance of annoyance to his enemy, engrossed his entire mind. He was virtuous all over; never, even in manner, much less in reality, did he trench upon right.

Beloved by his friends, and respected by his enemies, he exhibited a luminous example of the beneficial effects to be produced by an individual, who, with only small means at his command, possesses a virtuous heart, a strong head, and a mind devoted to the common good. After the war, the general married, but had no issue. He died in February, 1795, leaving behind him an indisputable title to the first rank among the patriots and soldiers of our revolution.

Lee's Memoirs of the Southern War.

EPISTOLARY.

*Gen. Washington's Letter, on his accepting the command
of the American army, in 1798.*

Mount Vernon, July 13, 1793.

DEAR SIR,

I had the honour, on the evening of the 11th instant, to receive from the hand of the secretary of war, your favour of the 7th, announcing that you had, with the advice and consent of the senate, appointed me "Lieutenant general and commander in chief of all the armies raised, or to be raised, for the service of the United States."

I cannot express how greatly affected I am at this new proof of public confidence, and the highly flattering manner in which you have been pleased to make the communication; at the same time, I must not conceal from you my earnest wish, that the choice had fallen upon a man less declined in years, and better qualified to encounter the usual vicissitudes of war.

You know, Sir, what calculation I had made relative to the probable course of events, on my retiring from office, and the determination I had consoled my self with, of closing the remnant of my days in my present peaceful abode; you will, therefore, be at no loss to conceive and appreciate the sensations I must have experienced, to

bring my mind to any conclusion, that would pledge me, at so late a period of life, to leave scenes I sincerely love, to enter upon the boundless field of public action, incessant trouble, and high responsibility.

It was not possible for me to remain ignorant of, or indifferent to, recent transactions.

The conduct of the directory of France towards our country; their insidious hostility to its government; their various practices to withdraw the affections of the people from it; the evident tendency of their acts, and those of their agents, to countenance and invigorate opposition; their disregard of solemn treaties and the laws of nations; their war upon our defenceless commerce; their treatment of our ministers of peace; and their demands amounting to tribute; could not fail to excite in me corresponding sentiments, with those my countrymen have so generally expressed in their affectionate addresses to you. Believe me, Sir, no one can more cordially approve of the wise and prudent measures of your administration. They ought to inspire universal confidence, and will, no doubt, combined with the state of things, call from congress such laws and means as will enable you to meet the full force and extent of the crisis.

Satisfied, therefore, that you have sincerely wished and endeavoured to avert war, and exhausted, to the last drop, the cup of reconciliation, we can, with pure hearts, appeal to heaven for the justice of our cause; and may confidently trust the final result to that kind Providence, who has heretofore, and so often, signally favoured the people of the United States.

Thinking in this manner, and feeling how incumbent it is upon every person, of every description, to contribute at all times to his country's welfare, especially in a moment like the present, when every thing we hold dear and sacred is so seriously threatened; I have finally determined to accept the commission of commander in chief of the armies of the United States; with this reserve only, that I shall not be called into the field until the army is in a situation to require my presence, or it becomes indispensable by the urgency of circumstances.

In making this reservation, I beg it may be understood that I do not mean to withhold any assistance to arrange and organize the army, which you think I can afford. I take the liberty also to mention, that I must decline hav-

ing my acceptance considered as drawing after it any immediate charge upon the public; or that I can receive any emoluments annexed to the appointment, before entering into a situation to incur expense.

The secretary of war being anxious to return to the seat of government, I have detained him no longer than was necessary to a full communication upon the several points he had in charge.

With very great respect and consideration, I have the honour to be, dear sir, your most obedient, humble servant.

G. WASHINGTON.

JOHN ADAMS,
President of the United States.

Richmond, October 10.

I HAVE been, my dear S—, on an excursion through the counties which lie along the eastern side of the Blue Ridge. A general description of the country and its inhabitants may form the subject of a future letter. For the present I must entertain you with an account of a most singular and interesting adventure which I met with, in the course of the tour.

It was one Sunday, as I travelled through the county of Orange, that my eyes were caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous, old, wooden house, in the forest, not far from the road side. Having frequently seen such objects before, in travelling through these states, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship.

Devotion alone should have stopped me, to join in the duties of the congregation; but I must confess, that curiosity, to hear the preacher of such a wilderness, was not the least of my motives. On entering, I was struck with his preternatural appearance. He was a tall and very spare old man; his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shrivelled hands, and his voice, were all shaking under the influence of a palsy; and a few moments ascertained to me that he was perfectly blind.

The first emotions which touched my heart, were those of mingled pity and veneration. But ah! sacred God! how soon were all my feelings changed! The lips of Plato were never more worthy of a prognostic swarm of bees, than were the lips of this holy man! It was a day of the administration of the sacrament; and his subject, of course, was the passion of our Saviour. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times: I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose, that in the wild woods of America, I was to meet with a man, whose eloquence would give to that topic, a new and more sublime pathos than I had ever witnessed.

As he descended from the pulpit to distribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar, a more than human solemnity in his air and manner, which made my blood run cold, and my whole frame shiver.

He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Saviour; his trial before Pilate; his ascent up Calvary; his crucifixion and his death. I knew the whole history; but never, until then, had I heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so coloured! It was all new; and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life.—His enunciation was so deliberate, that his voice trembled on every syllable; and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison. His peculiar phrases had that force of description, that the original sense appeared to be, at that moment, acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the Jews: the staring, frightful distortions of malice and rage. We saw the buffet: my soul kindled with a flame of indignation; and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clenched.

But when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Saviour; when he drew, to the life, his blessed eyes streaming in tears to heaven; his voice breathing to God, a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." The voice of the preacher which had all along faltered, grew fainter and fainter, until his utterance, being entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief. The effect is inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans, and sobs, and shrieks of the congregation.

It was some time before the tumult had subsided so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual, but fallacious standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher; for I could not conceive, how he would be able to let his audience down from the height to which he had wound them, without impairing the solemnity and dignity of his subject, or perhaps shocking them by the abruptness of the fall. But—no: the descent was as beautiful and sublime as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic.

The first sentence with which he broke the awful silence, was a quotation from Rousseau: "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God!"

I despair of giving you any idea of the effect produced by this short sentence, unless you could perfectly conceive the whole manner of the man as well as the peculiar crisis in the discourse. Never before, did I completely understand what Demosthenes meant by laying such stress on *delivery*. You are to bring before you the venerable figure of the preacher; his blindness, constantly recalling to your recollection old Homer, Ossian, and Milton, and associating with his performance the melancholy grandeur of their geniuses; you are to imagine, that you hear his slow, solemn, well accented enunciation, and his voice of affecting, trembling melody; you are to remember the pitch of passion and enthusiasm to which the congregation were raised; and then the few minutes of portentous, death-like silence, which reigned throughout the house: the preacher removing his white handkerchief from his aged face, (even yet wet from the recent torrent of his tears) and slowly stretching forth the palsied hand which held it, begins the sentence, "Socrates died like a philosopher"—then pausing, raising his other hand, pressing them both, clasped together, with warmth and energy to his breast, lifting his "sightless balls" to heaven, and pouring his whole soul into his tremulous voice—"but Jesus Christ—like a God!" If he had been indeed and in truth an angel of light, the effect could scarcely have been more divine.

Whatever I had been able to conceive of the sublimity of Massillon, or the force of Bourdaloue, had fallen far short of the power which I felt from the delivery of this simple sentence. The blood, which just before had rushed in a hurricane upon my brain, and, in the violence and

agony of my feelings, had held my whole system in suspense, now ran back into my heart, with a sensation which I cannot describe : a kind of shuddering, delicious horror ! The paroxysm of blended pity and indignation, to which I had been transported, subsided into the deepest self-abasement, humility and adoration. I had just been lacerated and dissolved by sympathy, for our Saviour as a fellow-creature ; but now, with fear and trembling, I adored him as “ a God.”

If this description give you the impression, that this incomparable minister had any thing of shallow, theatrical trick in his manner, it does him great injustice. I have never seen, in any other orator, such an union of simplicity and majesty. He has not a gesture, an attitude, or an accent, to which he does not seem forced by the sentiment which he is expressing. His mind is too serious, too earnest, too solicitous, and, at the same time, too dignified to stoop to artifice. Although as far removed from ostentation as a man can be, yet it is clear from the train, the style and substance of his thoughts, that he is, not only a very polite scholar, but a man of extensive and profound erudition. I was forcibly struck with a short, yet beautiful character, which he drew of our learned and amiable countryman, Sir Robert Boyle : he spoke of him as if “ his noble mind had, even before death, divested herself of all influence from his frail tabernacle of flesh,” and called him, in his peculiarly emphatic and impressive manner, “ a pure intelligence : the link between men and angels.”

This man has been before my imagination almost ever since. A thousand times, as I rode along, I dropped the reins of my bridle, stretched forth my hand, and tried to imitate his quotation from Rousseau : a thousand times I abandoned the attempt in despair, and felt persuaded that his peculiar manner and power arose from an energy of soul, which nature could give, but which no human being could justly copy. In short, he seems to be altogether a being of a former age, or of a totally different nature from the rest of men. As I recall, at this moment, several of his awfully striking attitudes, the chilling tide, with which my blood begins to pour along my arteries, reminds me of the emotions produced by the first sight of Gray's introductory picture of his bard.

"On a rock, whose haughty brow,
 * Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
 "Robed in the sable garb of woe,
 "With haggard eyes the poet stood :
 "(Loose his beard and hoary hair
 "Streamed like a meteor to the troubled air :)
 "And with a poet's hand and prophet's fire,
 "Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre."

Guess my surprize, when, on my arrival at Richmond, and mentioning the name of this man, I found not one person who had ever before heard of James Waddell ! Is it not strange, that such a genius as this, so accomplished a scholar, so divine an orator, should be permitted to languish and die in obscurity, within eighty miles of the metropolis of Virginia ? To me it is a conclusive argument, either that the Virginians have no taste for the higher strains of the most sublime oratory, or that they are destitute of a much more important quality, the love of genuine and exalted religion.

British Spy.

Richmond, December 10.

In one of my late rides into the surrounding country, I stopped at a little inn, to refresh myself and my horse ; and, as the landlord was neither a Boniface, nor "mine host of the garter," I called for a book, by way of killing time, while the preparations for my repast were going forward. He brought me a shattered fragment of the second volume of the *Spectator*, which he told me was the only book in the house, for "he never troubled his head about reading," and by way of conclusive proof, he further informed me, that this fragment, the only book in the house, had been sleeping unmolested in the dust of his mantlepice, for ten or fifteen years. I could not meet my venerable countryman, in a foreign land, and in this humiliating plight, nor hear of the inhuman and gothic contempt with which he had been treated, without the liveliest emotion. So, I read my host a lecture on the subject, to which he appeared to pay as little attention, as he had before done to the *Spectator*, and with the *sang froid* of a Dutchman, answered me in the cant of the country, that "he had other fish to fry," and left me.

It had been so long since I had had an opportunity of opening that agreeable collection, that the few numbers, which were now before me, appeared almost entirely new ; and I cannot describe to you, the avidity and delight with which I devoured those beautiful and interesting speculations.

Is it not strange, my dear S——, that such a work should ever have lost an inch of ground? A style so sweet and simple, and yet so ornamented! a temper so benevolent, so cheerful, so exhilarating! a body of knowledge, and of original thought, so immense and various! so strikingly just, so universally useful! What person, of any age, sex, temper, calling, or pursuit, can possibly converse with the Spectator, without being conscious of immediate improvement?

To the spleen, he is as perpetual, and never-failing an antidote, as he is to ignorance and immorality. No matter for the disposition of mind in which you take him up; you catch, as you go along, the happy tone of spirits which prevails throughout the work; you smile at the wit, laugh at the drollery, feel your mind enlightened, your heart opened, softened, and refined; and when you lay him down, you are sure to be in a better humour, both with yourself and every body else. I have never mentioned the subject to a reader of the Spectator, who did not admit this to be the invariable process; and in such a world of misfortunes, of cares, and sorrows, and guilt, as this is, what a prize would this collection be, if it were rightly estimated!

Were I the sovereign of a nation, which spoke the English language, and wished my subjects cheerful, virtuous and enlightened, I would furnish every poor family in my dominions (and see that the rich furnished themselves) with a copy of the Spectator; and ordain that the parents or children should read four or five numbers, aloud, every night in the year. For one of the peculiar perfections of the work is, that while it contains such a mass of ancient and modern learning, so much of profound wisdom and of beautiful composition, yet there is scarcely a number throughout the eight volumes, which is not level to the meanest capacity. Another perfection is, that the Spectator will never become tiresome to any one whose taste and whose heart remain uncorrupted.

I do not mean that this author should be read to the exclusion of others; much less that he should stand in the way of the generous pursuit of science, or interrupt the discharge of social or private duties. All the counsels of the work itself have a directly reverse tendency. It furnishes a store of the clearest arguments, and of the most amiable and captivating exhortations, "to raise the genius and to mend the heart." I regret only, that such a book should be thrown by, and almost entirely forgotten, while the gilded blasphemies of infidels, and "the noontide trances" of pernicious theorists, are hailed with rapture, and echoed around the world. For such, I should be pleased to see the Spectator universally substituted; and, throwing out of the question its morality, its literary information, its sweetly contagious serenity, and the pure and chaste beauties of its style; and considering it merely as a curiosity, as concentrating the brilliant sports of the finest cluster of geniuses, that ever graced the earth, it surely deserves perpetual attention, respect and consecration.

British Spy.

ON EARLY MARRIAGES.

Letter from Dr. Franklin, to John Alleyne esq.

DEAR JACK,

You desire, you say, my impartial thoughts on the subject of an early marriage, by way of answer to the numberless objections that have been made by numerous persons to your own. You may remember, when you consulted me on the occasion, that I thought youth on both sides to be no objection. Indeed, from the marriages that have fallen under my observation, I am rather inclined to think that early ones stand the best chance of affording happiness. The temper and habits of the young are not yet become so stiff and uncomplying, as when more advanced in life; they form more easily to each other, and hence many occasions of disgust are removed. And if youth has less of that prudence which is necessary to manage a family, yet the parents and elder friends of young married persons are generally at hand to offer their

advice, which amply supplies that defect; and by early marriage, youth is sooner formed to regular and useful life; and possibly some of those accidents or connections, that might have injured the constitution, or reputation, or both, are thereby happily prevented. Particular circumstances of particular persons, may possibly sometimes make it prudent to delay entering into that state; but in general, when nature has rendered our bodies fit for it, this presumption is in nature's favour, that she has not judged amiss in making us desire it. Late marriages are often attended, too, with this further inconvenience, that there is not the same chance that the parents shall live to see their offspring educated. "Late children," says the Spanish proverb, "are early orphans." A melancholy reflection to those whose case it may be! With us in America, marriages are generally entered into in the morning of life; our children are therefore educated and settled in the world by noon; and thus, our business being done, we have an afternoon and evening of leisure to ourselves, such as our friend at present enjoys. By those early marriages we are blessed with more children; and from the mode among us, founded by nature, of every mother suckling and nursing her own child, more of them are raised. Thence the swift progress of population among us unparalleled in Europe. In fine, I am glad you are married, and congratulate you most cordially upon it. You are now in the way of becoming a useful citizen: and you have escaped the unnatural state of celibacy for life—the fate of many here who never intended it, but who having too long postponed the change of their condition, find at length, that it is too late to think of it, and so live all their lives in a situation that greatly lessens a man's value. An odd volume of a set of books bears not the value of its proportion to the set: what think you of the odd half of a pair of scissors? it cannot well cut any thing; it may probably serve to scrape a trencher. Pray, make my compliments and best wishes acceptable to your bride. I am old and heavy, or I should ere this have presented them in person, I shall make but small use of the old man's privilege, that of giving advice to younger friends. Treat your wife always with respect; it will procure respect to you, not only from her, but from all who observe it. Never use a slighting expression to her, even in jest; for slights in

jest, after frequent bandying, are apt to end in anger and earnest. Be studious in your profession, and you will be learned. Be industrious and frugal, and you will be rich. Be sober and temperate, and you will be healthy. Be in general virtuous, and you will be happy. At least you will by such conduct, stand the best chance for such consequences. I pray God to bless you both, being ever your affectionate friend.

Life of Franklin.



From the same, to the late Dr. Mather, of Boston.

REV. SIR,

I received your kind letter, with your excellent advice to the United States, which I read with great pleasure, and hope it will be duly regarded. Such writings, although they may be lightly passed over by many readers, yet if they make a deep impression on one active mind in a hundred, the effects may be considerable. Permit me to mention one little instance, which, though it relates to myself, will not be quite uninteresting to you. When I was a boy, I met with a book entitled, "Essays to do good," which I think was written by your father. It had been so little regarded by a former possessor, that several leaves of it were torn out; but the remainder led me into such a train of thinking, as to have an influence on my conduct through life: for I have always set a greater value on the character of a doer of good, than any other kind of reputation; and if I have been, as you seem to think, a useful citizen, the public owes the advantage of it to that book.

You mention your being in your seventy-eighth year. I am in my seventy-ninth. We are grown old together. It is now more than sixty years since I left Boston; but I remember well both your father and grand-father, having heard them both in the pulpit, and seen them in their houses. The last time I saw your father was in the beginning of 1724, when I visited him after my first trip to Pennsylvania: he received me in his library; and on my taking leave, shewed me a shorter way out of the house, through a narrow passage, which was crossed by a beam overhead. We were still talking as I withdrew, he ac-

companying me behind, and I turning hastily towards him, when he said hastily, "stoop, stoop!" I did not understand him till I felt my head hit against the beam. He was a man who never missed any occasion of giving instructions, and upon this he said to me: "You are young, and have the world before you: Stoop as you go through it, and you will miss many hard thumps. This advice, thus beat into my head, has frequently been of use to me; and I often think of it, when I see pride mortified, and misfortunes brought upon people by their carrying their heads too high. I long much to see again my native place; and once hoped to lay my bones there. I left it in 1723. I visited it in 1733, 1743, 1753, and 1763; and in 1773, I was in England. In 1775, I had a sight of it, but could not enter, it being in possession of the enemy. I did hope to have been there in 1783, but could not obtain my dismissal from this employment here; and now I fear I shall never have that happiness. My best wishes however attend my dear country, "*esto perpetua*" It is now blest with an excellent constitution: may it last forever!

This powerful monarchy continues its friendship for the United States. It is a friendship of the utmost importance to our security, and should be carefully cultivated. Britain has not yet well digested the loss of her dominion over us; and has still, at times, some flattering hopes of recovering it. Accidents may increase those hopes, and encourage dangerous attempts. A breach between us and France would infallibly bring the English again upon our backs; and yet we have some wild beasts among our countrymen, who are endeavouring to weaken that connection.

Let us preserve our reputation, by performing our engagements; our credit by fulfilling our contracts; and our friends by gratitude and kindness; for we know not how soon we may again have occasion for all of them.

Ibid. .

On modern innovations on the English language, and in printing.

From the same, to Noah Webster, junr. esq. at Hartford.

DEAR SIR,

I received, some time since, your *Dissertations on the English language*. It is an excellent work, and will be very useful in turning the thoughts of our countrymen to correct writing. Please to accept my thanks for it, as well as for the great honour you have done me in its dedication. I ought to have made this acknowledgment sooner, but much indisposition prevented me.

I cannot but applaud your zeal for preserving the purity of our language, both in its expression and pronunciation, and correcting the popular errors which several of our states are continually falling into with respect to both. Give me leave to mention some of them, though possibly they may have already occurred to you. I wish, however, that in some future publication of yours, you would set a discountenancing mark upon them. The first I remember is the word *improved*. When I left New England, in the year 1723, this word had never been used among us, as far as I knew, but in the sense of *ameliorated*, or *made better*, except once in a very old book of Dr. Mather's, entitled, *Remarkable Providences*. As that man wrote a very obscure hand, I remember that when I read that word in his book, used instead of the word *employed*, I conjectured that it was an error of the printer, who had mistaken a short *l* in the writing for an *r*, and a *y* with too short a tail, for a *v*, whereby *employed*, was converted into *improved*; but when I returned to Boston in 1733, I found this change had obtained favour, and was then became common; for I met with it often in perusing the newspapers, where it frequently made an appearance rather ridiculous. Such, for instance, as the advertisement of a country house to be sold, which had been many years *improved* as a tavern; and in the character of a deceased country gentlemen, that he had been for more than thirty years, *improved* as a justice of the peace. The use of the word *improved* is peculiar to New England, and not to be met with among any other speakers of English, either on this or the other side of the water.

During my late absence in France, I find that several other new words have been introduced into our parliamentary language. For example, I find a verb formed from the substantive *notice*. *I should not have noticed this were it not that the gentlemen, &c.* Also, another verb, from the substantive *advocate*: *The gentleman who advocates, or who has advocated that motion, &c.* Another from the substantive *progress*, the most awkward and abominable of the three: *The committee having progressed, resolved to adjourn.* The word *opposed*, though not a new word, I find used in a new manner, as *the gentlemen who are opposed to this measure, to which I have also myself always been opposed.* If you should happen to be of my opinion with respect to these innovations, you will use your authority in reprobating them.

The Latin language, long the vehicle used in distributing knowledge among the different nations of Europe, is daily more and more neglected; and one of the modern tongues, viz. French, seems in point of universality, to have supplied its place. It is spoken in all the courts of Europe; and most of the literati, those, even who do not speak it, have acquired a sufficient knowledge of it to enable them easily to read the books that are written in it. This gives a considerable advantage to that nation. It enables its authors to inculcate and spread through other nations, such sentiments & opinions, on important points, as are most conducive to its interests, or which may contribute to its reputation, by promoting the common interests of mankind. It is, perhaps, owing to its being written in French, that Voltaire's Treatise on Toleration, has had so sudden and so great an effect on the bigotry of Europe, as almost entirely to disarm it. The general use of the French language has likewise a very advantageous effect on the profits of the bookselling branch of commerce, it being well known, that the more copies can be sold, that are struck off from one composition of types, the profits increase in a much greater proportion than they do in making a greater number of pieces in any other kind of manufacture. And, at present, there is no capital town in Europe without a French bookseller's shop corresponding with Paris. Our English bids fair to obtain the second place. The great body of excellent printed sermons in our language, as the freedom of our writings on political subjects, have induced a great number of divisions of different

sects of nations, as well as gentlemen concerned in public affairs to study it, so far at least as to be able to read it. And if we were to endeavour to facilitate its progress, the study of our tongue might become much more general. Those who have employed some part of their time in learning a new language, must have frequently observed, that while their acquaintance with it was imperfect, difficulties, small in themselves, operated as great ones in obstructing their progress. A book, for example, ill printed, or a pronounciation in speaking not well articulated, would render a sentence unintelligible, which, from a clear print, or a distinct speaker, would have been immediately comprehended. If therefore, we would have the benefit of seeing our language more generally known among mankind, we should endeavour to remove all the difficulties, however small, that discourage the learning of it: but I am sorry to observe, that of late years, those difficulties, instead of being diminished, have been augmented.

In examining the English books that were printed between the restoration and the accession of George the second, we may observe, that all substantives were begun with a capital, in which we imitated our mother tongue, the German. This was more particularly useful to those who were not well acquainted with the English, there being such a prodigious number of our words that are both verbs and substantives, and spelt in the same manner, though often accented differently in pronounciation. This method has, by the fancy of printers, of late years, been entirely laid aside; from an idea, that suppressing the capitals shews the character to greater advantage; these letters, prominent above the line, disturbing its even, regular appearance. The effect of this change is so considerable, that a learned man in France, who used to read our books, though not perfectly acquainted with our language, in conversation with me on the subject of our authors, attributed the greater obscurity he found in our modern books, compared with those written in the period above mentioned to change of style for the worse in our writers; of which mistake I convinced him, by marking for him each substantive with a capital, in a paragraph, which he then easily understood, though before he could not comprehend it. This shews the inconvenience of that pretended improvement.

From the same fondness for an uniform and even appearance of characters in the line, the printers have of late banished also the *Italic* types, in which words of importance to be attended to in the sense of the sentence, and words on which an emphasis should be placed in reading, used to be printed. And lately another fancy has induced other printers to use the round *s* instead of the long one, which formerly served well to distinguish a word readily by its varied appearance. Certainly the omitting this permanent letter, makes a line appear more even, but renders it less immediately legible; as the pairing of all men's noses might smooth and level their faces, but would render their physiognomies less distinguishable. Add to all these improvements backwards, another modern fancy, that *grey* printing is more beautiful than black. Hence the English new books are printed in so dim a character, as to be read with difficulty by old eyes, unless in a very strong light and with good glasses. Whoever compares a volume of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, printed between the years 1731 and 1740, with one of those printed in the last ten years, will be convinced of the much greater degree of perspicuity given by the black than by the grey. Lord Chesterfield pleasantly remarked this difference to Faulkener, the printer of the *Dublin Journal*, who was vainly making encomiums on his own paper, as the most complete of any in the world. "But, Mr. Faulkener," says my lord, "don't you think it might be still farther improved, by using paper and ink not quite so near of a colour." For all these reasons, I cannot but wish that our American printers would, in their editions, avoid these fancied improvements, and thereby render their works more agreeable to foreigners in Europe, to the great advantage of our book-selling commerce.

Farther, to be more sensible of the advantage of clear and distinct printing, let us consider the assistance it affords in reading aloud to an auditory. In so doing, the eye generally slides forward three or four words before the voice. If the sight clearly distinguishes what the coming words are, it gives time to order the modulation of the voice, to express them properly. But if they are obscurely printed, or disguised by omitting the capitals and long *s*'s, or otherwise, the reader is apt to modulate wrong, and finding he has done so, he is obliged to go

back and begin the sentence again, which lessens the pleasure of the hearers. This leads me to mention an old error in our mode of printing. We are sensible that when a question is met with in the reading, there is a proper variation to be used in the management of the voice. We have, therefore, a point, called an interrogation, affixed to the question in order to distinguish it.— But this is absurdly placed at its end, so that the reader does not discover it till he finds that he has wrongly modulated his voice, and is therefore obliged to begin again the sentence. To prevent this, the Spanish printers, more sensibly, place an interrogation at the beginning as well as at the end of the question. We have another error of the same kind in printing plays, where something often occurs that is marked as spoken *aside*. But the word *aside*, is placed at the end of the speech, when it ought to precede it, as a direction to the reader, that he may govern his voice accordingly. The practice of our ladies, in meeting five or six together, to form little busy parties, where each is employed in some useful work, while one reads to them, is so commendable in itself, that it deserves the attention of authors and printers to make it as pleasing as possible, both to the readers and hearers.

My best wishes attend you, being, with sincere esteem,
Sir, your most obedient and very humble servant.

Life of Franklin.

LETTERS OF GENERAL GRENE.

His Excellency the President of Congress.

Philadelphia, Nov. 1, 1780.

SIR,

The impossibility of employing an army to advantage, in winter operations, without being clothed, makes me very anxious to try every way and means to provide for the southern army, as it is more than probable the troops will be out all winter.

To take men into the field without clothing, is doing violence to humanity, and can be attended with nothing but disgrace, distress, and disappointment; and congress

will be burthened with all the expense of a well-appointed army, without the least advantage from their service: for I am persuaded the expense of the hospital department will nearly equal that of the clothiers'; sustaining, besides, the loss of a great number of valuable soldiers.

Young troops that are hastily drawn together, and who have been accustomed to all that domestic indulgence which prevails among the inhabitants of this country, are altogether unfit to be exposed to a winter campaign, even in the southern states, without being clothed, and I am well persuaded that all such as shall be called into the field, without clothing, will, before they have performed a month's service, be transferred from the army to the hospital. To avoid this evil, as well as put the southern army in a condition to contend with the enemy, on an equal footing, I beg leave to propose engaging the merchants of this city to furnish five thousand suits of clothing for the troops, which they will agree to provide and have in readiness in one month from this time, and will also agree to take bills on France in payment.

The object is so important, and the necessity so great, that I am persuaded no arguments are necessary to induce congress to adopt the measure, if it can be done consistent with the general interest of these states.

I had a meeting with some of the principal merchants of this city yesterday upon this business, and have taken the liberty to suggest this mode of providing clothing, from an earnest desire that the troops which are to be under my command may be put in a condition to be as extensively useful as possible.

I could wish to know the sentiments, of congress upon the business as soon as possible, as I propose to leave this city in the morning.

I have the honour to be, &c.

Port Folio.

To General Gates:

Camp Charlotte, Dec. 8, 1780.

DEAR SIR,

Agreeably to my instructions, I have taken the opinion of the general and other principal officers of the army, upon the practicability of holding a court of enquiry into

your conduct, during your command in this department. They are unanimous in the opinion that it is not practicable, agreeable to the tenor of my instructions, and that it would not be prudent to call baron Steuben, from Virginia without further information from that quarter; and the circumstances of this army would not admit of the inquiry being made, even if the baron was here.

Your earnest desire to have the court held, would have induced me to call the baron to this army, had the officers been of opinion that our circumstances would admit of the inquiry being made, unless the operations of the enemy in Virginia had rendered his continuance there very essential, in which case, I am persuaded, you would neither wish nor expect it.

I flatter myself you are fully convinced that I am equally anxious with yourself for having the court convened, and no less desirous of giving you an early opportunity of justifying yourself to the world, than you are of submitting your conduct to an impartial inquiry. As soon as the state of this army will admit of my convening a court, agreeable to the tenor of my instructions, I will give you immediate notice thereof.

I am, with esteem, &c.

Ibid.

To the right honourable the Earl Cornwallis, Lieutenant General, &c. &c. &c.

MY LORD,

Your lordship's letter of the 1st instant, addressed to major general Gates, I had the honour to receive, he having left this department before it came to hand.

I have written general Sumpter respecting the violation of the flag mentioned in your letter, and am persuaded he will take such measures as will be satisfactory to your lordship, as well for restoring the honours of the flag in the present instance, as for preserving it inviolate in future.

I am too much a stranger to the transactions of Gilberttown to reply fully on that subject. They must have been committed before my arrival in the department, and by persons under the character of volunteers, who were independent of the army. However, if there was any thing done in that affair contrary to the princi-

ples of humanity and the law of nations, and for which they had not the conduct of your army as a precedent, I shall be ever ready to testify my disapprobation of it.

The first example was furnished on your part, as appears by the list of unhappy sufferers which I have the honour to enclose, and it might have been expected that the friends of the unfortunate persons would follow it.

Punishing capitally for breach of a military parole is a severity that the principles of modern war will not authorize, unless the inhabitants are to be treated as a conquered people, and subject to all the rigour of military government.

The feelings of mankind will forever decide when the rights of humanity are invaded. I leave them to judge of the nature and tendency of your lordships orders to lieut. colonel Balfour, after the action near Camden, of lord Rawdon's proclamation and lieut. colonel Tarleton's conduct in laying waste the country and distressing the inhabitants, who were taught to expect protection and security if they observed but a neutrality.

Sending the inhabitants of Charlestown, to St. Augustine, contrary to the articles of capitulation, is a violation which I have also to represent, and which I hope your lordship will think yourself bound to redress.

It is my wish to soften the rigours of war as much as possible, and it shall be my study to render the sufferings of the unfortunate on either side as light as may be. For this purpose, I should be happy to promote an exchange of prisoners on just and equal principles; and where exchanges cannot immediately take place, to grant paroles to the officers in captivity.

I am, my lord, your lordship's most obedient, humble servant.

Ibid.

To his Excellency General Washington.

West Point, Oct. 19th, 1770.

SIR,

Your excellency's favour of the 18th, was delivered me this afternoon. I had given up the thoughts of going home before the receipt of your letter, even if I could have been indulged with your permission. My affairs

require it; but I was afraid it would take up too much time, considering the critical state of affairs to the southward.

The day that I marched from Tappan, I wrote for Mrs. Greene, and expect her here every hour. When I wrote for liberty to go home, it was my intention to have stopped her on the road, and turned her back; but if I should set out before her arrival, the disappointment, added to the shock of my going to the southward, I fear will have some very disagreeable effect upon her health, especially as her apprehensions were very lively on the subject, before there was even a probability of my going.

I see the necessity for setting out, and feel the necessity for staying. I must beg your excellency's indulgence for one day longer; after which, if Mrs. Greene don't arrive, I shall immediately set out for head-quarters. My baggage sets off to-morrow, if I am not disappointed in getting horses, which colonel Hughes promises me shall not be the case. Nothing shall detain me longer than a couple of days from head-quarters, unless I am very unwell indeed.

I thank your excellency for the double assurance you give me of support, and long to be on my journey, to meet lord Cornwallis, before he advances too far into the heart of North Carolina.

I am, with great respect and esteem, your excellency's most obedient, humble servant. *Port Folio.*

Letter from General St. Clair to the Hon. John Jay, relative to his evacuation of Ticonderoga.

Moses' Creek, July 25th, 1777.

SIR,

GENERAL SCHUYLER was good enough to read to me part of a letter he received last night from you. I cannot recollect that any of my officers ever asked my reasons for leaving Ticonderoga; but as I have found the measure much decried, I have often expressed myself in this manner: "That as to myself, I was perfectly easy; I was conscious of the uprightness and propriety of my conduct, and despised the vague censure of an

uninformed populace;" but had no allusion to an order from general Schuyler for my justification, because no such order existed.

The calumny thrown on general Schuyler, on account of that matter, has given me great uneasiness. I assure you, Sir, there never was any thing more cruel and unjust: for he knew nothing of the matter until it was over, more than you did at Kingston. It was done in consequence of a consultation with the other general officers, without the possibility of general Schuyler's concurrence; and had the opinion of that council been contrary to what it was, it would nevertheless have taken place, because I knew it to be impossible to defend the post with our numbers.

In my letter to Congress, from fort Edward, in which I gave them an account of my retreat, is this paragraph: "It was my original design to retreat to this place, that I might be betwixt general Burgoyne and the inhabitants, and that the militia might have something in this quarter to collect to." It is now effected, and the militia are coming in, so that I have the most sanguine hopes that the progress of the enemy will be checked, and I may have the satisfaction to experience, that, *although I have lost a post, I have eventually saved a state.*

Whether my conjecture is right or not, is uncertain; but had our army been made prisoners, which it certainly would have been, the state of New York would have been much more exposed at present.

I proposed to general Schuyler, on my arrival at fort Edward, to have a note sent to the printer, to assure the people, he had no part in abandoning what they considered their strong holds: he thought it was not so proper at that time; but it is no more than what I owe to truth and to him, to declare, that he was totally unacquainted with the matter; and I should be very glad that this letter, or any part of it you may think proper to communicate, may convince the unbelieving.

Simple unbelief is easily and soon convinced; but when malice or envy occasions it, it is needless to attempt conviction. *Wilkinson's "Memoirs of his own times."*

Letter from General Washington to Major Lee, respecting a proposed attempt to capture General Arnold.

DEAR SIR,

The plan proposed for taking A——d, (the outlines of which are communicated in your letter, which was this moment put into my hands without date) has every mark of a good one. I therefore agree to the promised rewards; and have such entire confidence in your management of the business, as to give it my fullest approbation, and leave the whole to the guidance of your own judgement, with this express stipulation and pointed injunction, that he, (A——d,) is brought to me alive.

No circumstance whatever, shall obtain my consent to his being put to death. The idea which would accompany such an event, would be, that ruffians had been hired to assassinate him. My aim is to make a public example of him! and this should be strongly impressed upon those who are employed to bring him off. The sergeant must be very circumspect; too much zeal may create suspicion—and too much precipitancy may defeat the project. The most inviolable secrecy must be observed on all hands. I send you five guineas; but I am not satisfied of the propriety of the sergeants appearing with much specie. This circumstance may also lead to suspicion, as it is but too well known to the enemy, that we do not abound in this article.

The interviews between the party in and out of the city, should be managed with much caution and seeming indifference; or else the frequency of their meetings, &c. may betray the design, and involve bad consequences; but I am persuaded you will place every matter in a proper point of view to the conductors of this interesting business, and therefore, I shall only add, that I am, dear Sir, &c. &c.

Lee's Memoirs of the Southern War.

Humorous letter from Dr. Franklin to a young lady.

London, September 26th, 1773.

DEAR MISS,

I lament with you, most sincerely, the unfortunate death of poor *Mungo*. Few squirrels were better accomplished; for he had had a good education, had travelled far, and seen much of the world. As he had the honor of being, for his virtues, your favorite, he should not go like common skuggs, without an elegy or an epitaph. Let us give him one, in a monumental style and measure, which, being neither prose nor verse, is perhaps the properest for grief, since to use common language, would look as if we were not affected, and to make rhymes, would seem trifling in sorrow.

ALAS! POOR MUNGO!

Happy wert thou, hadst thou known
Thy own felicity!

Remote from the fierce Bald-Eagle,
Tyrant of thy native woods,

Thou hadst nought to fear from his piercing talons;
Nor from the murdering gun
Of the thoughtless sportsman.

Safe in the wire castle,
Grimalkin never could annoy thee.

Daily wert thou fed with the choicest viands,
By the fair hand

Of an indulgent mistress;

But discontented, thou wouldst have more freedom.
Too soon, alas! didst thou obtain it:

And wandering,
Fell by the merciless fangs
Of wanton, cruel Ranger.

Learn here, ye who blindly wish more liberty,
Whether subjects, sons, squirrels or daughters,
That apparent *restraint* may be real *protection*,
Yielding peace, plenty, and security.

You see how much more decent and proper this broken style, interrupted as it is with sighs, is for the occasion, than if one were to say, by way of epitaph,

Here Skugg
Lies snug
As a bug
In a rug.

And yet, there are people in the world, of so little feeling, as to think *that* would be a good enough epitaph for our poor Mungo.

If you wish it, I shall procure another to succeed him; but perhaps you will now choose some other amusement.

Remember me respectfully to all the good family; and believe me ever, your affectionate friend.

Port Folio.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Mirror for the Petit Maitres.

A skipping, dancing, worthless tribe, you are,
Fit only for yourselves : you herd together ;
And when the circling glass warms your vain hearts,
You talk of beauties that you never saw,
And fancy raptures that you never felt.

Rowe.

IN all collections of essays, I invariably find some paper addressed to the women, that is either offered as a lecture of advice or levelled at them with all the severity of satire ; while the men, the lords of the creation ! are suffered to grovel on in vice, or to sneak through the world as ignorant or worthless characters. Why are the eyes of these authors shut against the follies of their own sex ? Why will the learned mind labour to seduce woman again to taste of the Tree of Knowledge, only to make her see the nakedness of those around her ?—How many youth may blush at the wilful neglect of their understandings ! blush, when they recollect the high, the sublime nature of the soul. Good Heaven ! can a modern fine gentleman suppose himself in the same class of being with an Essex, or a Sydney, the ornaments of the sixteenth century ? To mention the sacred names of a Newton or a Locke, would be to draw a comparison between the feeble glimmer of a glow-worm and the effulgence of the sun.

The first emotion of the human heart is a strong desire of happiness ; and, in minds of any worth, an ambition to be eminent in something, form two biasses, which emphatically work the grandeur and immortality of the soul ; and, if properly directed, would raise man to the highest perfection of which his frail nature is capable. The ambition of a manly soul ought to soar to intellectual attainments—a perfect gentleman must not be ignorant on any subject. To be uninformed of the histories of Greece and Rome, setting aside that of our country, is absolutely shameful : yet two thirds of our *Jeus d'Esprits* would rub their vacant foreheads, if you happened to ask them any questions about either of the Gracchii, but hint in their ears, the names of Alcibiades or Phocion, and perhaps they will think you are talking of some old clothes-man !

I have heard mistakes made by fashionable young men, that a school boy of ten years old would blush to be caught in. I will take the liberty of giving two or three examples. Some ladies, in company with one gentleman, were expressing their approbation of the graceful manner in which Helen leaves her loom to go to Paris after his flight from Menelaus—"Ah ladies !" says he, "it is fine in Pope ; but I have read it in the original Latin, and there it is beautiful !"—"In Latin, Sir," said a female friend of mine who was present : "I beg your pardon, but Homer was a Greek poet."—"No, no, madam !" he hastily replied, "you mean Horace, I assure you Homer was a Roman, for I have read him !"

One evening, I was with some other ladies, in a room with three young men. How the subject came into their heads, I know not, because I was not listening to their conversation : but my attention was arrested, by one of them saying, rather loudly—"Mark Anthony was made king of one of the Assyrian provinces"—"Perhaps so : but I am sure" replied a second "he was Cæsar's son"—"You both mistake," interrupted the third "he was one of the villains who helped Brutus to kill Cæsar !" I was astonished and speechless with surprize, gazed at the three "gay charming fellows !" who, in my opinion, better deserved the appellation of the blockhead triumvirate.

Are these illiterate, shamelessly ignorant animals, of that noble species, Man !—that super-eminent creature, whose form was shaped to gaze on the heavens, and the

faculties of whose soul, were expanded by his Creator, that he might count the stars ! And how does he now employ his time ? Not even in walking the plain track of literature—not in comparing the histories of republics, kingdoms and empires ; and while he reads conversing with wise lawgivers and holy patriarchs !—not in searching through the labyrinths of the human mind with Locke ; nor in reading the stars, and making the vast tour of the universe, in company with the divine Newton !—No, these are not his pursuits ; he reads no books, save now and then a flimsy play, that has nothing but its novelty to recommend it—and perhaps the history of some popular divorce. Besides the theatre, that inestimable fountain from whence he derives all his classical knowledge, a slight acquaintance with the geography of France, just sufficient to enable him to understand the news of the day, is all the learning he aspires after. Talk of the stars to him, and he will say he never looks at any, but those in a woman's face. Talk of the soul, friendship, mind, &c. and he will interrupt you by saying, that is a jargon he does not understand. There is one science, I believe the whole of his sex are perfectly conversant in—that of eating and drinking ; on the subject of which they could outtalk Apicices himself. And I will do them the justice to say, that even the most stupid of them could reduce it to a system, in a very elaborate treatise on tarts and custards.

Many of our youth are so monstrously barren, that I can positively affirm, that there are not eight out of ten who can spell an epistle of one page in length without the immediate aid of a dictionary. As to their accomplishments in the most delightful of all studies, the works of the poets, I can say little or nothing to their advantage. The swift, though tender ray of Apollo's halo cannot penetrate their opaque brows. Ignorance, if not vicious hardiment, has shielded their brazen foreheads ; and to their dull ear the “ concord of sweet sounds ” is charmless.

I know that there are some who have skimmed the surface of literature ; and being swelled with the little pre-eminence they have over their companions, they are wild to show their superiority over common sense. Flinging reason behind them, they set up for men of extraordinary genius ; and like the Persian glass-man, in his foolish

vision, they kick about their earthly happiness, and hopes of future felicity, with a real lunatic fury.

Yet there are others of our young men who are an honour to their country—who join, with all the charms of a beautiful form, the more attracting, the more fascinating graces, of a richly cultivated understanding, and a poetical and delicate taste; whose society will always be sought after with eagerness; and when absent, the remembrance of their virtues and accomplishments will play a lambert flame around our hearts, and no time can erase their lovely ideas from our memories. How different are the sensations which agitate the bosom of a female, in the company of a thoughtless coxcomb!

She lets the poor little butterfly flutter round her and buz its empty nothings in her ear; and when it takes its flight, thinks no more of it than of those insects which sparkle in the summer's blaze.

I am well aware that if this ever meets the eye of those to whom I address it, they will set me down as a disappointed—ugly—old maid. But I deny the charge—I am not old, for I have not yet lived twenty-two years—I think I am not ugly, provided I may believe the daily rhapsodies of at least half a dozen of these poppingays; and I know I am rich. So I make out that I am neither the disappointed, the ugly, nor the old.

Freemasons' Magazine.



The way to make money plenty in every man's pocket.

At this time, when the general complaint is that "money is scarce," it will be an act of kindness to inform the moneyless how they may reinforce their pockets. I will acquaint them with the true secret of money-catching—the certain way to fill empty purses, and how to keep them always full.

Two simple rules, well observed, will do the business. First, let honesty and industry be thy constant companions; and,

Secondly, spend one penny less than thy clear gains.

Then shall thy hide-bound pocket, soon begin to thrive, and will never again cry with the empty belly-ache:

neither will creditors insult thee, nor want oppress, nor hunger bite, nor nakedness freeze thee. The whole hemisphere will shine brighter, and pleasure spring up in every corner of thy heart. Now, therefore, embrace these rules and be happy. Banish the bleak winds of sorrow from thy mind, and live independent. Then shalt thou be a man, and not hide thy face at the approach of the rich, nor suffer the pain of feeling little when the sons of fortune walk at thy right hand : for independency, whether with little or much is good fortune, and placeth thee on even ground with the proudest of the golden fleece. Oh then, be wise, and let industry walk with thee in the morning, and attend thee until thou reachest the evening hour for rest. Let honesty be as the breath of thy soul, and never forget to have a penny when all thy expences are enumerated and paid ; then shalt thou reach the summit of happiness, and independence shall be thy shield and buckler, thy helmet and crown ; then shall thy soul walk upright, nor stoop to the silken wretch because he hath riches, nor pocket an abuse because the hand which offers it, wears a ring set with diamonds.

DR. FRANKLIN.

Obadiah Olive's Complaint.

MR. EDITOR,

I am one of those unfortunate tradesmen who are plagued with a reading wife, who, according to my notion, is a very great evil in a house. My wife does hardly any one earthly thing, but read, read, read, almost from the time that she gets up, to the time that she goes to bed. Howsomever, I should not value her reading so much neither ; though, to be sure, as she is a bookish woman, she is of very little service to me in my business, did she not very often oblige me to hear her, when I had much rather be looking over my own books ; which, by the way, I would not charge, no, that I would not, for all hers, notwithstanding she makes such a confounded route about them, so that my ears and my head are disturbed at the same time. For my part, I read only the papers in order to see how the nation goes on ; and what chance there is

for pushing business. But the worst of the affair is to come. My wife has lately been very fond of a book full of hard words ; and will persist in reading out of it to me when ever she can catch me at leisure. Now, to tell you the truth, I don't take in one word in ten which comes out of her mouth ; and there is no pleasure, you know, in hearing what you can make neither head nor tail of. I am often forced to say to her, " I can't for the soul of me, tell what the author would be at ; he is a confounded puzzling fellow, I am sure."

We had a terrible brush t'other day, Sir : upon her coming out with a plagued hard word, I said to her, " lookee here, Mrs. Olive, it don't signify three farthings, I can't bear no longer, to sit and hear what I don't understand. I should be glad to know," says I, " what language you are reading ?"

" Why English, to be sure," says she, looking fiercely at me as if she would eat me.

" The dogs a bit," says I : " such English as that there you have been reading, I never heard in all my born days."

The answer, though I spake it as cool as a cucumber, put her into a violent passion—her eyes struck fire, and she coloured like a turkey-cock at the sight of a red handkerchief. After she had clapt down her book on the table in such a manner, that I thought verily she had made work for the joiner, she said, " your want of erudition is insupportable—I pity from my heart the paucity of your ideas ; you are the lowest of terrestrial beings, and it shocks me to death to find you so incapable of relishing the compositions of a man, who for the universality of his genius, the vivacious ebullitions of his fancy, and the exuberance of his imagination ; for the diversity of his matter, the subtilty of his reasoning, and the melody of his diction, is incontrovertibly one of the brightest luminaries in the literary world."

Luckily, to my no small satisfaction, I was just then called down stairs to receive orders from one of my best country customers, by which means, I was not under a necessity at that time of making an answer to a speech which was indeed quite out of my *sphere* : and as soon as I had done that job, I went and bought Johnson's Dictionary, that I might be able to understand my wife a little better ; but, to my great mortification, I have thrown

away my money ; for, when I look for the meaning of one of Mrs. Olive's crank words, I am often as much, if not more, puzzled than I was afore.

My wrongheaded wife, not contented with talking herself not to be understood by such a plain man as I am, brings up her daughter to have a taste for the same kind of language, which, I am sure, is not fit for common use. According to my notion now, neither tradesmen, nor tradesmen's wives, nor any body belonging to them, have any business to talk like *skolars*. But I was going to tell you about my daughter. Why, Polly, Sir, is a clever girl enough, I must own, and old enough, (for she will be nineteen in about ten days) to know better than to follow her foolish mother in what only makes her be laughed at by all her acquaintance behind her back. Polly has already lost a good match, a very good match, by her nonsensical behaviour ; and if she takes after her mother, will never get a husband worth hanging. A storekeeper in the neighbourhood, an industrious young fellow, courted her, and I do verily believe would have married her in a little while ; but she found so much fault one day when he came to make her a present of some ribbons, with his phraseology and pronunciation, telling him that he had a barbarous assemblage of expressions, and delivered them with a horrid incorrectness, that he took up his hat, not caring, I suppose, to be treated like a school-boy, for which, I confess, I can't blame him, and has never darkened my door since.

I hope all unmarried tradesmen, when they have read this letter, (for your Magazine will undoubtedly fall into the hands of many such people) will take special care how they venture on a bookish woman. For my part, I am sick of all books, but those belonging to my shop.

Freemasons' Magazine.

Beauty destroyed by Affectation.

The brightest forms through Affectation fade
 To strange new things, which nature never made :
 Frown not, ye fair, so much your sex we prize,
 We hate those arts which take you from our eyes.
 In Aibucinda's native grace is seen,
 What you, who labour at perfection mean :
 Short is the rule and to be learnt with ease ;
 Remain your gentle selves, and you must please.

YOUNG.

The graces, all three sisters, all extremely pretty ladies, and maids of honour to the goddess Venus, the all-powerful queen of love lived together, for a long time, in the strictest bonds of affection and friendship one towards another, which is somewhat extraordinary, indeed as they were such near relations, such uncommon beauties, and such distinguished favourites at court.

In process of time, however, pride and ambition sowed the seeds of jealousy among them. Each began to plume herself on her own imaginary charms ; and each insisted on her precedence, as having the most fire in her eyes, the most resistless arts of pleasing in conversation, and the surest and most enchanting ways of making captives of her beholders. The contest, in short, grew so warm, that they entertained thoughts of making their appeal to their mistress Venus, on so important & critical an affair.

"For my part," said Miss Euphrosyne, with a smile of indifference and disdain, "I desire no better judge, since no one will be more impartial; and we are all sensible that no one can possibly be better qualified to settle and adjust the merit and prize of beauty. Let us lay, my dear sisters, all animosities aside, and at once, without more ado, agree to refer our cause to her decision. Let her declare which of us is in reality possessed of the most prevailing charms, the most resistless arts of pleasing ; but then, let us unanimously agree, likewise, to make no further appeals ; let us acquiesce in, and subscribe to her sentence, as final and conclusive."

"Subscribe to her yourself, if you please," replied Miss Thalia, not a little nettled, and visibly chagrined at her sister's seeming confidence in the merit of her cause.

"Without any further words or dissension between us," said Miss Aglaia, "I highly approve of the proposal. I don't care, sisters, for my part, how soon our pretty controversy is drawn to a final conclusion."

This emulation of theirs soon reached the ears of their mistress Venus, who summoned them all immediately to make their personal appearance in court ; and accordingly assumed the bed of justice with such a grace, and such an air of complacency, as is beyond the power of words to express ; reflecting, with a secret pleasure, how in time past, upon a dispute of a like nature, the golden apple was adjudged to herself by the shepherd Paris, in preference both to Juno and Minerva.

The court being set, and all the contending parties present, Venus directed each of them to exert her peculiar talents, and secret arts of incantation, to which she laid a peculiar claim.

Each accordingly prepared to obey her orders: all of them equally fired with a fond desire and resistless hope of being pronounced the best qualified charmer, with equal pleasure and cheerfulness practised their studied arts and stratagems to please before her. But those resistless hopes, those fond desires of approbation with which they were all embarrassed, perfectly baffled their ambitious views, & turned out to their equal disadvantage.

One screwed up her mouth in so prim a form, that she made the most frightful and disagreeable figure that could well be conceived ; the second, through an inordinate ambition to shew her fine row of teeth, distorted every feature of her face ; and the last, proud of her black sparkling eyes, rolled them about to such a violent degree, that, in the eye of her female and impartial judge, she appeared perfectly to squint.

“Are these your arts?” said Venus. “Are these your studied charms? Fye, ladies, fye! I almost blush for you. How dare you put on such artful airs before me? Get out of court: go home directly. Consult your respective minors with impartiality, and let me hear no more of your unnatural contentions. If you are desirous of resuming your former title, I mean that of the graces and my favourite attendants; if you are actually eager and fond of pleasing, never study any of those killing airs, I beseech you. As the least thought of that nature is too much, never think of your charms at all; for it is a maxim with me that will admit of no exception,—that she who is solicitous of pleasing over much, inevitably gives disgust. In a word—“Affectation is the bane of Beauty.”

Ibid.

GOSSIPING.

A Dialogue from Life.

Mrs. L. Ah! *Mrs. B.* I am glad to see you. How do you do, ma'am?

Mrs. B. Why, ma'am, not very well. I have had a cold for several days. Last Thursday night I went to pay a visit to our new neighbour, and didn't put on a shawl; you know the weather was quite cool, and Mr. B. advised me to put on one; but I says to him, says I ———

Mrs. L. O, ma'am did you know Sammy Wiffet is going to be married to his rich cousin at last? I always told you it would be a match. The family, I knew, would never let such a fine fortune go out of it. I am told they are going to live at her father's on the North River. I pity her, poor thing, for that. The old lady, I understand, has not the best temper in the world. Besides, I am told, she is not heartily for the match. She thinks the girl and boy are too young for marriage; and, 'pon my word, I think so too. I do assure you, she is no more than fifteen; and he, I can't tell his age exactly, but I remember he was born about the time of my Jemmy's marriage; and that is, let me see, next November will be ——— pray, (looking out at the window) whose coach is that?

Mrs. B. Why, ma'am, I don't know; some upstarts, I dare say; but my cold is so distressing, and I have not been out of the house these five days, and hav'n't seen a soul at home, and just run over to have a little chat with you, though Mr. B. was much against my going out till I'm quite recovered. "If you must go," says he "be sure to put on a shawl." So I says to Betty, "Betty" says I "do run up to my room and bring ———"

Mrs. L. Ah, ma'am, now I think of it, let me ask you've heard whether the Calthorpes are going to stay in their house this year? I'm told they're going to give it up, and going to live in the country. So they give out: but I understand the true reason is, Mr. Calthorpe's affairs ———. But I beg you'll not mention this again as coming from me; it's mere report and I dare say an't true; but I just tell you what I've heard: it was whispered to me as a great secret, by Mrs. Pry, who told me not to mention it to any body, and I wouldn't, except to

a particular friend who will keep it to herself. Mr. Calthorpe's affairs are quite *deranged*, and he leaves town to prevent his ruin; and that, I think, is quite prudent. To be sure, he's lived in too high a style since his marriage. His wife had no fortune; he married her a poor *ga'ul*, an orphan, poor thing, and living altogether on her aunt, who brought her up. Pray ma'am, have you heard any thing of their affairs?

Mrs. B. Why, ma'am, now you put me in mind, I think I *did* hear something of these folks. A gentleman, an acquaintance of my husband's, a Mr. ———, I declare, I've forgot his name, a tall, portly man. Mr. B. invited him to dine with us on Sunday, and told me his name. The day before, he says to me, says he, Let's have something nice to-morrow, for I've asked Mr. ———, I can't think of his name, I wonder I'm so forgetful; but my cold is so troublesome, that I don't remember nothing. I wanted to take advice, but Mr. B. laughed me out of it. "Wouldn't it be as well," says I, "my dear, to send for Dr. Bolus? I'm afraid," says I, "this shocking cold will settle on my lungs." This was on Friday night, about dusk; and just as I was speaking, who should go by but the doctor himself. So my husband called him in and so ———

Mrs. L. Ah, ma'am, that puts me in mind of something I wanted to ask you. I'm told Dr. Bolus is really engaged to widow Waddle, and that they're to be married very shortly. The widow, I understand, has a pretty snug estate, and no children, and the doctor's practice, they tell me is lessening every day, since that unfortunate mistake of his with Polly Pepperill's child. I suppose you've heard of this story. The poor child was drooping for some time, and the doctor was called, and he said it was the measles, and that no time wasn't to be lost; and he physick'd and physick'd till the poor child actually died. 'Twas a sad mistake, indeed of the doctor's. I'm told the family was very angry, and the doctor hasn't held up his head since. It's high time the doctor was married, if he means to be at all; though, for my part, I can't say I'm over-fond of late marriages. What do you think ma'am?

Mrs. B. Why, ma'am, I must needs say I don't like them at all. I was married myself at seventeen, and I'm sure I've no reason in the world to repent that I was

married so early. Mr. B. was four years older than I was; but twenty-one you know ma'am is quite young for a man: and Mr. B. was in a good way of business to maintain a family: and to be sure, we've had a family to maintain; for Mr. B's sisters were dependent on him. They lived at our house till they were married. When Jemmy Mather courted Patty, who was the last, I was heartily glad; for you can't think ma'am, how disagreeable it is to have many mistresses in a family. When the wedding was fixed, "I'm sure," says I to Mr. B. "I'm glad on't. The poor girl will get a husband, at last," says I, "and that's what she's wanted" says I, "a long time." Patty was quite too fine a lady for me; and she greatly imposed upon her brother's good-nature. She used to tease him for tickets to the play and the assemblies. One night we made up a party —

Mrs. L. Ah, ma'am, now you talk of maiden sisters, what, I wonder, will become of Betsey Bolus, if her brother marries? I am told she's no friend to the match. The widow, I understand, made it a condition with the doctor, that Betsey should live some where else. She is quite of your opinion, that one mistress in a family is enough. And Betsey, they tell me, is a little of the old maid in her temper: peevish as the duce; always quarrelling with the maids. The doctor can't keep a servant more than a month. The girl who lives with me lived with them sometime, and tells odd stories of Miss. Betsey's peevishness.

Mrs. B. O dear! it's clouded up, I see. It looks very like for rain. I must run home before it wets, or I shall only increase my cold. Mr. B. made me promise to come home if there was the least sign of rain; so, good night, ma'am. Pray come over soon; it's a long time since you've called, and I hope you'll come shortly. Good night.

Mrs. L. La, ma'am, what's your hurry? Do stay a little longer and take tea: it's just coming in.

Mrs. B. Can't indeed ma'am. Good night, good night. *Ibid.*

False Wit.

All fools have still an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing side.

Pope.

MONSIEUR ROCHEFOUCAULT, tell us somewhere in his memoirs, that the Prince of Conde delighted much in ridicule, and used frequently to shut himself up for half a day together, in his chamber, with a gentleman who was his favourite, purposely to divert himself with examining what was the foible, or ridiculous side of every noted person in the court.—That gentleman said afterwards in some company, that he thought nothing was more ridiculous in any body, than this same humour in the prince; and I am somewhat inclined to be of this opinion. The general tendency there is among us to this embellishment, (which I fear has too often grossly imposed upon my loving countrymen instead of wit,) and the applause it meets with from a rising generation, fill me with fearful apprehensions for the future reputation of my country: a young man of modesty, (which is the most certain indication of large capacities) is hereby discouraged from attempting to make any figure in life: his apprehensions of being out-laughed, will force him to continue in a restless obscurity, without having an opportunity of knowing his own merit himself, or discovering it to the world, rather than venture to expose himself in a place, where a pun or a sneer shall pass for wit, noise for reason, and the strength of the argument be judged by that of the lungs. Among those witty gentlemen, let us take a view of Ridentius: what a contemptible figure does he make with his train of paltry admirers. This wight shall give himself an hour's diversion with the cock of a man's hat, the heels of his shoes, an unguarded expression in his discourse, or even some personal defect; and the height of his low ambition is to put some one of the company to the blush, who, perhaps, must pay an equal share of the reckoning with himself. If such a fellow makes laughing the sole end and purpose of his life, if it is necessary to his constitution, or if he has a great desire of growing suddenly fat, let him eat; let him give public notice where any dull stupid rogues may set a quart of four-penny for being laughed at; but it is barbarously unhandsome, when friends meet for the benefit of conver-

sation, and a proper relaxation from business, that one should be the butt of the company, and four men made merry at the cost of the fifth.

How different from this character is that of the good-natured, gay Eugenius ! who never spoke yet, but with a design to divert and please ; and who was never yet balked in his intention. Eugenius takes more delight in applying the wit of his friends, than in being admired himself ; and if any one of the company is so unfortunate as to be touched a little too nearly, he will make use of some ingenious artifice to turn the edge of ridicule another way, chusing rather to make himself a public jest, than endure the pain of seeing his friend in confusion.

Among the tribe of laughers, I reckon the pretty gentlemen, who write satires, and carry them about in their pockets, reading them themselves in all company they happen to be in ; taking an advantage of the ill taste of the town, to make themselves famous for a pack of paltry, low nonsense, for which they deserve to be kicked rather than admired, by all who have the least tincture of politeness. These I take to be the most incorrigible of all my readers ; nay, I expect they will be squibbing at the Busy-Body himself—However, the only favor he begs of them is this, that if they cannot control their overbearing itch of scribbling, let him be attacked in downright biting lyrics ; for there is no satire he dreads half so much as an attempt towards a panegyrick.

DR. FRANKLIN.

Power of Conscience.

How irresistible is the power of conscience ! It is a viper which twines itself round the heart, and cannot be shook off. It lays fast hold of us ; it lies down with us, and preys upon our vitals. Hence, ancient moralists compared an evil conscience to a vulture, feeding upon the liver, and the pangs that are felt by the one, to the throes of the other ; supposing at the same time, the vulture's hunger to be insatiable, and this entrail to be most exquisitely sensible of pain ; and to grow as fast as it is devoured. What can be a stronger representation of the

most lingering and most acute corporeal pains? Yet, strong as it is, it falls greatly short of the anguish of a guilty conscience. Imagination, when at rest, cannot conceive the horrors which, when troubled, it can excite, or the tortures to which it can give birth.

What must have been the state of mind of Bessus, a native of Pelponia, in Greece, when he disclosed the following authenticated fact! His neighbours, seeing him one day extremely anxious in pulling down some birds' nests, and passionately destroying their young, could not help taking notice of it, and upbraiding him with his ill nature and cruelty to poor creatures, that by nestling so near him, seemed to court his protection and hospitality: he replied, that their voice was to him insupportable, as they never ceased twitting him with the murder of his father.

This execrable villainy, had lain concealed many years, and had never been suspected. In all probability it never would have come to light, had not the avenging fury of conscience drawn, by these extraordinary means, a public acknowledgment of it, from the parricide's own mouth.

Bessus is not the only person that has stood self-convicted. Though the discovery has not been distinguished by such a strange circumstance, many have made a voluntary confession, and sought for a refuge from the torments of conscience, in death. What a lesson for all men to keep a conscience void of offence.

Dramatic Censor.



MISCELLANEOUS POETRY.

AMERICAN HEROES.

In front firm Washington superior shone,
His eye directed to the half-seen sun;
As through the cloud the bursting splendours glow
And light the passage to the distant foe.
His waving steel returns the living day,
And points, through unfought fields, the warrior's way;
His valourous deeds to be confined no more,
Monongahela to thy desert shore.
Matured with years, with nobler glory warm,
Fate in his eye, and empire on his arm,
He feels his sword the strength of nations wield,
And moves before them with a broader shield.
Greene rose beside him, emulous in arms,
His genius brightening as the danger warms,
In counsel great, in every science skill'd,
Pride of the camp, and terror of the field.
With eager look, conspicuous o'er the crowd,
And port majestic, brave Montgomery strode,
Bared his tried blade, with honour's call elate,
Claim'd the first field, and hastened to his fate.
Lincoln, with force unfolding as he rose,
Scoped the whole war, and measured well the foes;
Calm, cautious, firm, for frugal counsels known,
Frugal of others' blood, but liberal of his own.

Heath for impending toil his falchion draws,
 And fearless Wooster aids the sacred cause ;
 Mercer advanced an early death to prove,
 Sinclair and Mifflin swift to combat move ;
 Here stood stern Putnam, scor'd with ancient scars,
 The living records of his country's wars ;
 Wayne like a moving tower assumes his post,
 Fires the whole field, and is himself a host ;
 Undaunted Stirling, prompt to meet his foes,
 And Gates and Sullivan for action rose ;
 Macdougall, Clinton, guardians of the state
 Stretch the nerv'd arm to pierce the depth of fate ;
 Marion with rapture seiz'd the sword of fame,
 Young Laurens grac'd a father's patriot name ;
 Moultrie and Sumpter lead their banded powers,
 Morgan in front of his bold riflers' towers ;
 His host of keen-ey'd marksmen skill'd to pour
 Their slugs unerring from the twisted bore.
 No sword, no bayonet they learn to wield,
 They gall the flank, they skirt the battl'ing field,
 Cull out the distant foe in full horse speed,
 Couch the long tube and eye the silver bead,
 Turn as he turns, dismiss the whizzing lead,
 And lodge the death ball in his heedless head.

Columbia.

Eulogy on Laughing.

Delivered at an Exhibition by a Young Lady.

LIKE merry Momus, while the Gods were quaffing,
 I come—to give an eulogy on laughing !
 True, courtly Chesterfield, with critic zeal,
 Asserts that laughing's vastly ungenteel !
 The boist'rous shake, he says, distorts fine faces,
 And robs each pretty feature of the graces !
 But yet this paragon of perfect taste,
 On other topics was not *over chaste* ;
 He like the Pharisees in this appears,
 They ruin'd widows, but they made long prayers,
 'Tis anise, mint, they zealously affected :
 But the law's weightier matters lay neglected ;

And while an insect strains their squeamish caul,
 Down goes a monstrous camel—bunch and all!
 Yet others, quite as sage, with warmth dispute
 Man's risibles distinguish him from brute;
 While instinct, reason, both in common own,
 To laugh is man's prerogative alone!
 Hail rosy laughter! thou deserv'dst the bays!
 Come with thy dimples, animate these lays,
 Whilst universal peals attest thy praise,
 Daughter of joy! thro' thee we health attain,
 The Esculapian recipes are vain.
 Let sentimentalists ring in our ears
 The tender joy of grief—the luxury of tears—
 Heraclitus may whine—and oh! and ah!—
 I like an honest, hearty, ha, hah, hah!
 It makes the wheels of nature gliblier play;
 Dull care suppresses; smooths life's thorny way;
 Propels the dancing current through each vein;
 Braces the nerves; corroborates the brain;
 Shakes ev'ry muscle, and throws of the spleen.
 Old Homer makes yon tenants of the skies,
 His Gods, love laughing as they did their eyes!
 It kept in them good humour, hush'd their squabbles,
 As froward children are appeas'd by baubles;
 Ev'n Jove, the thund'rer, dearly lov'd a laugh,
 When of fine nectar he had taken a quaff!
 It helps digestion when the feast runs high,
 And dissipates the fumes of potent Burgundy.
 But, in the main, tho' laughing I approve,
 It is not ev'ry kind of laugh I love;
 For many laughs e'en candour must condemn!
 Some are too full of acid, some of phlegm;
 The loud horse laugh (improperly so stil'd,)
 The idiot pimper, like the slumb'ring child,
 Th' affected laugh, to show a dimpled chin,
 The sneer contemptuous, and broad vacant grin,
 Are despicable all as Strephon's smile,
 To show his ivory legions, rank and file.
 The honest laugh, unstudied, unacquir'd,
 By nature prompted, and true wit inspir'd;
 Such as Quin felt, and Fallstaff knew before,
 When humour set the table in a roar;
 Alone deserves th' applauding muse's grace!
 The rest—is all contortion and grimace.

But you exclaim "Your Eulogy's too dry;
 "Leave dissertation and *exemplify*!
 "Prove by experiment, your maxims true;
 "And what you *praise* so highly, make us *do*."
 In truth, I hop'd this was already done,
 And Mirth and Momus had the laurel won!
 Like honest Hodge, unhappy should I fail,
 Who to a crowded audience told his tale,
 And laugh'd and snigger'd all the while himself
 To grace the story, as he thought, poor elf!
 But not a single soul his suffrage gave—
 While each long phiz was serious as the grave!
 Laugh! laugh! cries Hodge, laugh loud, (no halting,)
 I thought you all, ere this, would die with laughing!
 This did the feat; for, tickled at the whim,
 A burst of laughter, like the electric beam,
 Shook all the audience—but it was at *him*!
 Like Hodge, should ev'ry stratagem and wile
 Thro' my long story not excite a smile,
 I'll bear it with becoming modesty;
 But should my feeble efforts move your glee,
 Laugh if you *fairly* can—but not at *ME*!

SEWALL.

First American Congress.

COLUMBUS look'd; and still around them spread
 From south to north the immeasurable shade;
 At last the central darkness burst away,
 And rising regions open'd on the day.
 Once more bright Delaware's commercial stream
 And Penn's throng'd city cast a cheerful gleam;
 The dome of state as conscious of his eye,
 Now seem'd to silver in a loftier sky,
 Unfolding fair its gates; when lo, within
 The assembled states in solemn Congress shine.
 The sires elect from every province came,
 Where wide Columbia bore the British name,
 Where Freedom's sons their high-born lineage trace,
 And home-bred bravery still exalts the race:
 Her sons who plant each various vast domain

That Chesapeake's uncounted currents drain;
The race who Roanoke's clear stream bestride,
Who fell the fir on Apalachia's side,
To Albemarle's wide wave who trust their store,
Who deck proud Pamlico's unstable shore,
Whose groaning barks o'erload the long Santee,
Wind through the realms and labour to the sea,
(Their cumbrous cargoes to the sail consign'd
Seek distant worlds and feed and clothe mankind;)
The race whose rice fields suck Savanna's urn,
Whose verdant vines Oconee's banks adorn
Who freight the Delaware with golden grain,
Who tame their steeds on Monmouth's flowery plain,
From huge Tocannok's hills who drag their ore,
And sledge their corn to Hudson's quay-built shore,
Who keel Connecticut's long meadowy tide,
With patient plow his fallow plains divide,
Spread their white flocks o'er Narraganset's vale
Or chase to each chill pole the monstrous whale;
Whose venturous prows have borne their fame afar,
Tamed all the seas and steer'd by every star,
Dispensed to earth's whole habitants there store
And with their biting flukes have harrow'd every shore.
The venturous delegates behold with pain
The hostile Britons hovering o'er the main,
Lament the strife that bids two worlds engage,
And blast their annals with fraternal rage;
Two worlds in one broad state! whose bounds bestride,
Like heaven's blue arch the vast Atlantic tide,
By language, laws and liberty combined,
Great nurse of thought, example to mankind.
Columbia rears her warning voice in vain,
Brothers to brothers call across the main;
Britannia's patriots lend a listening ear,
But kings and courtiers push their mad career;
Dissension raves, the sheathless falchions glare,
And earth and ocean tremble at the war.
Thus with stern brow, as worn by cares of state,
His bosom big with dark unfolding fate,
High o'er his lance the sacred Eagle spread,
And earth's whole crown still resting on his head,
Rome's hoary Genius rose and mournful stood
On roaring Rubicon's forbidden flood,
When Cæsar's ensigns swept the Alpine air,

Led their long legions from the Gallic war,
 Paused on the opposing bank with wings unfurl'd,
 And warred portentous o'er the shuddering world.
 The god with outstretcht arm and awful look,
 Call'd the proud victor and prophetic spoke:
 Arrest, my son, thy parricidious fate,
 Pass not the stream nor stab my filial state,
 Stab not thyself, thy friends, thy total kind
 And worlds and ages in one state combined.
 The chief, regardless of the warning god,
 Rein'd his rude steed and headlong past the flood,
 Cried, farewell Peace! took Fortune for his guide,
 And o'er his country poured the slaughtering tide.
Columbiad.

To the Memory of Baron Trench.

HAIL injured Shade! who nobly did'st despise
 The utmost malice fortune could devise!
 Enur'd to bear variety of pain,
 A dungeon's horrors, and a tyrant's chain!
 What eye thy mighty suff'rings can peruse
 Nor tears of sympathy that eye suffuse,
 Ponder the cruel wrongs thou did'st sustain,
 Nor indignation boil in ev'ry vein?
 Thy dauntless valour contemplate, thy zeal,
 And not accumulated courage feel?
 Thy manly, god-like fortitude behold,
 And from those brows the martyr's crown withhold?
 Thy candour, justice, moderation, scan,
 Nor glory in the dignity of man?
 As I revolve thy various turns of fate,
 What struggling passions in this breast debate?
 Love, pity, indignation, take their turn,
 Then horror, and vindictive vengeance burn
 What coward vengeance in thy foes? in thee
 What unexampled magnanimity?
 Ye who *another's* agonies have felt!
 Whom rage can redden, or compassion melt!
 See the brave vet'ran drag his dungeon-chain,
 The blood fast trickling from each spouting vein!

I feel life's current from its channels swerve,
 While keen vibrations rack each tortur'd nerve.
 Exalted suff'rer! thou shalt charm a world,
 When thrones and sceptres, are in ruins hurl'd.
 And their proud owners, moulder'd and forgot,
 They and their hated memories shall rot.
 From thee shall suff'ring virtue feel new springs,
 Rise with recruited strength and prune her wings,
 And vice, abash'd beneath thy potent spell,
 Sink down affrighted to her native hell.
 Thy memorable annals leave behind
 An everlasting lesson to mankind,
 To place no confidence on states or kings,
 Nor trust the shadow of a tyrant's wings.
 The pageantry of courts, each fool and knave,
 The cruel despot, and the cringing slave;
 The judge suborn'd, th' ungrateful, treach'rous friend,
 The fawning sycophant, the subtle fiend;
 The lurking spy, each harpy of the gown,
 The vengeful levite and the rev'rend drone;
 Touch'd by thy pen as by Itheuril's spear—
 In all their vile deformity appear
 Thee youth shall study, fir'd with thoughts sublime,
 And the steep paths of honour dauntless climb.
 The cheerless captive learn from thee to bear,
 And, fir'd by thy example, scorn despair.
 Thy race, the guardian care of Providence,
 Shall live respected, crown'd with innocence;
 And those just rights proud despots thee deny'd,
 With sev'en-fold honours be by them enjoy'd:
 To teach base miscreants Virtue's not mere name,
 But surest passport to immortal fame.
 Now PRUSSIA'S DESPOT, crouching at thy feet,
 Beholds thee thron'd in some distinguish'd seat.
 And ROBESPIERE, to make thy ghost amends.
 Howls in the lowest dungeon of the fiends.
 Whilst thou in peace, no tyrant to annoy,
 With blooming Hebe quaff'st perpetual joy.
 And some illustrious bard of future days,
 Fir'd by thy mighty name shall tune the lays,
 And grow immortal in thy deathless praise.

Epilogue to the Tragedy of Cato.

Written in 1778.

You see mankind the same in ev'ry age :
Heroic fortitude, tyrannic rage,
Boundless ambition, patriotic truth,
And hoary treason, and untainted youth,
Have deeply mark'd all periods and all climes :
The noblest virtues, and the blackest crimes !
Britannia's daring sins, and virtues both,
Perhaps once mark'd the Vandal and the Goth,
And what now gleams with dawning ray at home,
Once blaz'd in full orb'd majesty at ROME.
Did Cæsar, drunk with pow'r, and madly brave,
Insatiate burn, his country to enslave ?
Did he for this, lead forth a servile host,
And spill the choicest blood that Rome could boast ?
Our British Cæsar too has done the same,
And damn'd this age to everlasting flame.
Columbia's crimson'd fields still smoke with gore !
Her bravest heroes cover all the shore !
The flow'r of Britain too in martial bloom,
In one sad year sent headlong to the tomb !
Did Rome's brave senate nobly strive t' oppose,
The mighty torrent of domestic foes ?
And boldly arm the virtuous few, and dare
The desp'rate perils of unequal war ?
Our senate too, the same bold deed has done,
And for a CATO, arm'd a WASHINGTON !
A chief in all the ways of battle skill'd,
Great in the council, glorious in the field !
Thy scourge, O Britain ! and Columbia's boast,
The dread, and admiration of each host !
Whose martial arm, and steady soul, alone
Have made thy legions quake, thy empire groan,
And thy proud monarch tremble on his throne.
What now thou art, oh ! ever may'st thou be,
And death the lot of any chief but thee !
We've had our DECIUS too, and HOWE can say
Health, pardon, peace, GEORGE sends America !
Yet brings destruction for the olive-wreath,
For health contagion, and for pardon death.
In brave FAYETTE young JUBA lives again,
And many a MARCUS bleeds on yonder plain.

Like POMPEY, WARREN fell in martial pride,
 And great MONTGOMERY like SCIPIO died!
 In GREENE, the hero, patriot, sage we see,
 And LUCIUS, JUBA, CATO, shine in thee!
 When Rome received her last decisive blow,
 Had'st thou, immortal GATES, been Cæsar's foe,
 All-perfect *discipline* had check'd his sway,
 And thy superior *conduct* won the day.
 Freedom had triumph'd on Pharsalian ground,
 Nor Saratoga's heights been more renown'd!
 Long as heroic deeds the soul enflame,
 Eternal praise bold STARK will ever claim,
 Who led thy glorious way, and gave thee half thy fame. }
 See persevering A—— proudly scale
 Canadia's alpine hills, a second HANNIBAL.
 In Cæsar's days had such a daring mind
 With WASHINGTON's serenity been join'd,
 The tyrant then had bled, great Cato liv'd,
 And Rome in all her majesty surviv'd.
 What praise, what gratitude are due to thee,
 Oh brave, experienced, all-accomplish'd LEE!
 The sword, the pen thou dost alternate wield,
 Nor JULIUS' self, to thee would blush to yield.
 And while SEMPRONIUS' "bellowings stun the ear,
 I see the traitor C——, his thunders hear.
 But all was false, and hollow, tho' his tongue
 Dropt manna," with the garb of reason hung.
 Ere long the wily SYPHAX may advance,
 And AFRIC faith be verify'd in FRANCE,
 How long, deluded by that faithless pow'r,
 Will ye dream on, nor seize the golden hour?
 In vain do ye rely on foreign aid,
 By her own arm and heav'n's Columbia must be freed.
 Rise then, my countrymen! for fight prepare,
 Gird on your swords, and fearless rush to war!
 For your griev'd country nobly dare to die,
 And empty all your veins for LIBERTY,
 No pent-up *Utica* contracts your pow'rs,
 But the whole boundless continent is yours!
 "Rouse up, for shame! your breth'ren slain in war,
 "Or groaning now in ignominious bondage,
 "Point at their wounds and chains, and cry aloud
 "To battle! WASHINGTON impatient mourns
 "His scanty legions and demands your aid.

"Intrepid LEE still clanks his galling fetters !

"MONTGOMERY complains that we are slow !

"And WARREN's ghost stalks unreveng'd among us !"

SEWALL.

On the gloomy prospects of 1776 ;

Written with allusion to part of the 11th chapter of Job.

CANST thou, by searching the OMNISCIENT find ?

Or to perfection scan the ETERNAL MIND ?

Vain aim ! its height the heav'n of heav'ns transcends,

Deeper than hell, the unfathom'd line descends !

'Tis longer than the earth's unmeasur'd plain,

And broader than th' illimitable maine.

If HE in wrath, shut up a guilty land,

Or fierce consume them with his red right hand :

Humbled in dust beneath almighty power,

Trembling they groan, bow prostrate, and adore :

Then, touch'd with pity, he their prayer receives,

Repents him of the evil, and forgives.

Thus oft doth God—what pow'r can stay his hand,

Who his fix'd counsels question or withstand ?

He knows vain man ! no thought escapes his eyes,

And canst thou stand if wrath eternal rise ?

Yet dares proud dust presumptuously revolt,

'To folly born, like the wild ass's colt.

Oh, then learn wisdom, much-enduring land !

Implore thy God to stay his wasting hand ?

He'll not be deaf, if humbly thou prepare

'Thine heart, and stretch thine hands in fervent prayer,

If in them wrath or wickedness be found,

If pride, extortion, violence, abound,

Far, far remove them, let no guilty stain,

The tabernacle of thy God profane.

To him with filial confidence repair,

He'll lift thee up, nor suffer thee to fear.

Thy mis'ries shall be all forgot, or seem

Like gliding waters, or an empty dream.

Then shall thy light be as the morning ray,

Thine age more glorious than meridian day.

Confirm'd by hope, thy terrors all shall cease,
 And 'midst contending worlds thou shalt have peace.
 Thy sons, reposing in Almighty aid,
 Shall dwell securely, none to make afraid.
 Before thee BRITAIN shall abash'd retire,
 And mightiest nations deprecate thine ire;
 Thy favour court, from thy just vengeance flee,
 And for their great example, copy thee.
 Resembling in their morals, laws, police,
 The glorious Kingdom of the PRINCE OF PEACE.
 Then faith shall triumph, envy rage in vain,
 Oppression tremble, slavery drop her chain,
 To law proud rapine, fraud to justice yield,
 Fierce discord raging, bathe no more the field:
 But perfect love, joy, harmony and peace,
 Crown thy millenium with transcendant bliss.

SEWALL.

The Force of Nature.

'Twas on a cliff, whose rocky base
 Baffled the briny wave,
 Whose cultured heights their verdant store,
 To many a tenant gave;
 A mother, led by rustic cares,
 Had wandered with her child,
 Unwean'd the babe: yet on the grass
 He frolick'd and he smil'd.
 With what delight the mother glow'd
 To mark her infant joy,
 How oft would pause, amid her toil,
 To view her beauteous boy.
 At length, by other cares estrang'd,
 Her thoughts the child forsook,
 Careless, he wandered o'er the grass,
 Nor drew his mother's look.
 Cropt was each flower that caught his eye,
 When wandering o'er the green;
 He sought the cliff's uncertain edge,
 And pleas'd, survey'd the scene.

'Twas then, the mother from her toil
 Turn'd to behold her child—
 The Urchin gone! her cheek was flush'd,
 Her wandering eye was wild.
 She saw him on the cliff's rude brink
 Now careless peeping o'er,
 He turn'd, and on his mother smil'd,
 Then sported as before.
 Sunk was her voice, 'twas vain to fly,
 'Twas vain the brink to brave;
 Oh Nature! it was thine alone
 To prompt the means to save;
 She tore the 'kerchief from her breast,
 And laid her bosom bare:
 He saw, delighted, left the cliff,
 And sought the banquet there.

Freemason's Magazine.

Star-Light—An Elegy.

Now night serene, and solemn silence reign;
 The stars' dim twinkling, shed a dubious light
 On the smooth bosom of the swelling main,
 And give its billows faintly to the sight.
 The barque light-bounding, cuts the silver wave,
 As the stern sailor plies the bending oar;
 Sweet Echo leaves her solitary cave,
 And murm'ring winds along the pebbled shore:
 While from the east a gentle evening breeze,
 Wafting the fragrance of the varied year,
 Wild and melodious, through the sighing trees,
 Breaks, in soft whispers, on the charmed ear.
 No jarring sound the tranquil hour alarms;
 No clash of elements the mind assails;
 No brazen trumpet harshly brays to arms,
 Nor widow'd fair, her murder'd love bewails.
 All Nature, lull'd in solemn stillness, seems
 To cheer the mind which care and grief oppress;
 Mild and beneficent, Hope's star-light beams
 Seen streaming forth, to soothe the soul's distress.

Ah! what have I with scenes like this to do!
 No placid calm my troubled bosom feels;
 Me, rude Misfortune's eager fiends pursue,
 No hope one scene of future joy reveals.
 To me more dear the wildly-wasting storm
 Howls dreadful; and the whirlwind's sullen roar,
 Swelling with rage, each beauty to deform,
 And earth to chaos once again restore.
 Ah! why forever in my heart must reign
 Unnumber'd cares, which time will ne'er assuage?
 Why must I find no short recess of pain,
 Nor joy one moment, all my soul engage?
 O thou, whose power the raging tempest sways,
 Whose will alike the troubled mind can calm;
 Deign hence to drive Despair's dull lurid blaze,
 And o'er my soul to shed Religion's holy balm.

Port Folio.

Paper—A Poem.

SOME wit of old—such wits of old there were—
 Whose hints show'd meaning, whose allusions, care,
 By one brave stroke to mark all human kind,
 Call'd clear *blank paper* every infant mind;
 When still, as opening sense her dictates wrote,
 Fair virtue put a seal, or vice a blot.

The thought was happy, pertinent, and true,
 Methinks a genius might the plan pursue.
 I, (can you pardon my presumption?) I,
 No wit, no genius, yet for once will try.

Various the papers, various wants produce,
 The wants of fashion, elegance, and use.
 Men are as various: and, if right I scan,
 Each sort of *paper* represents some *man*.

Pray note the fop; half powder and half lace;
 Nice, as a band-box were his dwelling-place;
 He's the *gilt paper*, which apart you store,
 And lock from vulgar hands in the scrutoire.

Mechanics, servants, farmers, and so forth,
 Are *copy paper* of inferior worth;
 Less priz'd, more useful, for your desk decreed;
 Free to all pens, and prompt at ev'ry need.

The wretch, whom av'rice bids to pinch and spare,
 Starve, cheat and pilfer, to enrich an heir,
 Is coarse *brown paper*, such as pedlars choose
 To wrap up wares, which better men will use.

Take next the miser's contrast, who destroys
 Health, fame, and fortune, in a round of joys.
 Will any paper match him? Yes, throughout,
 He's a true *sinking paper*, past all doubt.

The retail politician's anxious thought
 Deems *this* side always right and *that* stark naught;
 He foams with censure; with applause he raves,
 A dupe to rumours, and a tool of knaves;
 He'll want no type his weakness to proclaim;
 While such a thing as *fools-cap* has a name.

The hasty gentleman, whose blood runs high,
 Who picks a quarrel if you step awry,
 Who can't a jest, or hint, or look endure:
 What's he? What? *Touch-paper* to be sure.

What are our poets, take them as they fall,
 Good, bad, rich, poor, much read, not read at all?
 Them and their works in the same class you'll find;
 They are the mere *waste-paper* of mankind.

Observe the maiden, innocently sweet,
 She's fair *white paper*, an unsullied sheet;
 On which the happy man, whom fate ordains,
 May write his *name*, and take her for his pains.

One instance more, and only one I'll bring;
 'Tis the *great man* who scorns a little thing;
 Whose thoughts, whose deeds, whose maxims are his own,
 Form'd on the feelings of his heart alone:
 True genuine *royal paper* is his breast;
 Of all the kinds, most precious, purest, best.

DR. FRANKLIN.

Power of Music.

SUMMER's dun cloud, that, slowly rising, holds
The sweeping tempest in its rushing folds,
Though o'er the ridges of its thundering breast,
The King of Terrors lifts his lightning crest;
Pleas'd we behold when, those dark folds we find
Fring'd with the golden light, that glows behind:
So when one language bound the human race,
On Shinar's plain, round Babel's mighty base,
Gloomily rose the minister of wrath;
Dark was his form, destructive was his path;
That tower was blasted, by the touch of Heaven;
That bond was burst—that race asunder driven:
Yet round the Avenger's brow, that frown'd above,
Play'd Mercy's beams—the lambent lights of love.
All was not lost, though busy Discord flung
Repulsive accents, from each jarring tongue;
All was not lost; for Love one tie had twin'd
And Mercy dropt it, to connect mankind:
One tie, that winds, with soft and sweet control,
Its silken fibres round the yielding soul;
Binds man to man, soothes Passion's wildest strife,
And, through the mazy labyrinths of life,
Supplies a faithful clue, to lead the lone
And weary wanderer, to his Father's throne.
That tie is Music. How supreme her sway!
How lovely is the Power, that all obey!
Dumb matter trembles at her thrilling shock;
Her voice is echoed by the desert rock;
For her, the asp withholds the sting of death,
And bares his fangs, but to inhale her breath;
The lordly lion leaves his lonely lair,
And crouching, listens when she treads the air;
And man, by wilder impulse driven to ill,
Is tamed, and led by this Enchantress still.
Who ne'er has felt her hand assuasive steal
Along his heart.—That heart will never feel.
'Tis her's to chain the passions, sooth the soul,
To snatch the dagger, and to dash the bowl
From Murder's hand; to smooth the couch of Care,
Extract the thorns, and scatter roses there;
Of Pain's hot brow, to still the bounding throb,
Despair's long sigh and Grief's convulsive sob.

How vast her empire! Turn through earth, through air,
 Your aching eye, you find her subjects there;
 Nor is the throne of heaven above her spell,
 Nor yet beneath it is the host of hell.
 To her Religion owes her holiest flame:
 Her eye looks heaven-ward, for from heaven she came
 And when Religion's mild and genial ray,
 Around the frozen heart begins to play,
 Music's soft breath falls on the quivering light;
 The fire is kindled, and the flame is bright;
 And that cold mass, by either power assail'd,
 Is warm'd—made liquid—and to heaven exhal'd.
Airs of Palestine.

Sacred Music at Midnight.

'Tis night again: for Music loves to steal
 Abroad at night; when all her subjects kneel
 In more profound devotion at her throne:
 And, at that sable hour, sh'll sit alone,
 Upon a bank, by her sequestered cell,
 And breathe her sorrows through her wreathed shell.
 Again 'tis night—the diamond lights on high,
 Burn bright, and dance harmonious through the sky;
 And silence leads her downy footed hours,
 Round Sion's hill and Salem's holy towers.
 The Lord of Life with his few faithful friends,
 Drown'd in mute sorrow, down that hill descends.
 They cross the stream that bathes its foot, and dashes
 Around the tomb, where sleep a monarch's ashes;
 And climb the steep, where oft the midnight air
 Received the sufferer's solitary prayer.
 There, in dark bowers embosomed, Jesus flings
 His hand celestial o'er prophetic strings;
 Displays his purple robe, his bosom gory,
 His crown of thorns, his cross, his future glory;
 And, while the group, each hallowed accent gleaning,
 On pilgrim's staff, in pensive posture leaning,
 Their reverend beards, that sweep their bosoms, wet
 With the chill dews of shady Olivet—

Wonder and weep, they pour the song of sorrow,
With their lov'd Lord, whose death shall shroud the
morrow.

Heavens! what a strain was that! those matchless tones,
That ravish "Princedom, Domination, Thrones;"
That, heard on high, had hush'd those peals of praise,
That seraphs swell, and harping angels raise,
Soft, as the wave from Siloa's brook that flows,
Through the drear silence of the mountain rose.
How sad the Saviour's song! how sweet! how holy!
The last he sung on earth:—how melancholy!
Along the valley sweep the expiring notes.
On Kedron's wave the melting music floats:
From her blue arch, the lamp of evening flings
Her mellow lustre as the Saviour sings;
The moon above, the wave beneath is still,
And light and music mingle on the hill.
The glittering guard, whose viewless ranks invest
The brook's green margin and the mountain's crest,
Catch that unearthly song, and soar away,
Leave this dark orb for fields of endless day,
And round the Eternal's throne on buoyant pinions play,
Ye glowing seraphs, that enchanted swim
In seas of rapture as ye tune the hymn,
Ye bore from earth.—O say ye choral quires,
Why in such haste to make your golden lyres?
Why, like a flattering, like a fleeting dream,
Leave that lone mountain and that silent stream?
Say, could not then the "Man of Sorrows" claim
Your shield of adamant, your sword of flame?
Hell forc'd a smile, at your retiring wing,
And man was left—to crucify your King.

Ibid.

The Maniac.

HARK! the Maniac fiercely raging,
Howls his sorrows to the wind,
Nought his frantic grief assuaging,
Nought can ease his phrenzied mind.

View him bounding now with anguish,
While his eyes in terror roll,
Now they soften, now they languish,
Marking thus his varied soul.

Hear the far fetch'd groans of horror,
Issuing from his throbbing breast,
See those pallid cheeks of sorrow,
And those limbs which know no rest.

Once, those eyes were fraught with pleasure,
Once, those cheeks were coral red,
But bereft of the mind's treasure,
Those more treacherous beauties fled.

Once, proud Fortune on him smiled,
And bright Hope his thoughts did train ;
When alas! of both beguiled,
"Maddening fury" seiz'd his brain.

Now he roams poor and unfriended,
None his wayward steps to guide,
All his wishes unattended,
All his wants are unsupply'd.

So speak those tatter'd garments on him,
And his shaggy matted hair,
O do not with disgust turn from him,
He *was once as you now are.*

Port Folio.

On the Powers of the Human Understanding.

This human mind ! how grand a theme :
Faint image of the Great Supreme,
The universal soul,
That lives, that thinks, compares, contrives ;
From its vast self all power derives
To manage or controul.

What energy, O soul is thine;
 How you reflect, resolve, combine;
 Invention all your own!
 Material bodies changed by you,
 New modes assume, or natures new,
 From death or chaos won.

To intellectual powers, though strong,
 To moral powers a use belong
 More noble and refined;
 These lift us to the power who made,
 Illume what seems to us all shade,
 The part to man assigned.

Both nurtured in the heart of man,
 Serve to advance his social plan,
 And happier make his race;
 Hence Reason takes her potent sway,
 And *grovelling passions* bids obey,
 That harm us and debase.

O ye, who long have walked obscure;
 Forever must those clouds endure
 Which darken human bliss?
 Though for some better state design'd,
 Is there not vigour in the mind
 To make a heaven of this.

Eternal must that progress be,
 Which nature through futurity
 Decrees the human soul;
 Capacious still, it still improves,
 As through the abyss of time it moves,
 Or endless ages roll.

Its knowledge grows by every change;
 Through science vast we see it range,
 That none may here acquire;
 The pause of death must come between
 And nature gives another scene,
 More brilliant to admire.

Thus decomposed, or recombined,
 To slow perfection moves the mind,
 And *may* at last attain

A nearer rank with that first cause,
Which distant, though it ever draws,
Unequalled must remain.

Its moral beauty thus displayed,
In moral excellence arrayed,
Perpetually it shines :
Its heaven of happiness complete,
The mass of souls united meet
In orbs that heaven assigns.

PRENAU.

Lines on a Distrest Orator.

At a Public Exhibition.

Six weeks and more he taxed his brain,
And wrote petitions to the Muses—
Poor orator ! 'twas all in vain,
For what they lent your memory loses—
Now hear the culprit's self confess,
In strain of woe his sad distress :—

“ I went upon the public stage,
“ I flounc'd and floundered in a rage,
“ I gabbled like a goose :
“ I talk'd of *custom, fame, and fashion,*
“ Of *moral evil, and compassion,*
“ And pray what more ?

“ My words were few, I must confess,
“ And very silly my address,
“ A melancholy tale !
“ In short I knew not what to say—
“ I squinted this and the other way,
“ Like Lucifer.

“ Alack a day ! my friends, quoth I,
“ I guess you'll get no more from me—
“ In troth I have forgot it !—
“ O my Oration ! thou art fled ;
“ And not a trace within my head
“ Remains to me !

“What could be done?—I gaped once more,
“And set the audience in a roar,
“They laughed me out of face—
“I turned my eyes from north to south—
“I clapt my fingers in my mouth—
“And down I came!”

FRENAU.

The Eagle and the Cat.

From a Fable in prose by doctor Franklin.

ONE morning, as grimalkin sat
Hard by a barn to watch a rat,
An eagle soaring high in air,
There spied him squatting like a hare.
“Thank Jove!” said she “good cheer at last,
Upon a hare I’ll break my fast”
Then cowering from the clouds she came
Headlong, and pounc’d upon her game,
In both her talons seiz’d the prey,
And for the mountains bore away.
Grimalkin to a rude attack
Was never known to turn his back.
With foremost claws he fiercely clings
Forthwith on both the eagles wings,
About her sides the hinder ply,
At ev’ry stroke the feathers fly.
“Ah, cease dear puss! a truce I crave;”
Exclaim’d the bird—“Thy life I’ll save”
“No!” said the cat “your carcass shall
From this great height now break my fall.
Unless you ease me to ground,
And leave me just where I was found.”
Then at her throat he forward sprung,
And like a fury, there he hung.
The bird of Jove, though sadly torn,
To yield the fight had still forborne;
But what avail’d her strength of sight,
Her rapid wing or skill in fight;
These erst her pride;—were now decreed
To fail her in the time of need:

No choice was left her but to choke,
 Or bend her neck beneath the yoke,
 For reasons warriors often give;
 A prudent choice she made—to live—
 To live! and breathe the vital air,
 And to her young extend her care.
 So, stooping from a fearful height,
 She downward tamely takes her flight;
 And leaves grimalkin free to roam
 About the barn, his ancient home.

Port Folio.

True Beauty.

'Tis not the auburn locks of hair,
 That play in ringlets round the fair:
 'Tis not her cheeks, o'erspread with smiles;
 'Tis not her voice which care beguiles;
 'Tis not her lips with roses dress'd,
 Where vagrant bees would fondly rest:
 'Tis not her blue eyes' thrilling glance;
 'Tis not her feet that thrid the dance;
 'Tis not the grace with which they move,
 That warms my heart with ardent love.
 But 'tis her finely polish'd mind,
 By virtue's rarest rules refin'd;
 Like Hesper at the eve of day,
 When Sol emits his faintest ray.
 Modest and meek, without pretence
 To other charms than charms of sense—
 To charms which shine when Beauty fades,
 And wrinkled Age the form invades—
 To these a lovely maid aspires,
 And these awake my bosom's fires;
 For they can warm my throbbing heart,
 Without the aid of Fancy's art.
 When Time uplifts his palsying hand,
 And strikes the visage with his wand:
 When cheeks no more with ardour glow,
 And silver'd curls resemble snow;

When eyes have lost their humid blue,
 And lips have chang'd their roseate hue;
 Ah! then how weak is beauty's power,
 'To charm the slowly passing hour!

Port Folio.

Destruction of Caraccas by an Earthquake.

THE morning dawn'd, the sun its splendours shed,
 And o'er heaven's arch a clear effulgence spread;
 The warbling songster tuned the note of love,
 And echo trill'd it through the shady grove.
 In God's high temple swell'd devotion's song,
 'The winding aisles the sacred sounds prolong;
 To one Supreme the solemn crowds address
 An incense rising from a people's breast!
 While thus Caraccas sought the Godhead's care,
 And fervent thousands bent in earnest prayer,
 Earth shook, terrific glow'd the flaming skies,
 Wild horror reign'd and rent the air with cries;
 The crashing edifice in ruin spread,
 Entomb'd alike the living and the dead;
 From earth's abyss electric flashes pour'd,
 Death frown'd where'er the gushing torrent roar'd.
 How chang'd the scene! how still the spacious street
 Where busy circles oft were wont to meet!
 With souls adventurous sketch'd mercantile views,
 Told some shrewd joke, or eager ask'd the news!
 How changed the closing from the opening day!
 No more the warbling carol wakes the spray;
 The song of mirth, the busy hum is o'er
 And thousands sleep, alas! to-wake no more.
 The wretched widow wanders wild and lone,
 Seeks her dear lord with agonizing moan,
 Tosses her arms, her lovely tresses rends,
 Hies to each corse and silent o'er it bends;
 Alas! disconsolate, dejected fair,
 Vain all your search, vain all your tender care;
 Where spread around your shatter'd turret fell,
 Beneath lies crush'd the form you loved so well.

Along the pile with quick and hurried pace,
 With vacant stare, and pale averted face,
 Methinks I see some lovely damsel tread
 The ruin'd mass and mark the heaps of dead ;
 Each half-choked avenue she vainly tries,
 O'er yon dismantled dome, your arch'd roof flies,
 Hastes to the lofty chapel's shatter'd walls,
 On her lost lover, her Alonzo calls ;
 Lists for a moment :—all is mute and still !
 Save the shrill echo from the neighboring hill.
 She calls again !—no answering voice she hears,
 Beats her white breast, and seeks in vain for tears :
 Reckless she roams, and raves with frantic pain,
 Claps her soft hands, and binds her burning brain.
 Hope for a moment with illusive wile,
 Points the poor mourner to yon steepy pile ;
 “ 'Tis he” the wretched girl delirious cries
 And then to clasp the airy phantom tries ;
 She can no more ;—and with one pitious shriek
 Nature resigns !—her aching heartstrings break.
 How oft, by fortune's dangerous gifts beguiled,
 We plough the ocean, pierce the desert wild,
 Sad was his fate in that tremendous hour,
 Who left his friends, and left his native shore,
 Whelm'd in the common lot—with strangers dies,
 Where no dear hand might close his friendless eyes.
 No more Caraccas, shall thy city raise
 The lofty promise of its former days ;
 O'er all thy domes, and o'er this wretched race,
 With ivy bound, stern ruin waves his mace.

The Year.

Burning of the Richmond Theatre.

THE curtain rose !—attention fix'd her eyes,
 And saw the varied scenery arise ;
 The generous plaudit cheer'd the actor's heart,
 And loudly spoke he well perform'd his part.
 The play went off :—the closing curtain fell,
 Unbroke the charm, unbroke the fatal spell.

What though the cup of pleasure sparkling flows,
 Its soothing sweets are dash'd with cruel woes !
 See o'er the scenes, the flaming deluge rage,
 While flakes of fire bestrew the tragic stage.
 Confusion reigns !—horror and wild affright !—
 Throngs press on throngs and swell the dismal sight.
 In vain they fly, in vain, alas ! retire ;
 More swiftly sweep relentless floods of fire ;
 Near and more near the glowing volumes press,
 Curl o'er the vault and pierce the deep recess ;
 'The narrow entry choked, advance denies,
 Block'd up by crowds, and fill'd with shrieks and cries.
 They tug, they strive, the compact body moves,
 But stands unbroke and every effort braves.
 The heated smoke in suffocating clouds
 Rolls on and spreads its dense and sable shrouds ;
 Despair nerves every arm, all struggling strive
 The close wedged column of their friends to rive.
 The element completes the work of death,
 Enters each nook with calorific breath ;
 On the parch'd tongue expires the piercing scream,
 Each gushing mouth inhales the noxious stream.
 One effort more :—the fasten'd crowd divides,
 To different points roll on the desperate tides,
 That tumbles headlong down the winding stair,
 By torment stung and goaded by despair.
 Many, alas ! a cruel death there meet,
 Thrust down by friends, and trampled by their feet ;
 Dismay drives on ! nor heeds the sufferer's moan,
 The piteous shriek, and agonizing groan ;
 All cling to life, cool judgement yields its sway,
 While fear and phrenzy shout away, away !
 'This to the window bends its awful flight,
 And madly plunges from the dizzy height.
 Few, few escaped, who from that window fell,
 The dreadful story of the night to tell.
 The veil of silence, and the tears that flow,
 More fitly paint the horrid scene of woe.
 Wind then, my muse ! regret's sad cypress wreath
 Around the victims of remorseless death.

Ibid.

Progress of Time.

TIME ! sweeps his pinions, speeds his rapid course,
 Crushes the weak, and breaks the giant's force ;
 Raises his fateful glass with threatening hand,
 And meets our fleeting moments with his sand.
 Crowns, sceptres, thrones, the chieftain's dazzling crest,
 Fall at his beck and bow to his behest :
 His dread command alike extends to all,
 Builds up one nation, bids another fall ;
 Yet there are moments wrested from his flight,
 Bright moments flashing through oblivion's night.
 Oft has the pen its magic power essay'd,
 The canvas oft has lofty worth portray'd ;
 With glorious deeds historic annals teem,
 Where truth's clear mirror casts its sacred beam.
 Though gloomy rolls the dark and sullen wave,
 The swans of verse preserve the just and brave ;
 Still give some tablet to immortal fame,
 Stamp'd with the sage's or the hero's name,
 When despot-pomp, in purple robes array'd,
 Before the test of *years to come* shall fade ;
 When the stern leader wakes no more the war,
 And time's sharp scythe shall cleave the sword and spear,
 The pen will live ; immortal and sublime,
 Triumphant victor of subjected time.

*Ibid.**The Grave of the Year.*

Lines written for the 31st of December.

BE compos'd ev'ry toil and each turbulent motion,
 That encircles the heart in life's treacherous snares ;
 And the hour that invites to the calm of devotion,
 Undisturb'd by regrets—unencumber'd with cares.
 How cheerless the late blooming face of creation !
 Weary Time seems to pause in his rapid career,
 And fatigu'd with the work of his own desolation,
 Looks behind with a smile—on the grave of the year.
 Hark ! the wind whistles rudely—the shadows are closing,
 That enwrap his broad path in the mantle of night ;

While pleasure's gay sons are in quiet reposing,
Undismay'd at the wrecks that have number'd his flight.
From you temple where fashion's bright tapers are lighted,
Her vot'ries in crowds, deck'd with garlands appear;
And (as yet their warm hopes by no spectres affrighted)
Assemble to dance—round the grave of the year.
Oh I hate the stale cup which the idlers have tasted—
When I think on the ills of life's comfortless day;
How the flow'rs of my childhood their verdure have wasted
And the friends of my youth have been stolen away!
They think not how fruitless the warmest endeavour,
To recall the kind moments, neglected when near—
When the hours that oblivion has cancel'd forever,
Are interr'd by her hand—in the grave of the year.
Since the last solemn reign of this day of reflection,
What throngs have relinquish'd life's perishing breath!
How many have shed their last tear of dejection
And closed the dim eye in the darkness of death!
How many have sudden their pilgrimage ended,
Beneath the low pall that envelopes their bier;
Or to death's lonesome valley have gently descended,
And made their cold beds—with the grave of the year.
'Tis the year that so late, its new beauties disclosing,
Rose bright on the happy, the careless and gay,
Who now on their pillow of dust are reposing,
Where the sod presses damp on their bosoms of clay.
Then talk not of bliss while her smile is expiring,
Disappointment still drowns it in misery's tear;
Reflect and be wise—for the day is retiring,
And to-morrow will dawn—on the grave of the year.
Yet a while—and no seasons around us will flourish,
But silence for each her dark mansion prepare;
Where beauty no longer her roses shall nourish,
Nor the lilly o'erspread the wan cheek of despair.
But the eye shall with lustre unfading be brightened,
When it wakes to true bliss in yon orient sphere;
By the sunbeams of splendour immortal enlightened,
Which no more shall go down on the grave of a year.

MONTGARNIER.

Ode to Night.

SPIRIT of Night, to melancholy dear,
Hail to thy magic spell that binds the heart,
Hail to thy shadowy hour of fear;
But yet the hour to touch the heart sincere,
And sadly sorrowing fancies to impart.

Spirit of Night, I hail thy solemn power,
Thy melancholy influence o'er the mind;
O! let me wander in thy twilight hour,
Near some sequestered glen or fairy bower,
And list their music wild that sighs upon the wind.

Oh guide me where in moonlight dell,
Some fairy music on the breeze shall sigh,
Like that which wakes the soul like vesper swell;
Like that which breathes on night from cloister'd cell,
And bursts upon the soul like sounds of heavenly melody.

Those wildering sounds that charm the ear of night,
Are like the trembling swell of convent shrine
That speed the immortal soul to realms of light,
That raise the thoughts to worlds on high so bright,
As virgin's holy chant their hymn's divine.

Oh lead me to some murmuring stream,
On whose shadowy banks the moonbeams play;
There let me muse on some romantic theme,
Or sketch in fancy's eye some vision'd dream,
And think on hours of hope, though far remov'd away.

Lead where dark the forest frowns,
And where "the pine woods wave on high,"
Whose branches make a murmuring sound,
That throw a spell so sad around,
And breathe on ear of night a sweetly plaintive sigh.

Or guide me in thy lonely hour,
Through some wild path or solitary haunt,
Where dark the clouds of heaven do lower,
Which dimly seen by fleeting moonbeam's power,
And where pale spectres raise the midnight chant.

Or near some mouldering abbey's ruins gray,
Where taper lights are seen to burn so pale,
Where sounds unearthly shadowy minstrels play,
That, born on breeze of Night, flit far away,
And sadly breathes as sighs the evening gale.

In hour of Night, when clouds obscure the sky,
Oh lead me, Fancy, to some rocky shore,
On whose rough breast the tempest winds do sigh,
That speak in sorrow that a storm is nigh,
And wildly foaming mountain waves do roar.

Or let me wander on the cliff, whose brow
Bends in solemn darkness o'er the deep;
List to the storm that murmuring sighs below,
And Autumn's winds that hoarsely blow,
As o'er the rocks with sadly sorrowing sound they
sweep.

There let me pause and contemplate the scene,
And list to sounds that on the blast are driven;
Watch the slow clouds as gleams the moon between,
That gives a glimpse of calmer skies serene,
And sheds o'er earth the beauteous light of heaven.

Oh let me pause there, Spirit of lonely Night,
As speaks the thunder in an hour of storms,
Mark fancied scenes as bursts the pale moonlight,
No dark amid the clouds, whose edges bright
Give scenes of Fancy's power and wildering forms.

The Sea Nymph.

WHAT forms are those that seamen dimly view,
By star of night upon the wave,
Whose bosom of the darkest blue,
Changing oft in varying hue,
Permit them thus in sport their limbs to lave?

Why hangs that sea boy o'er her bow,
Does magick dwell within the deep?
What voice is that—that sighs below,

Is it the murmuring winds that blow,
And dash the resisting waves with furious sweep?

What forms are those that rise and disappear,
As on the vessel by the blast is driven?
What sounds are those that seamen oft do hear?
What music's that—that charms the listening ear,
And floats along the deep like sound of harp of heaven?

That music wild that floats along the deep,
Is breathed by minstrel of no mortal form!
So light, so airy, of such magic sweep,
And now so sad 'twould cause the soul to weep,
As "sighs the spirit of the coming storm."

What spell is that—that breathes with Mermaid song,
And lingers witching on the ear of Even?
What forms are those, as bounds the bark along,
Are heard in mountain wave with magic tongue,
To warble forth their notes like holy choir of heaven?

Those forms are seen alone in midnight hour,
When the pale moon sheds her uncertain light;
They dwell amid the deep in coral bower,
They sport upon the wave with fairy power,
And seem to Sailors' eye like band of angels bright.

They warn the Mariner when they cannot save,
When the vessel by the blast is torn,
Yet, when 'tis lost they plunge amid the wave,
And bear their corpses to a sea-green grave,
And o'er his cold remains with sorrowing tears do
mourn.

That music wild, that sighs upon the deep,
And seems like minstrel harp of Spirit blest,
Beneath the dark blue wave where Sailors sleep,
Is Sea Nymph voice, who oft his fate does weep,
And sweetly chants a sorrowing requiem for his rest.

And oft the Neried song which seamen hear,
As bounds the vessel through the foaming wave,
Causes to rush the startling tear,
For well they know where Mermaid forms appear,
Is some departed brother's watery grave.

On the Death of an Infant.

Yet 'tis human to weep—but the tears that we shed
Are unting'd with the poison of infidel pain :
We grieve that our fair bow of promise is fled,
But we feel it has melted in heaven again.

Oh, yes! when the dark dream of life is all o'er,
And the heart stricken Mother has gone to her rest,
The kiss of her daughter shall greet her once more,
And the sweet thing who died cling again to her breast!

And the Father! who hung, with a close trembling grasp,
To the arm of his friend as he lean'd o'er her tomb,
Shall feel round his neck the fair innocent clasp,
And his lip press a cheek that forever shall bloom.

Oh! curse on the cold-hearted sceptic, who tries
To blind the rapt gaze, that looks up thro' the sky ;
And says to the mourner—when all he lov'd dies—
“ 'Tis the doom of mortality—ever to die.”

But 'tis false, and the Being, whose bountiful breath
Gives the winter-nip'd flower to lift its sweet head,
Shall waken the early-nip'd blossom from death,
To bloom—when creation itself shall be dead.

The Star-Spangled Banner.

O! say can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleam-
ing,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous
fight,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly stream-
ing!
And the rockets red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
O! say does that star-spangled banner yet wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen, through the mists of the deep,
 Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
 What is that, which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
 As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
 Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
 In full glory reflected now shines on the stream,
 'Tis the star-spangled banner, O! long may it wave,
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
 That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
 A home and a country should leave us no more?
 Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollu-
 tion.

No refuge could save the hireling and slave,
 From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave,
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

O! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
 Between their lov'd home, and war's desolation,
 Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n rescued land,
 Praise the Power that hath made, and preserv'd us a
 nation!

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
 And this be our motto—"In God is our trust."
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave,
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Misery, vs. Glory.

Written by Miss Lydia Huntley, of Connecticut.

WART not to me the blast of fame,
 That swells the trump of victory:
 For to my ear it gives the name
 Of slaughter and of misery.

Boast not so much of honour's sword,
 Wave not so high the victor's plume:
 They point me to the bosom gor'd,
 They point me to the blood stain'd tomb.

The boastful hour, the revel loud;
That strive to drown the voice of pain,
What are they but the fickle crowd
Rejoicing o'er their brethren slain!

And ah! through glory's fading blaze,
I see the cottage taper pale,
Which sheds its faint and feeble rays,
Where unprotected orphans wail;

Where the sad widow weeping stands,
As if her day of hope was gone;
Where the wild mother clasps her hands,
And asks the victor for her son.

Where the lone maid in secret sighs,
O'er the last solace of her heart,
As prostrate in despair she lies,
And feels her tortured life depart.

Where, 'midst that desolating land,
The sire lamenting o'er his son,
Extends his weak and powerless hand,
And finds his only prop is gone.

See how the hands of war and woe
Have rifled sweet domestic bliss;
And tell me if your laurels grow,
And flourish in a soil like this?

CHRYSTALINA.

A Fairy Tale—by an American.

TOWARDS the palace, silent and alone
The hero mov'd—afar the fabric shone
Like gorgeous clouds that throng the setting sun;
But ere he reach'd that Palace, huge and bright,
A glorious scene detain'd the wand'ring Knight—
A pearly River! whose melodious tide
Lav'd golden shores! whose banks were beautified

With trees wide waving Paradisian bow'rs
And all the gaudy multitude of flow'rs.
'That on Spring's lap the liberal Flora show'rs.
'This stream, dividing, roll'd its branches twain,
In circling sweep around a flow'ry plain,
'Thro' vocal groves, then fondly met again.
'The Islet fair, so form'd, arose between,
With dome-like swell, array'd in richest green;
So fair it was, so smooth, so heav'nly sweet,
It seem'd made only for angelic feet.
On this green Isle the Palace stood,
And rain-bow bridges arch'd the pearly flood—
A fairer bow fair Juno ne'er display'd
In vernal-skies, tho' not like Juno's made.
Of subtile sun-beams, but of solid gems,
Such as adorn imperial diadems.
Its blue was solid sapphire. Its gay green
Was massy emerald. The ruby sheen
Form'd its bright curve of rich and rosy red;
Its yellow hue the golden 'Topaz shed.
Seem'd either end on snow-white clouds to lie—
'They were not clouds, but sculptur'd ivory!
And now a bugle breath'd a silver sound,
Whose notes with soft reverberations, round
Rang sweet and long; now silently unfold
The diamond gates on hinge of polish'd gold;
And now rode out a fairy cavalcade,
In order'd march, with banners bright display'd,
With diamond lances and with golden helms,
And shields of gold emboss'd with sparkling gems,
Advanc'd the pageant; proud beneath each knight
O'er grassy levels pranc'd their steeds milk-white,
Whose ivory hoofs in glitt'ring silver shod,
With nimble grace on blusing flow'rets trod,
Prancing they came, and as the trumpets blow,
'They neigh'd for pride and arch'd their necks of snow;
'Toss'd their proud heads indignant of the rein,
Champ'd their foam'd bits and pawed the trembling plain.
Warrior and steed array'd for battle shone,
Whose burnish'd mail and bright caparison
Illum'd, far round, the flow'r enwoven field,
And restless splendors flash'd from shield to shield.
Loud in the van the wreathed bugle spoke,
'Till woods and floods with martial clamors shook.

High in the midst, enring'd by many a knight,
 And thron'd conspicuous on his chariot bright,
 Rode Oberon forth, in proud, imperial state,
 And, by his side, his queen Titania sate.
 In proud procession the refulgent host
 O'er the gay bridge, the pearly River cross'd ;
 The rain-bow arch beneath the measur'd tread
 Of prancing steed, harmonious clangor made.

Lines, addressed to a very interesting and intelligent little Girl, deprived of the faculties of speech and hearing: In consequence of reading this question, proposed to one of Abbe Sicard's pupils: "Are the deaf and dumb unhappy?"

By Miss LYDIA HUNTLEY, of Connecticut.

OH, could the kind enquirer gaze
 Upon thy brow with feeling fraught,
 Its smile, like inspiration's rays,
 Would give the answer to his thought.

And could he see thy sportive grace
 Soft blending with submission due,
 And note thy bosom's tenderness,
 To every just emotion true ;

And when the new idea glows
 On the pure altar of thy mind,
 Observe th' exulting tear that flows,
 In silent ecstasy refin'd ;

Thy active life ; thy look of bliss ;
 The sparkling of thy magic eye ;
 He would his sceptic doubts dismiss,
 And lay his useless pity by ;

And bless the ear that ne'er has known
 The voice of censure, pride, or art ;
 Or trembling at that sterner tone,
 That, while it tortures, chills the heart ;

And bless the lip that ne'er can tell
Of human woes the vast amount,
Nor pour those idle words that swell
The terror of our last account.

For sure the stream of silent course
May flow as deep, as pure, as blest,
As that which rolls in torrents hoarse,
Or murmurs o'er the mountain's breast.

As sweet a scene, as fair a shore,
As rich a soil, its tide may lave;
Then joyful and accepted pour
Its tribute to the mighty wave.

The Wilderness.

THERE is a wilderness more dark
Than groves of fir on Huron's shore;
And in that cheerless region, hark
What serpents hiss, what monsters roar!

It is not in the untrodden isles
Of vast Superior's stormy lake,
Where social comfort never smiles,
Nor sun-beams pierce the tangled brake;

Nor is it in the deepest shade
Of India's tiger-haunted wood;
Nor western forests unsurvey'd,
Where crouching panthers lurk for blood:

'Tis in the dark uncultur'd soul,
By education unrefin'd—
Where hissing malice, vices foul,
And all the hateful passions prowl—
The frightful *wilderness of mind*,

Winter.

HOARSE howls the chilling northern blast,
The sun's obscur'd—the sky's o'ercast—
The lightning glares o'er depths profound,
While pealing thunders roll around—
The ocean heaves with furious roar—
And tempests whirl from shore to shore.
Those murmuring sounds ye heard afar,
Precede old winter's icy car,
Proclaim his bellowing whirlwinds high,
His elemental warfare nigh;
While thron'd on clouds his awful form,
Expels the furious midnight storm.

Marked ye—yon vessel's fainting band,
Strive hard to gain their native strand?
Saw ye the shiv'ring hapless few,
The sport of every wind that blew?
Now o'er the liquid mountains tost,
With desperate hand, in vain they guide
Their shatter'd bark along the tide.
'That dreadful shriek—that dismal yell,
Rings out the seaman's funeral knell;
All hopes are gone—no power can save,
They perish in the briny wave!

Ah! never more their hearts shall burn
With friendship's joys, or love's return;
No partner's fond embrace shall meet;
No humble home—no blest retreat.
'That lengthen'd groan—that piercing sigh;
That little infant's plaintive cry;
That frantic burst, and maniac look,
'That frame by pangs convulsive shook,
Too truly speak the sad reverse—
'Too plain the woful tale rehearse—
Their prospects, dim'd by horror's gloom,
Lie buried in the watery tomb!

Yet think not scenes of woe and pain
Alone distinguish winter's reign,
Though desolation's hand is high—
What social pleasures hover nigh!

The comforts of the blazing hearth,
 The kindling smile of harmless mirth,
 The soft expressive look of love
 That e'en the rudest heart would move,
 The Inspired Volume's sacred lore,
 The historic page—instruction pour,
 While genuine wit will brightly flow,
 And every face with rapture glow!

Then hail, stern winter! monarch hoar!
 And all thy rushing torrents pour—
 More dear to me their echoes shrill,
 Than summer's softly tinkling rill,
 Thy mountain gale and piercing air,
 Than zephyrs breath'd through gardens fair,
 Yon wild heath clad in spotless snow,
 Yon giant cliff's imperious brow,
 Around whose summit lightnings flash,
 At whose dark base the surges dash,
 Than all the summer's gaudy scene,
 Oppressive heat—and verdure green.

A Night View of the Field of Raisin, after the Battle.

THE battle's o'er, the din is past,
 Night's shadow on the field is cast;
 The moon, with pale and sickly beam,
 Looks pensive on the bloody stream;
 The Indian yell is heard no more,
 And silence reigns on Erie's shore.

Now is the time, my friend, to tread
 The field on which our warriors bled;
 To raise the wounded Chieftain's crest,
 And warm with tears his clay cold breast;
 To treasure up his last command,
 And bear it to his native land—
 It may one ray of joy impart
 To a fond parents bleeding heart,
 Or, for a moment, it may dry
 The tear drops in the widow's eye;

Vain hope, away! The widow ne'er
Her hero's dying wish shall hear!
The zephyr bears no passing sigh,
No straggling Chieftain meets the eye—
Sound is his sleep by Raisin's wave,
Or Erie's waters are his grave.

O! send, sweet moon, one ray of light,
Across the dusky brow of night,
That I may know each warrior's form,
Who sunk beneath the battle storm.
Gradual, the heavy clouds give way—
The moon beams on the waters play;
See, on the brink a soldier lies!
Pale is his visage, dim his eyes,
And, like a stranded vessel's sail,
His red locks wanton on the gale:
It is the gay and gallant MEAD—
In peace, mild as the setting beam
That guides the tranquil summer stream;
In war, the fiery battle steed.
The foe no more shall dread his arm,
His mirth no more the ear shall charm;
But on his low and silent grave,
The laurel fresh and green shall wave.

But who is he, so pale and low,
Stretch'd on his bloody bier of snow,
Beside the water's silent flow?
The fierce fire of his eye is dead,
The ruddy glow his cheek has fled;
Yes fair in death his corpse appears,
Smooth is his brow and few his years.
For thee, sweet youth! the sigh shall start
In thy fond mother's anguish'd heart;
For thee, some virgin's cheek shall feel
At midnight hour, the tear-drops steal;
And playmates of thy childhood's hour,
Pour o'er thy grave grief's warmest show'r.
Could modest merit ever save
Its dear possessor from the grave,
Thy corpse, MONTGOMERY, had ne'er lain
Upon this wild unhallow'd plain!

But what were modest merit here ?
 Or what were virtue's pleading tear ?
 The hand that laid that hero low,
 The eye that saw his life-blood flow,
 Could gaze, unmov'd, on scenes of woe.
 Then sleep, sweet youth, tho' far away
 From home and friends, thy lifeless clay,
 Yet oft on fancy's pinions born,
 Friendship shall seek thy lowly urn ;
 There shall the zephyr softly blow,
 There shall the billows gently flow ;
 There shall the wild flow'r love to bloom,
 And shed its fragrance on thy tomb.

Close by his side, young M'llvain
 Lies stretch'd upon the bloody plain !
 Upon his visage, smooth and mild,
 Death calmly sat and sweetly smil'd ;
 Yet seem'd his eye of tender blue,
 Moistened with pity's pearly dew ;
 'Tis thus the infant sinks to rest,
 Serenely on its mother's breast :
 Yes, pity was his better part,
 Pity and friendship form'd his heart,
 Nor oft was heart so good and kind,
 United with such noble mind.

Here, venturous muse, thy flight restrain ;
 No farther go—the task is vain—
 Here GRAVES and ALLEN meet the eye,
 And SIMPSON'S giant form is nigh !
 And EDMONSTON, a warrior old,
 And HART, the boldest of the bold,
 These and their brave compatriot band,
 Ask the sedate *Historian's* hand—
Mine only strews the fading flow'rs
 Which mem'ry culls from friendship's bow'rs :
 His shall entwine immortal bays,
 Which brighter glow thro' future days.

“It is for man to perform great actions—
 “’Tis for woman to inspire them.” MISS OWENSON.

OH! cold is the ice-drop that clings to the willow,
 When winter has sprinkled his hoar-locks with snow;
 And chill is the sigh of Ontario’s billow
 That bursts from his wave-beaten caverns below;
 But colder’s the eye where no kindness sits beaming
 To him who unvalued and friendless remains,
 And the heart-frozen sigh where no warm wish is teeming,
 More chill than the lake-tempest breathes o’er the
 plains.

When the bark hutted savage alone by his fountain,
 Sits sadly at night on the leaf-covered clod,
 And watches the arctic-light stream o’er the mountain.
 Whose top in the chase he so often has trod:
 Oh solitude blest! where no footstep approaches
 Of wonder or mem’ry the spell to dethrone,
 To that on which man every moment encroaches
 When the heart tho’ surrounded is yet more alone.

Say, lives there an *IDA*, thus brightly revealing
 A spirit so gentle—a bosom so pure,
 And a heart ever faithful to nature and feeling,
 That dares for her lover one sorrow endure?
 Oh! point to her dwelling;—in love’s warm devotion,
 An *OSMYN* in haste to her feet should be borne,
 That *by her rous’d to greatness*, each noble emotion
 Might burst from the torpor-cold chains it has worn.



A Sand Hill Scene, at the head of Congaree Creek.

O FOR the harp that wildly rung
 Scotland’s fairy vales among;
 O for the hand that swept the lyre,
 And woke its notes with ardent fire,
 Bade Rokeby’s halls before us rise
 Array’d in fancy’s gorgeous dyes:
 O for the touching strain,
 That gave to Bernard’s darksome towers—
 Wild Throsgil’s shade—Matilda’s bowers—

The Tee's stream, and Wilfred's love,
A charm the powers of time above—

A glorious, an immortal name.

Then Cong'ree's limpid flow,
And the rude scenes that round it spread,
Gloomy as mansions of the dead,

No common fame should know.
Sweet briar all around its banks,
And lady fern, in clustered ranks,

In wild profusion grow :
The silver-leaf and trumpet weed,
The water-lily, rush and reed,

Wave in its gentle flow :
While thick'ning groves of evergreen,
The fragrant bay, and laurel sheen,
And Juniper, that towers between,
Deeply shade the limpid stream,

And form a cool retreat,
Where naiads may pursue their dance,
In airy whirls, recede, advance,
Secure from all intrusive glance,

Around their mystic seat.
Beneath the close embow'ring shade,
By their entangling branches made,

In the translucent wave,
The fairest sylvan goddess may,
Secluded from the beams of day,

Her polished members lave.
The chaste Diana need not fear
Th' intrusion of an Actæon here ;

Beneath this verdant canopy,
Her spotless charms—her image pure—
Were as protected, as secure,
As warrior in his panoply.

But soon this wild on either hand
Changes its features gay and bland :
Around it spreads a rueful scene,
Of barren hill and pine tree green :
Majestic pines, whose rugged forms
Have stood the brunt of winter storms ;
Whose branches proudly wave on high,
And brave each blast that thunders by ;

Whose rugged heads they still uprear,
 Despite the rage of hundred years,
 And 'scape unscathed the flashing levin,
 And every thunderbolt of heaven :
 Hills barren, dreary, bare and wild,
 Where nature bland has never smiled ;
 Where in her sternest—sarliest mood,
 She frowns o'er dingle, hill and wood :
 They're steep and dingy, bleak and bare ;
 The wild deer finds no covert there :
 They seem as if apart they're riven,
 By some convulsion wildly driven :
 No birds are there, that sweetly sing,
 But wasps and hornets whet their sting,
 And drowsy bats in clusters cling ;
 Incautious footsteps then will wake
 The vengeful anger of the snake ;
 While with the dismal hoot of owl
 Mingles the grim wolf's nightly howl.

One tender flow'ret yet is here,
 This barren wilderness to cheer ;
 Doomed, like some beauteous cloister'd maid,
 Unseen—unknown, to bloom and fade :

Her charms unseen—her worth unknown ;
 Unfelt the genial influence
 Of beauty, virtue, innocence—

Except by monks and nuns alone.
 'Tis cold and tender, pure and pale,
 Like beauty's cheek at sorrow's tale :
 So pure, so tender, so serene,
 It suits but ill so rude a scene.

Amid the objects sad and drear,
 That spreads around it far and near,

Its tender beauties glow,
 Like fallen hope amid the ill,
 Destined this mortal world to fill

With misery and woe.

But soon the winter's howling blast
 And blighting storm will gather fast,
 And round the waste its leaves will cast ;
 Its beauties gone—its season past—

Frail being of a day!
'Twill leave a gloom upon the wild,
Where erst it sweetly bloomed and smiled,
Such as would shroud terrestrial things,
Should the archangel's radiant wings
Sweep suns and stars away.

Rocks too in wild confusion lie,
'That once perhaps were to the sky
In storms sulphurious driven;
By belching flames right upwards hurl'd;
The ruins of a tortured world
Against the breast of heaven.
Their forms fantastic—sable front—
Show they have stood some fiery brunt,
Whose smoke in eddying volumes rolled,
In sable clouds involv'd each pole,
Blotted the sun's effulgent light,
And turn'd the day to gloomy night.
Here in some dark portentous hour,
Nature has felt the rending power
Of the tremendous sons of fire;
Earthquake dread—eruption dire;
Convulsive shock—sulphurious storm;
That oft her fairest scenes deform.
Of these, the awful signs still linger,
Undimmed by time's effacing finger:
They'll linger still while nature lasts—
The monuments of ruin past.
In distant times, the musing sage
Shall view this scene of strife and rage,
And elemental war;
And tell in words with wonder fraught,
The awful ruin they have wrought
On wood and wold and scaur.

Here many an Indian,—nature's child—
Nursed 'mid the gloom of desert wild,
With nerve well braced, and nimble feet,
Pursued the course of wild deer fleet;
Or chace being o'er, sunk to repose,
Regardless of to-morrow's woes.
O wilding scene! what warriors bold
Have roamed thy wood, thy hill, thy wold!

With daring soul and courage high,
And dauntless heart, and falcon eye,
Have marked where hated foemen lay,
Then rushed like tiger on their prey;
Or prowled like wolf in fen and brake,
And stung their foe like venom'd snake.
The pale moon beams that o'er thee glance,
Have lighted oft their midnight dance:
Those rocks that round them scattered lie,
Have witnessed oft their revel high;
The murdering feast—the piercing yell,
That woke the echoes of the dell;
Frightened the grim wolf in his den,
And roused the dun deer in his glen;
Hushed the lonely whip-poor-will;
The raven heard it and was still;
Silenced the owlets mournful cry,
And woke the eagle's slumber high:
The rapture fierce, a savage knows,
Exulting o'er his vanquish'd foes;
The keen resentment flaming high,
That swears to be revenged or die;
Of grief and woe the frantic strain,
For brothers, friends, in battle slain;
Or all in rout and tumult tost,
For adverse fate and battle lost.
Here did the victim oft expire,
By torments slow and wasting fire;
When lit was fire and victim bound,
And clenched was knife to give the wound,
And foes insulting crowded round;
His eye, while they keen pangs invent,
And on inflicting them are bent,
Flashed a fiercer hardiment.
On his swart brow and sallow cheek,
Glowed sternly contempt's deepest streak;
His quiv'ring lip and nostril curled,
Spoke stern defiance on the world.
Their furious rage—their torments dire;
The flaying knife and scorching fire;
All their inventions to subdue
His soul—to sternest virtue true;
Compel him meanly to complain;
Extort one single look of pain,

Or wring one solitary sigh,
Passed like a breeze unheeded by.

Where are those monarchs of the wood,
Whose pride was war—whose glory, blood;
Those heroes fierce, of giant might,
Of haughty mien, and piercing sight,
Beneath whose look the coward quailed,
Whose foot the tiger's den assailed,
Whose yell as up the chase they led
Wolf, wildcat, fox and dun deer fled;
Of daring soul and callous brow,
Those heroes fierce—where are they now;
They're gone—as all things earthly must,
And mingled with their parent dust.
The wintry blast will ruin bring
On every tender flower of spring;
Yet spring returns—the flower will rise;
But death's cold sleep has closed their eyes.
High towers the oak—but winter's blast
Will crush its mighty form at last:
High towered their souls—but time's cold hand
Has swept these heroes from the land.
A few rude piles of shattered stones
Form the investment of their bones:
'Tis all that love, that friendship gave,
From blank oblivion to save,
The glorious actions of the brave.
Vain monuments of human pride!
Ye tell that some one lived and died;
But who he was, or what his name,
Is blotted from the rolls of fame.
The trophies bright he may have won,
And all his deeds of glory done,
Have now no place beneath the sun.
No Pæan's lofty strain was rung;
No harp to wildest rapture strung;
No grey-haired minstrel gave his name
To the perennial wing of fame;
But all his deeds of glory bright
Are shrouded in eternal night.
Like tints that tinged an evening scene,
Or flower that bloomed in copsewood green;

Like northern blast that whistled by,
Or stars that blazed athwart the sky,
They've had their course—they've had their day,
And passed forevermore away.

Village Greatness.

In every country village where
Ten chimney smokes perfume the air,
Contiguous to a steeple ;
Great gentle folks are found a score,
Who can't associate any more,
With common "country people."

Jack Fallow, born among the woods,
From rolling logs, now rolls in goods,
Enough a while to dash on—
Tells negro stories, smokes segars,
Talks politics, decides on wars,
Drinks rum and lives in fashion.

Tim Osgad, lately from the plough,
A polish'd gentleman is now,
And talks of country fellows,
But ask the fop what books he's read,
You'll find the brain pan of his head,
As empty as a bellows.

Miss Faddle lately from the wheel,
Begins quite lady like to feel,
And talks affectedly genteel,
And sings some tasty songs too :
But my veracity impeach,
If she can tell what part of speech
Gentility belongs to.

Without one speech of wit refin'd
Without one beauty of the mind,
Genius or education ;
Or family or fame to boast,
To see such gentry rule the toast,
Turns patience to vexation.

Amidst the rubbish of the earth,
 Should real genius, mental worth,
 The aid of science lend you ;
 You might as well the styre refine;
 Or cast your pearls before the swine,
 'They'd only turn and rend you.

Ode for the New Year—1817.

I. 1.

With pinions yet untir'd for flight,
 Time wildly speeds adown the storm of years,
 And still his banner dark uprears
 Through joy's ecstatic reign, and sorrow's night.
 Empires may fall, and states decay,
 Earth's proudest glories fade away,
 But time holds on his unmolested course,
 Sweeping through the tempests hoarse ;
 With unrelenting hand, destroying wide
 The pomp and boast of human pride,
 And dooming to one common grave,
 The great in soul, the fair, the virtuous and the brave!

I. 2.

Youth hails him as he hastens on,
 And chides his tedious flight and long delay ;
 Age mourns the evening of the day,
 When all its former joys shall soon be gone.
 And he, the dark destroyer, flings
 Upon the winds his rapid wings,
 Unmark'd, so sudden and so swift, his flight,
 By the dim and dizzy sight ;
 Till o'er the closing drama, death enfold
 His misty curtain, drear and cold,
 And youth's fond dream, and age's sigh,
 At once entomb'd and lost, in lonely silence lie!

I. 3.

There in common rest shall sleep
 Hearts that joy, and eyes that weep ;

Beauty's all entrancing light
Shall be forever quench'd in night—

In slumber mild, but deep!
And there shall rest the child of glory,
Valor's fire, and wisdom hoary;
There the bard's enraptur'd pinion
Still its plumes forever more,
Doom'd no more to dare dominion
On fond fancy's pictur'd shore.
While sadly scatter'd round, in many a heap,
Proud temples own the awful march of time,
Crumbling in melancholy silence deep,
On every shore, in every age and clime;
In speechless grandeur, their dark ruins lie,
Memorials sad and stern of his dominion high.

II. 1.

And still doth year succeed to year,
And still Time's murmur moans along the blast;—
Do we regard him till o'erpast?
Do we his hasty voice of warning hear?
We pluck the transient flowers of earth,
Forgetting those of purer birth,
Regardless of the heritage above,
Lost to purity and love!
Oh man! vain man! why wilt thou weave thy doom?
Why wilt thou hurry to the tomb,
And madly rush, and wildly dare
The darkest frowns of death, the terrors of despair?

II. 2.

Then weave the melancholy strain;
Another year to join the past has flown;
Hark to its sad and passing moan,
Ere yet it joins the past departing train!
It tells of wildly wasted hours,
Of sorrows pale and wither'd flowers,
Perchance of blasted hopes and broken peace,
Shifting scenes of earthly bliss,
Of disappointment chill, when, heaven forgot,
Earth seem'd a sad and dreary spot,
And the vile heart refused the ray
Of hope and comfort sweet, from heav'n's unfailing day.

II. 3.

Yet in measures soft and sweet,
 Hark! the lyre's fond accents greet
 Him that comes in new-born bloom,
 And spreads fresh morning o'er the gloom,
 With swift advancing feet.
 Gay hope his hasty step is hailing,
 Loud the song of pleasure swelling;
 When his lovely form ascending,
 Sparkles on the ravish'd gaze,
 Youth and beauty gently blending
 In a burst of dazzling rays!
 Bright opes the morn, and fair the prospect seems,
 Hope smiles in triumph, o'er the gilded reign;—
 Evening perhaps again may chase her dreams,
 And teach fond man that all of earth is vain;
 Another year may roll its ebbing tide,
 And leave him still the mock of passion and of pride!

III. 1.

Religion, with a steady eye,
 Alone can mark the sweeping flood of years;
 She wipes away the falling tears,
 And fixes every hope upon the sky;
 And hails each year that rolls away,
 Since nearer to th' eternal day,
 She treads the mazes of this mortal life;
 There, when years have ceas'd their strife,
 To live in long communion with the blest,
 In bowers of happiness and rest,
 And join the chorus of the song
 That heav'n, through all its realms, forever shall prolong

III. 2.

And oh! throughout the wide spread world,
 May this new year extend IMMANUEL'S reign;
 On every shore and every plain,
 In triumph be his banner bright unfurl'd!
 The dread, disastrous form of war,
 Has dimm'd awhile its baleful star,
 And peace delightful spreads her sceptre gay,
 O'er the ocean's trackless way,
 And o'er the barren sand and howling waste,
 The servants of the Saviour haste,

To pour the beams of gospel light
O'er horror's darkest den, and superstitions night.

III. 3.

Hail thee, then, thou new-born year,
Bursting in thy young career!
May'st thou bring resplendent flowers,
To bless the tide of fleeting hours,
With heav'n and glory near!
And oh! from earth, if death us sever,
Ere *thou* wing'st thy flight forever,
May our souls in rapture soaring,
Claim and find a blest abode,
Mid unnumber'd crowds adoring
At the awful throne of God:
Oh! be thou glorious in the march of years,
Thy journey strew'd with softest roses sweet;
And mid the music of revolving spheres,
May thy Hosanna heav'n's blue concave meet;
To sing the triumphs of redeeming love,
And mount on wing sublime, to Zion's hill above.
BRISTOL, (R. I.) JAN. 1, 1817.

O curas hominum ! O quantum est in rebus inane !

PER. SAT.

OH! 'twas a parting—serene—sublime and bright,
As when the sun sinks on the tearful sight
In floating clouds of blue and liquid gold!—
She died! what recks it now—if told
Her virtues—loveliness and grace?
The bright expressions of the form and face?
The open spirit—and the pride of truth?
The hopes of pleasure, and the joys of youth?
She died!—and these are past and gone—
Why weep then—o'er the unforgotten one
Who wakes no more—to grieve her given birth,
And the cold changes of a wayward earth!
The last “good night” fell from her dying tongue—
We gazed—and o'er the feeble sufferer weeping hung—
She pass'd—and yet we gaz'd and wept—
We could not think her dead—but that she slept.

The bloom had faded from her cheek so fair,
 And the hot tears she shed had frozen there—
 The face was yellow—as the autumn leaf—
 The dark eye glazed and closed—and closed in grief.
 It would have seemed—had not the parting smile
 Play'd round the mouth—denying it the while—
 Her fingers closely clasp'd—as though in prayer
 The mind had been—but not the clasping of despair—
 Oh! 'twas a sight—but all have seen the sight,
 That sight of sorrow and of strange delight!
 Ah! what is life?—embrace a vision cloud—
 Light the red torch, and place it on a shroud.
 Yes! there was something in that farewell hour
 Which shew'd the pride of mind—its hope and power,
 'Twas not the dreadful and uncertain chill,
 The trembling fear that flutters and is still,
 The fear that tells the soul it soon must cease
 (A tale of fear and doubt, but none of peace)
 To be—and mingle with the wakeless dead,
 In the dark slumbers of a darker bed.
 Oh no! her's was the hope and beam of heav'n
 Redeeming grace and love and sins forgiven :
 Of better worlds than this, unchanging, fair,
 Where the glad spirit floats on wings of air,
 Sweeping the harp of God in softest tone,
 In praise of Him who sits upon the throne.

A Reflection.

I've seen the dark ship proudly braving,
 With high sails set—and streamers waving,
 The tempest roar and battle pride :—
 I've seen those floating streamers shrinking—
 The high sail rent—the proud ship sinking—
 Beneath the ocean tide ;—
 And heard the seaman farewell sighing—
 His body on the dark sea lying—
 His death prayer to the wind!
 But sadder sight the eye can know,
 Than proud bark lost—and seaman's wo—
 Or battle fire and tempest cloud—
 Or prey birds shriek and oceans shroud—
The shipwreck of the Mind.

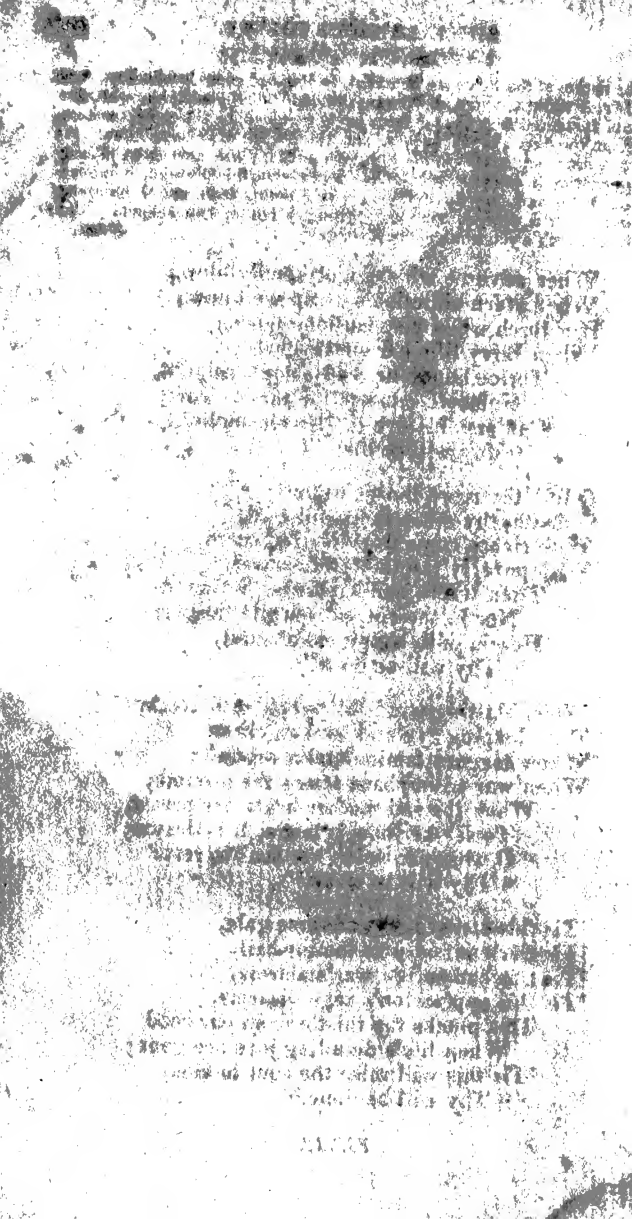
The author of the following beautiful, feeling and pious production, was Mr. FRANCIS COPE, a young gentleman of Philadelphia, who, like our lamented Blakely, has been lately snatched, by the greedy waters, from the hopes of his friends, and the pursuit of virtuous fame. He was drowned at sea, in his 20th year. Many fine specimens of early genius are in the possession of his friends—but the following is most remarkable as being the production of a *young man*, and as breathing not only the fervent spirit of real poetry but of true religion. The loss of such a youth is a national calamity. STAR.

When adverse winds right keenly blow ;
 When stern affliction's grasp we know ;
 Her torch when persecution whirls ;
 When Envy lifts her snaky curls ;
 Thrice happy he whose soul resign'd,
 Unmov'd can see the torrent run ;
 Can say, his eye to Heaven inclin'd,
 "Thy will be done."

O life, thy roses thorns unfold ;
 O death, thy grasp is fearful cold,
 With riches come unnumbered cares,
 With poverty ten thousand snares.
 Then where can happiness be found ?
 Nor in the cot, nor purple throne,
 Herein doth happiness abound,
 "Thy will be done."

When blasting winds blow cold and bleak,
 With longing eye and sunken cheek,
 When haggard famine stalks around ;
 When war triumphant stains the ground ;
 When the sad mother beats her breast,
 To see her babe's last sigh is drawn ;
 O what can sooth her soul to rest ?
 "Thy will be done."

'Tis this can still the adverse gale,
 'Tis this can bid wan famine hail,
 'Tis this can soften war's alarms,
 'Tis this oppression's rage disarms,
 This plucks the thistle from our road
 When life's deluding joys are gone ;
 'Tis this will raise the soul to God,
 "Thy will be done."



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